

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

## AN ANTWERP PRINTING-HOUSE.



MARCHÉ DU VENDREDI.

ANTWERP wakes early, and in doing so contrives to rouse even sleepy travellers betimes. There is a jangle of bells, a clatter of carts, a loud barking of dogs, and strange street-cries in an unknown tongue, which "murder sleep" as soon as the sun begins to rise. Across the Place de Meir, a *garçon* at the restaurant is sweeping the pavement after copious libations of water, and setting chairs and tables in rows outside

the door. An old woman in black skirt and green cotton bodice, a little three-cornered mauve shawl, and the usual blue apron and white cap, is pushing a small dust-cart to collect the *garçon's* sweepings. Under my window a milk-cart stops, drawn by a yellow dog in neat harness,—a green cart, full of brass milk-cans that shine like burnished gold. The milkmaid, with one of the golden jugs upon her arm, stops to gossip with

an old woman enveloped in a "mantelet," an ample cloak of black cloth, pleated closely round the neck and falling in magnificent folds nearly to the ground, with a hood of black silk or satin. The mantelet is an indispensable part of the Flamande's dress. It costs about one hundred francs, and lasts a lifetime. Every one wears them, and a most quaint character do they give to a Flemish crowd, especially when the vast hood is put over the head. The old lady below has her hood down, displaying the queer Flemish cap, with its high crown and stiff ear-flaps of white lace, which make one wonder whether there is any Darwinian connection between the women of Antwerp and lop-eared rabbits. We had been told repeatedly that we should see no distinctive costumes in Belgium; that there were none left; that, in fact, people dressed much as they did at home. But, though we should doubtless have seen more had we been able to go on to Holland and follow Monsieur Havard's footsteps to the dead cities of the Zuiderzee or the heart of Friesland, yet here, at all hours of the day, in Antwerp, we came across costumes quaint and characteristic. And we often wondered whether we were very easily satisfied, or whether our informants had been very blind.

But to return to the milkmaid, who is gossiping outside my window all this time. Her dog barks loudly, and away she goes with the little cart. A knot of men in blouses, with high silk caps perched upon their heads, collect in the middle of the road, waiting till the public auction-rooms opposite open their doors. One has an indigo-colored blouse, and a scarlet handkerchief round his neck; another a maroon cap, bright-blue blouse, yellow-brown trousers, and yellow *sabots*. Women trot by to market, with tin pails painted brilliant green or yellow, which take the place of baskets; children going to school carry their dinners in little tin pails; fat *bourgeoises*, waddling along the pavement, fill their tin pails—perhaps apple-green with a scarlet lining—with brown paper parcels; and the *bonne* comes

back from the Marché with a pail full of the day's dinner.

Then a little blue cart, full of baskets of dead chickens, stops at our hotel, led by a blue-bloused man with brown corduroy trousers,—a delicious brown, that sends one flying for one's color-box,—and a woman, dressed, as most of the women are, in blacks and blues mixed up anyhow. The cart is drawn by three dogs. A big brown shaggy dog is in the shafts, who is evidently master of the situation and gives himself airs; and on each side of him, harnessed to swingle-trees, a rough yellow dog and a tan-and-white. Tan-and-white licks the great man's face and lies down. The big brown follows suit. But the yellow dog, who looks like a stranger lately added to the team, stands aloof, and watches the unloading of the chickens with cocked ears and a harassed expression.

These little dog-carts add greatly to the picturesqueness of Belgian towns, and one feels happily certain that the dogs cannot be ill treated. Fatter, stronger, happier animals I never saw. They look after their master with eager faces if he happens to leave them for a moment's gossip or a glass of beer,—a not infrequent occurrence; and when he returns, be he butcher, baker, milkman, or dustman, the dogs tear off, barking loudly, and tugging with such vehemence against their collars that the master, nearly running to keep up with them, is often obliged to check their pace by the little rein fastened to their muzzles. But never did I see a dog struck, and I only saw one, belonging to a rag-man in Bruges, who looked overworked or ill used. In Antwerp their harness is of plain leather, with a breast-strap instead of a collar. In Ghent and Bruges they have regular little wooden horse-collars, with high points rising above the shoulder like the hames of an English cart-collar. But in Brussels, as befits the gay capital, the harness of the milk-cart dogs is resplendent with brass studs and ornaments matching the burnished milk-cans.

Antwerp is full of quaint corners for

the sketcher. At every turn we longed to make a note of some gable, tower, or street-shrine. But even while we opened our sketch-books, fresh delights farther ahead would tempt us on, and by evening the result of our day's work, or rather idleness, were lamentably weak. One sunny afternoon—it was a *fête* day, so every one was dawdling about in holiday clothes—we sauntered down through the old town, with its narrow, dirty streets, and in one of them, the Rue du

Faucon, an irresistible subject made us halt and take out book and pencil in real earnest.

Two huge black trunks outside a shop formed a comfortable table on the narrow pavement, and, standing beside them, we settled ourselves to work. The street before us, lying all in purple shadow, opened into the old square, the *Marché du Vendredi*. In nearly every Flemish town there is a market-place bearing this name, Friday being the usual market-



COURT OF THE MUSÉE PLANTIN.

day. None is more interesting than the *Marché du Vendredi*, at Ghent. There Jacob van Artevelde, "the brewer of Ghent," was wont to address the turbulent mob of weavers, fullers, smiths, and tanners, who, surging into the great market-place, clamorously demanded fresh liberties for themselves, or the still more agreeable liberty of making cruel war upon some neighboring and probably inoffensive city. There, on "Evil Monday," fifteen hundred citizens lay slain, after a fierce broil between the weavers, who furnished eighteen thousand fighting-men from their guild, and the opposite faction of fullers, while the great bell Roland tolled from the belfry. And there, too, at a later date, thousands perished in the

fires of the Inquisition, while the Duke of Alva watched from his ancient house, which is standing to this day.

High on the wall at the street-corner, under a canopy with golden rays, which flashed in the sun, and blue-painted background, stood, on rolling clouds of stone, a charming statue of the Virgin, a golden sceptre in her hand, while beneath, a grand old black-and-gold lamp hung far out from the wall on an iron stanchion. The farther side of the sunny square was filled up by rows of tall windows in a massive brick and stone building. Little children at play in the pale dust, piles of pillows outside a shop, and red blankets heaped on the pillows, made a pleasant foreground. Blue-jerseyed sailors, and women in the usual combination

of blue, black, and green, were gossiping on a door-step, or grouped round a barrow of bright-red apples.

Our advent created a profound sensation. Curtains were instantly drawn aside in a window close to my hand, and two ugly, pock-marked children peered through the dusty panes. The gossips, one by one, left their door-steps and pressed around us, talking in their hideous, uncouth tongue. We could not understand a word at first, but frequent repetitions of the words "Sint Katterinje" and "poomje" led us to believe at last that a hot dispute hardly complimentary to our artistic skill was being carried on, amid roars of laughter, as to whether or not we were drawing a figure of St. Catherine on the top of a pump in the centre of the square. In self-defence, I may observe that we should have been curiously clever had we done so, as, from where we stood, pump and saint alike were concealed by a solid house! It takes some amount of *sang-froid*. to sketch tranquilly when one is surrounded by a crowd chattering in an unknown tongue. One's pencil has a disagreeable habit of making sudden darts over the paper in unexpected directions, and one hurries, filled with a nervous desire to finish as quickly as possible and escape from the unsympathetic ring of jeering spectators. This attitude of mind in the sketcher has not usually a happy effect on the work. But this first specimen of a Flemish crowd was civil enough, though somewhat noisy and given to leaning against us as if we had been posts of wood, devoid of sense or feeling.

When at last we moved on, we were tempted to investigate the building across the square. Well-dressed citizens in holiday attire, fathers, mothers, and swarms of children, went in and out of its great swing-door; travellers, too,—a neat American with a blue gauze veil and plaid-pattern ulster, a little Frenchwoman, her elbows pinned down by a closely-fitting black mantle, her half-open sleeves showing their braceleted wrists, punctuating every sentence by an exclamatory shrug of her shoul-

ders, and a fresh-faced young Englishman glancing furtively at his "Murray" and then looking as if he had committed a crime in showing the least interest about what he had come specially to see. We followed the stream, and found ourselves in a perfect treasure-house. We had come, without knowing it, to the Musée Plantin-Moretus, the old printing-house which the municipal council bought in 1876 from the descendants of its founders, turning it with its printing-presses and its priceless works of art into a museum for the city of Antwerp. What a delightful old-world corner! We roamed through the beautiful rooms, with portraits by Rubens hanging on the walls, Italian cabinets heaped up with costly china, tables covered with precious manuscripts protected by glass, and deep-embossed windows through whose quarrelled panes we looked into a cloistered court,—a delicious court with stone carvings, red vine-leaves, soft-colored bricks, and deep-shadowed arches.

"*Dépêchez-vous, madame!*" said a voice beside us as we stood gazing out of a window, agreeing that, even if we had to wait another day in Antwerp, this must be sketched: "there are only ten minutes before the bell rings, and you have much to see before the museum closes."

Ten minutes! What an insult to our taste! What an insult to the place, to hurry through it! Why, the ghost of good old Christopher Plantin would rise and confront the impious mortal who dared attempt to see in ten minutes those many quiet rooms full of precious things, and full, besides, of the memory—one might almost fancy, of the unseen presence—of those who have "gone over to the majority."

"We shall come again to-morrow," we answered with some dignity.

"Ah," replied the *gardien* incredulously, "doubtless you are strangers, and to-morrow you will go away, and will have missed much."

He evidently put but little faith in our statement, and we could see he was saying to himself, "A mere subterfuge,



just like them all,—those perfidious English." But when at last we persuaded him that our intentions were *bona fide*, and that for love of his vine-covered, cloistered court we would return at any cost, he expanded into smiles, and inundated us with information till the clanging of the great bell drove us out.

Next day as early as possible we once more presented ourselves at the door, laden with our sketching-traps and prepared for a long morning's work ere leaving for Ghent. With slightly self-satisfied faces we asked for chairs to sit on in the court, as we were going to make a sketch.

"Had we a permit?"

"A permit! Good heavens! was it required?"

"Ah, yes! without a permit it was impossible that anybody could make drawings."

"Where was one to be procured?"

"From Monsieur le Bourgmestre, at the Hôtel de Ville. Would these ladies write?"

"Impossible! for we were leaving that afternoon."

"*Peste!* for who could tell if Monsieur le Bourgmestre was at that moment at the Hôtel de Ville?"

All traces of self-satisfaction had vanished during this short conversation. Our trunks were waiting, already packed, at the hotel; we must leave Antwerp in the evening, but we must also sketch this wholly-delightful court. Leaving our drawing-materials in charge of the good-natured, broad-faced old *concierge*, we set off with considerable haste through the evil-smelling little streets in search of the all-powerful bourgmestre.

The Hôtel de Ville, as we found when we reached it, was in process of reconstruction, and, rushing to the front, we tumbled over mortar-tubs, scaffolding, and heaps of stone and timber. M— plunged wildly into a guard-room, declaring it was the entrance. I dragged her out, and plunged into the next open door, where a courteous official sat writing. To him I told our business,

and he then directed us to the back of the building,—“third door on the first floor.” Round we bolted and up we went, among workmen, officials, gendarmes, plaster, stones, wood, and yawning chasms of floorless rooms. The first floor had nearly disappeared, the third door had vanished, so it seemed to our bewildered minds. At last, however, I saw some one who looked likely, I thought, to be able to help us. To him I told my tale.

"Ah, yes; the request of madame must be in writing. Would she give herself the trouble to follow him?"

Into a desk-lined room we did follow him, and presently a beautiful new sheet of paper was produced from some inner sanctum and a polite letter indited. Our amiable guide then begged us to follow him again, and we were taken through a glass partition into a somewhat dimly lighted vestibule, with multitudes of doors leading in all directions and a dingy window looking on a blank inner wall. Out of the gloom a gorgeous being came to meet us, who, we felt sure, must be all the past, present, and future bourgmestres of Antwerp in one, so imposing were his appearance and manner. But no! The gorgeous being seized upon my letter, begged us to give ourselves the trouble of sitting down and waiting a little moment, and then went humbly toward a double door, losing at each step something of his impressive manner, so that by the time he reached it we might almost have taken him for an ordinary citizen. But he did not open it: he only listened at it, and came back, still waving my now open letter,—having regained his lost grandeur of demeanor,—to talk to a group of black-coated persons who stood about, or to show some petitioners like ourselves where to wait. We sat mildly on our comfortable chairs in the dark, greatly amused at all that was passing. A bride and bridegroom appeared, and were shown by the gorgeous being which way to go to the Salle des Mariages,—a dismal couple, who looked as depressed as if they were on their way to execution. Then the double door burst open,

and out came an excited, round-headed, dark little person, gesticulating wildly, slapping every one on the back, and then holding his head with both hands, and with him a particularly quiet, gentlemanlike man with gold eye-glasses and a fair beard. They disappeared in the wake of the dismal couple. More waiting, more black coats in and out. Then a tramp outside, and a squad of gendarmes assembled in the hall, their gigantic colonel with blond moustache and blue-and-silver uniform swaggering in to greet our official friend, who still waved my letter like a flag of truce. We began to get rather weary of that letter. Then the round-headed, excited man returned, like a fat, black whirlwind, still clutching his head with one hand, as if to keep it on, and with the other distributing accolades to all on his way ere vanishing behind the mysterious double door. The fair-bearded man followed, and was button-holed by a petitioner just in front of us, and then we perceived for the first time that we were in the actual presence of the "bourgmestre d'Anvers." At last he shook off the pertinacious Fleming who had captured him. Our gorgeous friend followed close upon his heels with my waving letter. In another minute he reappeared with a hastily-written "Approuvé" across the corner, and we joyfully departed, having gained considerable insight into the conduct of business at the Hôtel de Ville.

The *conciierge* at the Musée Plantin welcomed us back with effusion. All the officials—most good-tempered of their race—vied with each other who could show us most kindness, absolutely refusing any fee. And before we left we made acquaintance with the learned and courtly director, Monsieur Max Rooses, to whose admirable little book I am indebted for much of my information about the families of Plantin and Moretus. M—— settled herself on a table in the *couloir* next to Lipsius's study, copying a grand capital letter out of Erasmus Quellin's alphabet, engraved by Jean Christopher Jegher, and I planted myself in a corner of the court.

It was in 1549 that Christopher Plantin, then thirty-six years old, came to Antwerp. His father was a native of Tours, and, losing his wife there in a pestilence, he fled from the dreadful malady with his young son and entered the service of Claude Porret, *audencier* of the church of St. Juste at Lyons. To a nephew of this ecclesiastic, one Pierre Puppier, the elder Plantin attached himself, and followed his master to Orleans and Paris, returning with him at last to Lyons. But he does not seem to have been a devoted parent, as he left young Christopher behind him in Paris, promising to send for him soon. This he forgot to do, and the unfortunate lad, having used the meagre sum his father had left him, made his way to Caen and apprenticed himself to a printer. There in course of time he made the acquaintance of Jeanne Rivière, whom he married about 1546. He then established himself in Paris, and met there another nephew of the *audencier*, Pierre Porret, who had been his boyish companion at Lyons. The two friends were in the habit of calling each other brother, and this custom gave rise to a quaint legend concerning their parentage and the origin of their names. They were both—so said the gossip of their own day—sons of a certain illustrious knight, Charles de Tiercelin, who, notwithstanding his honors and renown, died penniless. His sons were forced to work for their bread, but, fearing to dishonor their dead father by vulgar labor, they refused to bear his famous name, and called themselves Porret and Plantin, after the unsavory leek and the humble plantain. They both made their way in life, one becoming a chemist and the other a publisher. The story is an apt illustration of the social feeling of that time, but—alas for romance!—contains no vestige of truth save the last facts.

Plantin remained some three or four years in Paris, perfecting himself in the art of bookbinding and leather-dressing (*maroquinerie*), and in 1549, as I have said, he established himself at Antwerp as a binder and maker of leather boxes

(*coffrets*). Here he soon gained the reputation of great skill. His bindings, boxes and cases, gilding and *marqueterie* in leather surpassed in beauty any that had yet been seen in the Low Countries. But his skill nearly cost him his life. He was highly thought of by the learned men of Antwerp and by the merchants who frequented the Bourse. His first protector was Alexander de Graphaeus, secretary of the city of Antwerp, and he even gained the good graces of Gabriel de Cayas, secretary to Philip II. That great man, being at Antwerp in 1555, and wishing to present to his master a precious stone of great value, charged Plantin to make a case in which to send it. The work was finished, and on a dark night Plantin carried the case himself to Cayas, a servant going before him with a lantern. When they reached the Pont de Meir, a bridge across the canal which then ran down the centre of the splendid Place de Meir,—the canal is now paved over, and the bridge only exists as a short street along which tram-cars scrape and rattle,—a set of drunken masked men, searching for a guitar-player who had offended them, thought they saw their enemy in the inoffensive workman with his leathern *coffret* under his arm. They fell upon him straightway, and one, drawing his sword, plunged it so deeply into his victim's body that he had some difficulty in withdrawing the weapon. The unfortunate Plantin explained that they had mistaken their man. The would-be assassins made off, and the wounded man dragged himself home half dead. The surgeon Jean Farinalius and the doctor Goropius Becanus—every one with any pretension to learning Latinized his name in those days—were called in, and at first despaired of their patient's life. But, thanks to their skill, he eventually recovered, though he was obliged to give up his binding, as the injuries he had received prevented his doing any manual labor which entailed stooping or required much exertion. He therefore returned to his old profession of printing, in which he was destined to become so famous. Not that he had ever

entirely given it up, as when he was received into the Guild of St. Luke in 1550 it was with the title of printer, showing that, though devoting himself for the time being to leather-working, he looked upon the former as his chief business.

His first book was printed in 1555, and for the next few years his progress was slow. Seven years later he was accused of publishing an heretical pamphlet, and three of his workmen were arrested and sent to the galleys by order of the regent, Margaret of Parma, whose portrait by Veronese is one of the greatest treasures of Warwick



TRADE-MARK OF THE PRINTING-HOUSE OF  
C. PLANTIN.

Castle. Plantin barely escaped arrest himself, and his position was such a critical one that he took refuge for a year in Paris. Nay, further, in 1562 he sold his possessions in the city of Antwerp, including his printing-house and all its contents, to friends who conveniently called themselves creditors for the occasion. The next year he went into partnership with one of these pretended creditors, Corneille van Bomberghe. The brother of the latter, Charles van Bomberghe, Jacques Schotti, and the doctor Goropius Becanus who had saved Plantin's life, became members of the firm, while Plantin was acting manager. This association lasted several years, and enabled our printer to enlarge his business immensely. Plantin often declared that he eventually broke up the partnership because his associates were not perfectly orthodox. But the acting manager

seems to have held slightly heterodox opinions himself, for it is certain that in early days at Antwerp he belonged to one of the mystic sects which then swarmed in Flanders, and that he was a fervent disciple of Henri Nicolaes, founder of the "Maison de Charité," a branch of the Anabaptists. He, however, deserted Nicolaes, much to the fury of the latter, for Henri Jansen of Barrefelt, whose fast friend and follower he remained all his life. Jansen's strange mystic doctrine must have been a convenient one to the persecuted of those days, as he considered outward forms of worship a matter of indifference, and Plantin saw no difficulty in reconciling his adhesion to Jansen's sect with ardent devotion to the Catholic Church and to its great defender the King of Spain.

From 1567 Plantin secured the favor of King Philip, and among his warmest protectors counted the famous Cardinal Granvelle and Gabriel de C  yas. It was by their intervention that he obtained the right of publishing the Royal Bible in five languages,—the most important work produced by any printer in the Low Countries. In 1568 he made a contract with the Pope's printer, Paul Aldus Manutius, one of the celebrated publishers of the Aldine editions, by which he secured the privilege of publishing the breviaries and missals authorized by the Council of Trent, and in this way laid the foundation of the future greatness of his house. Philip II. also gave him the printing of all books for the church service to be used in the kingdom of Spain and its dependencies, and from 1572 missals, breviaries, psalters, etc., were produced by thousands in the Antwerp printing-house.

The royal favor, however, to use a vulgarism, brought the printer more "empty praise than solid pudding;" for, just as he was undertaking his most important works, the Low Countries were passing through that crisis which ended after twenty years in the ruin of Antwerp and of the Spanish Netherlands. The King of Spain gave Plantin enormous commissions, promising ample sub-

sidies to defray their cost. But his exchequer was at as low an ebb as that of the unfortunate printer. The large sum due to Plantin at Philip's death was never paid. Books accumulated in his warehouses which people could not or would not buy. He was forced to sell at a loss part of his stock, materials, and goods, and, in spite of these sacrifices, found himself still so deeply in debt that he deemed it prudent to spend a year at Leyden, only returning to Antwerp after the taking of the city by the Duke of Parma in 1584.

It was in 1576 that Plantin moved from the "Compas d'Or," his old shop in the Kammerstraat, to the house of Martin Lopez in the Rue Haute,—the Mus  e Plantin-Moretus of to-day. He had already (in 1567) established a publishing-house in Paris, at the head of which he placed his old friend Pierre Porret. In his year of exile at Leyden he founded another publishing-house, which he made over in 1585 to Raphelengien, who had married his eldest daughter Margaret. His favorite clerk and son-in-law, Jean Moerentorf (Moretus), seems to have superintended a shop at Frankfurt during the autumn and Lent fairs. And it was to this son-in-law that Plantin, who had no son, left the greater part of his possessions at his death in 1589.

Such, briefly, is the story of the enterprising printer who, taking for his motto "*Labore et Constantia*," ("By Work and Perseverance"), succeeded in founding one of the most famous of the many famous publishing-houses of his day.

Jean Moretus, his successor, religiously carried out his father-in-law's wishes and traditions. His editions, though fewer in number and less important than those of the founder of the establishment, are printed with as great care. It was, however, his son, Baltazar Moretus, who was destined to reign over the printing-house of the Rue Haute in its most brilliant days. Jean Moretus was as anxious as Plantin had been to have a worthy successor. He therefore stipulated in his will that the printing-house should

go in its entirety to that one of his children or his relations who should be deemed most worthy of sustaining the honor of the family; and if a capable successor were not found among his kinsfolk, that such a man should be chosen outside the family circle. This clause, repeated in the wills of all his successors, became a family law. During three hundred years the printing-house has been a kind of heirloom; and thus it has happened that all its treasures collected by successive generations have been preserved intact.

Baltazar Moretus, who succeeded his father in 1610, was a man of no common power. Though entirely paralyzed on one side, he nevertheless displayed the most ceaseless energy, and gave a new impulse to the business, which, under his direction, became as active as it had been in the life of Plantin. He enlarged and repaired the old house. He published many and important works, distinguished by the beauty of their type and the richness of their illustrations. He was the intimate friend of the most eminent men and the most celebrated artists of his time. In the second *salon* of the *rez-de-chaussée* one sees the portraits which Rubens painted for him of his family and the *savants* who frequented his house. There is Jeanne Rivière in her white cap; and Christopher Plantin, with his compass,—the mark of his house. There is Martine Plantin, the wife of Jean Moretus; and Adrienne Gras, his mother. There, too, are Arias Montanus, the learned Orientalist, who came, by order of Philip II., to direct the printing and correcting of the famous Polyglot Bible; Abraham Ortelius, the geographer, with one hand on the terrestrial globe; Pierre Pantinus, holding the "*Vita B. Theclæ*;" and Justus Lipsius, the friend of the house, the renowned professor of Louvain,—a picture which Rubens painted in 1616, ten years after the death of Lipsius, and for which he received the sum of fourteen florins eight sous.

It is unnecessary to trace the history of the now silent printing-house through the long line of Baltazars, Jeans, and

Hyacinthes who succeeded one another in the next two hundred and fifty years. The building underwent many changes. The family of its owners was ennobled. The descendants of Christopher Plantin and Jean Moretus are even yet among the honored citizens of Antwerp; and up to 1876 the presses were still at work. In that year the building, with all it contained, was sold by Edouard-Jean-Hyacinthe Moretus to the city of Antwerp, and it was opened as a public museum in 1877.

We wandered through the old rooms, and saw treasures which it would take hours to enumerate. One kindly official



RUBENS'S CHAIR.

carried us off to show us the shop, where the counter still stands, with its little weights and scales for weighing the payments, the four steps down into the Rue Haute, and, hanging against the wall, the printed list of books prohibited by order of the Duke of Alva in 1569, among them the Psalms of Clement Marot and the Colloquies of Erasmus, both of which books were published by Plantin two years before.

Then we went through the correctors' room into the bureau, or counting-house, where all the *savants* of Antwerp must have met and consulted many a time, and where Jean Moretus the younger wrote that "*Monsieur Pietro Paulo Rubens doit avoir pour autant qu'il a retocqué les figures d'Aguilonii, Lipsii, Senecæ, et quatre du Missel luy sont advoquez*"



*c(omme) p(our) Boissardus, montants.  
... fl. 36.\**

The bureau is all hung with stamped Cordovan leather, colored and gilded in patterns which would send the modern æsthetic world into convulsions of delight. But even more beautiful are the hangings of Justus Lipsius's little study, which opens out of the bureau. They are also of *cuir de Cordoue*,—magnificent arabesques in gold on a black ground, and as fresh as when the great scholar inhabited the little room during his visit to his friend Plantin. It has been said that Lipsius was one of the correctors of the press for the printing-house. This, however, is now distinctly disproved. He was only an intimate friend of the founder of the house, and this friendship was extended to the first Moretus and his son Baltazar, who became a devoted pupil of Lipsius. The archives of the house contain one hundred and twenty of his letters, in Flemish, French, and Latin. And in the thirty years from 1594 to 1623 not one passed in which the firm did not publish one or more books by the learned professor of Louvain, whose works then enjoyed an extraordinary popularity.

Next to the study is a passage hung with cases of wood-cuts, alphabets for church music-books, or for psalters, or for the Polyglot Bible, with designs on each by Erasmus Quellin, Pierre van der Borcht, etc. Then come the compositors' desks; and, lastly, the printing-room, with its great presses,—their red or black leather pads, for daubing the type with ink, hanging beside them.

Up-stairs, a whole room is devoted to engravings after the designs of Rubens, Jordaens, and Van Dyck, by the engravers of the Guild of St. Luke, whose works are scarcely less famous than some of the pictures they are taken from. We saw engravings by the two brothers Galle, Cornelius and Theodore,—the latter was brother-in-law to Baltazar Moretus; by Lucas Vosterman, whose close attention to his famous rendering of the "Descent from the Cross" so affected his

brain for a while that he even threatened Rubens's life in his insanity; by Paul Pontius, Vosterman's celebrated pupil, who, at the age of twenty-one, succeeded to his master's position as Rubens's private engraver; and, lastly, by the two brothers Boëce and Schelte, who have made the name of their native place, the far-off Friesland village of Bolswert, forever famous by adopting it as their surname. Of Boëce, or Boetius, the elder brother's engravings, there are but few examples in the Musée Plantin. But Schelte à Bolswert is grandly represented; for he was an artist after Rubens's own heart, with his vigorous but delicate manipulation of the burin, surpassing even Vosterman in perfection of work,—the most brilliant engraver of the Flemish school.

Another room is filled with copper-plates for illustrations and frontispieces of books published in the house, by all the best-known artists and engravers of the day; another, with wood blocks. Then come bedrooms with gilded leather hangings, carved oak bedsteads, embroidered silk counterpanes, curious pictures, beautiful and valuable old furniture, handed down from father to son as a part of the heritage of him who was deemed worthy to represent the family. The foundry, too, we saw, with the old tools used in casting the type and engraving the wood and copper plates. And in the maze of quaint little up-and-down wooden staircases which connect the rooms we completely lost ourselves, and had to ask a good-natured artist who was making an elaborate study near the foundry to show us how to escape from the labyrinth.

But perhaps the most interesting of all those charming rooms was the *Chambre des Privilèges*. Here we were indeed face to face with the past. We saw the actual documents, with their creases and folds,—creased and folded by the hands of men and women whose names will be famous as long as there is any history of Europe. There is a document signed by Maximilian II., Emperor of Germany, dated 28th February, 1576, granting to Plantin and

\* In the *Compte de Rubens* du 17 Mars, 1613, au 2 Mai, 1616.



his successors the right to trade freely in all states of the Empire; a license granted for the Polyglot Bible, guaranteeing a monopoly of the work for twenty years in France, signed by Charles IX., in 1572; a later document, signed by the all-powerful Cardinal Granvelle, allowing the same privileges to the book in the viceroyalty of Naples. There are signatures of Margaret of Parma, of Cosmo de' Medici, of kings of Spain, emperors, popes, bishops, presidents, all preserved with scrupulous care by the descendants of those to whom these documents brought wealth and fame. And, most curious of all, there are letters from Philip II., signed in one case *Yo el Rey*, in others with his name, one of which, dated Madrid, March 25, 1568, and bearing the king's signature and that of his secretary, Gabriel de Cayas, announces to Plantin that the king takes the Polyglot Bible under his protection and sends Arias Montanus to superintend the work.

Monsieur Emile Montégut, in his charming "*Impressions de Voyage*,"—a book I would counsel every lover of art to read before he goes to the Low Countries,—says that "one of the greatest pleasures of travel is to see the past rise suddenly before you, to feel yourself in a moment taken back several centuries, as if you had been carried on a wishing-carpet even more magic than the Prince Noureddin's, which should have the power of overcoming time as well as space." This, to us, was the charm of the Musée Plantin-Moretus. We were living for the time being in the past. We seemed severed from the modern world. Railways, tram-cars, screw-steamers, did not exist for us during those few tranquil hours in the quiet printing-house. We half expected to see Lipsius, in his black fur-trimmed mantle with pleated white collar, look out of the mullioned window of his study, or

Baltazar Moretus limp into the counting-house. Indeed, I do not think we should have been much surprised if the great master himself, with his pointed beard and curling hair beneath the wide-brimmed tasselled hat, had suddenly walked across the sunny court to settle with his friends where and when their portraits should be painted.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten morning in that peaceful old building. The huge vine that Christopher Plantin had planted in 1576, covered with clusters of purple grapes and gold and crimson leaves, flung its brown twisted limbs across the cloister-arches and nestled against the stone mullions of the windows. The sun flashed and danced on the blazing vine-leaves, and cast their flickering shadows on the pavement below. A little black cat was darting about,—now playing with one of the soldiers who stood on guard in each room over the precious treasures, now rushing wildly up the old vine or sharpening her irreverent claws on its stem. Two of the officials came out, and, chatting leisurely over their work, began to pull up the geraniums in the little flower-bed, to stow them for the winter safe from the coming frost which a biting north wind betokened. The blare of a distant bugle broke the stillness: there came the clang of a band and the heavy tramp of soldiers down some street near by. I could hear the murmur of the city outside, like the rise and fall of a stormy sea. And ever and anon from the cathedral tower aloft in the blue sky the carillon jangled and chimed snatches of weird music, and the great bell Carolus—godson of Charles V.—rang out the hours that passed all too quickly.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

## FAIRY GOLD.



"NO ONE WOULD HOLD YOUR SUCCESS CHEAP."—Page 235.

## CHAPTER X.

FANNY had remarked at first, in a glow of satisfaction, that with a dining-room twelve feet square, nobody could expect us to give dinners to our relations. But our inhospitality was soon made a grievance.

"We cannot escape from our relations," Fanny finally conceded. "For some inscrutable reasons we are set in the midst of families. We will invite them all once. The crush will be frightful, but the virtue is ours, and the consequences are theirs."

Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mrs. De Forrest, with Claude and Hildegard, Snow Morris, and our three selves, made a party of nine assembled one evening in our little library waiting for dinner. Claude looked about him, and was good enough to say that the frieze showed a very nice sense, and that the screens

were quite too perfect. But to Mr. Fox there was something humorous in the idea that people comparatively well-to-do could live in such narrow quarters. He stood on a chair and touched the ceiling; he took his stand in the centre of the room and waved a sofa-pillow, to show the impossibility of swinging the traditional cat. Nevertheless, he was enormously gratified by the pettiness of our establishment, to which his own stood in splendid contrast. He had a horror of being outshone. He loved to feel that the world looked with grudging, wistful eyes at his prosperity. He rarely accepted invitations, because once or twice in his experience he had been forced to turn pale at the sight of something costlier and choicer than his own possessions. But he could patronize us to his heart's content, and he was, accordingly, in a capital humor. He was

asked to take the foot of the table, while I sat at his left, with Claude De Forrest on the other side of me.

"I like to sit at the end of a table," Mr. Fox began at once: "I confess I do. It cramps me to be a mere unimportant person, flanked right and left by people who stab me with their elbows."

"A man of more vanity than you, brother Thomas," said Fanny, "declared that wherever he sat, there was the head of the table."

"That was Snow Morris,—I am sure it was Snow," Mr. Fox exclaimed rather testily, then grew uneasy when we all laughed as if he had made a *mot*. Some MacGregor, I believe, made the assertion which Fanny quoted, but Mr. Fox's application hit Snow, who carried at times rather an Olympic manner in society.

"Of course a man has his own private consciousness as to whether he is or is not the most important person present," pursued Mr. Fox, "but it is pleasant to have the thing freely conceded. Now, when we were travelling in Europe it did seem absurd that nobody should know who I was or who my wife was. By George! I don't understand why Americans like to give up their own nationality and their own credit to become mere tourists."

"Did you never long to drop your own personality for a time and become irresponsible, with no ties to bind, no duties to perform, no debts to pay except to your hotel-keeper?" asked Snow.

"I am always ready to perform my duties and pay my debts. Bank-cashiers and life-insurance presidents may find it convenient not to be too intimately known nowadays; but I like to feel that as I walk along the street men point me out and say, 'There goes Thomas Fox, who came to New York with fifteen cents in his pocket, and now has an income equal to anybody's except half a dozen railway magnates.'"

Cousin Henrietta remarked, with her eyes fixed on the wreaths of smilax hanging from the chandelier, that it was delightful to see how well known Mr. Fox was, and how much respected.

Mrs. De Forrest said that men differed

singularly. Now, her husband shrank from notoriety,—in fact, longed to escape it,—but everybody ran after him; indeed, the year before, when they had taken Hildegarde abroad, there had been a complete ovation in every city from Liverpool to Rome.

"I wonder you ever brought dear Hildegarde back with you," said Cousin Henrietta blandly. "She must have had attentions."

This was a poisoned arrow for Cousin Alice, who had rather ostentatiously written home concerning Lord Rattlebury's attentions before she knew they were to be followed by no solid advantages. Mr. Fox was still staring at his sister-in-law, wondering if she could have meant—if it were credible the woman's impertinence could go so far as to intimate—that her husband's experience abroad had been more flattering than his own. But Fanny made a diversion.

"I agree with you, brother Thomas," she remarked, as she sliced the fish. "I love to have people look at me. I don't care so much about their knowing who I am, and the less said about my income the better."

"So long as they recognize the fact that you are a devilish pretty woman; but so you are, Fanny! Hang it, why didn't you let me cut up that fish? If you've anything coming on to be carved, I'll do it for you; I used to carve, and I flatter myself I did it better than most people. Now, with two men waiting on the table, I sometimes feel a little at a loss. I've got two of the best trained fellows in the country, Miss Amber," Mr. Fox continued to me, as Selina jogged his arm with the fish-sauce. "They ought to be worth having: I pay one sixty and the other forty dollars a month; but all the same I like to cut up a piece of beef myself."

"I wish I had a butler and a waiter, and I would never even slice a fish," said Fanny, who was fond of drawing out her rich brother-in-law.

"My dear Fanny," Mr. Fox said solemnly, "there are some things that cost seventy thousand a year; and men like mine belong to that category."

"Awfully expensive servants," said Cousin Henrietta, "and neither of them would condescend to wash a window."

"Do they really cost seventy thousand a year?" demanded Fanny, full of laudable curiosity.

The opportunity was dear to Mr. Fox. The moment he touched the subject of private expenses he displayed such a talent for the domestic it seemed almost a pity he had to give time and pains to larger interests. He unfolded with exquisite naïveté the smallest details of the workings of his establishment; told us not only the amount of his butcher-bills, but the price per pound of the joints for his servants' table. He dwelt on the extortions of his grocer and dairy-man, furnished the items of coals and gas, enlarging and dilating on the subject of his current expenses, and finding a tribute dear to his vanity in everybody's air of blank astonishment.

"Dear me!" sighed Fanny, whose eyes were dancing, "how I wish, Thomas, I had some of your method,—your easy mastery of facts! If I knew the price of a pound of butter, if I could tell whether it cost more or less than a quart of milk, I should be an absolutely happy woman!"

"Heavens and earth, Fanny!" shrieked Mr. Fox, "do you mean to say you positively have no accurate idea as to whether a quart of milk or a pound of butter is dearest?"

"Not the faintest in the world."

"Don't you look at your bills?"

"Look at them? I look at nothing else. They are the only things I have time to read. But then butter and milk never come on the same bill. Besides, it is all so confusing. Once I had an ambition to find out how much sugar cost, and how far a pound would go, and, again, whether chops or birds were dearer, but I never, never could find out. So I think the simplest and most inexpensive plan is to go on getting what one wants just as long as one can; then, if one has to stop, the whole question vanishes at once: butter and milk and sugar and chops and birds are all alike

when you no longer have money to pay for anything."

"On my soul, I never heard of such reprehensible ignorance! The most essential facts in life! It is inconceivable!" groaned Mr. Fox, and he began at once to enlighten her.

This was too bad of Fanny, who was not only willing to dance on her own head to amuse people, but liked, if possible, to set them to cantering after her on all-fours. She was the cleverest of housekeepers, and everybody knew it except her brother-in-law, who accepted her confessions with the utmost seriousness.

Cousin Henrietta looked angry and uncomfortable, while she talked to her brother Snow, not venturing to undeceive her husband, who would have resented not only Fanny's drollery but his wife's interference. Fanny was by this time telling off the prices she had learned on her pretty taper fingers with a painstaking air beautiful to witness.

But all this was very dull entertainment for the De Forrests, who were used to no conversation devoid of object, and they took small pains to conceal their ennui. Hildegard, looking like some mediæval maiden in velvet and Venice point lace, sat utterly mute. Claude stared into a stand of fruit, while his mamma examined Edith in German. Snow Morris tried to keep up a talk with Hildegard and his sister Henrietta, asking the latter about her winter plans, to which she replied directly, since her lord had good ears and felt it to be a part of a husband's duty to know what his wife said, and enjoyed nothing better than darting down upon her at any statement he did not wish to confirm, like a bird of prey upon a morsel of booty. In fact, this round-eyed, loudly-crowning old gentleman had it all his own way. Claude, tiring of his enforced silence, began to talk to me about Berlioz's "*Faust*," just then testing its attractions for the public. Mr. Fox was at once alert, and laid down his views vigorously. He knew his own powers: they were equal to any demand; and when a thing was unintelligible to his

intellect, the absurdity of its being clear to another's was manifest. He could see and feel anything reasonable, but fallacies, illusions, and insanities were out of his line.

"You'll have to dismiss those outworn prejudices, Uncle Thomas," said Claude. "The capacity of receiving impressions of beauty in art and gaining definite ideas of the real meanings in nature is a thing of slow development, requiring an absolutely faithful study of the symbols of interpretation."

"What the ——!" murmured Mr. Fox, almost cowed for the moment, "do you mean to say—does anybody mean to say—that I don't know what art is? I've listened to the finest music in the world. I have heard Materna in Vienna, and Patti in London and Paris. I always have a box at the opera-house."

"I was not talking about the opera, sir: I was talking about music."

"You might as well say you were not talking about paintings, you were talking about art."

"Precisely. I often make that remark."

"I suppose, Claude," chuckled the old gentleman, too sure of his own knowledge and too easily contemptuous of his nephew's not to keep good-natured, "when we speak of genuine art we allude to your pictures, for instance."

"I try to follow the rules of art; but what I aim at is to reproduce my impressions of nature."

"Then, sir, you must have a devilish odd vision,—devilish odd. Your aunt took me to see your 'Summer Noon.' She wanted me to buy it, and I should have done so if it had not already been sold. I don't mind a little matter of five hundred dollars or so. I confess I should not have hung it where I had to see it often. A man who buys works of art to decorate his house learns what kind of pictures make pleasant company.—Now, Miss Amber, it may do this young man good to hear what a man with straight eyes made of his 'impressions of nature.' When I first looked at his picture I thought it was framed upside down. There was a patch of

gray and a smear of purple, slashes of whites, and orange, olive, pink, and blue,—no clear color anywhere, but little dabs stuck on, as if the artist had ten hands, and a brush in each, with different tints, with which he played the devil's tattoo. I tried it from every point of view,—across the room, aslant, on my knees,—without making anything out of it. Finally, by squeezing myself against the wall and squinting severely across it, I began to see that the pink and blue was a woman's gown, the brown her face, and that the neutral tints represented a landscape."

"She sits on a bank of flowers," put in Claude, his lowly composure undisturbed. "She has a complexion of that rich carnation to which the noontide sun gives only a warmer glow. Heat pulsates in the thick atmosphere, which is radiant light in the foreground and opal haze in the distance."

Mr. Fox gave me a little nod, and forbore to annihilate illusions so flattering to the painter's fancy. "I have got about one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars' worth of pictures in my house, Miss Amber," said he, "and I don't call it money thrown away, although it is a good deal for a man to pay out for such luxuries who came to New York with fifteen cents in his pocket. You have seen my 'Bearer of Despatches,' I suppose?"

I had seen it; but he went on to describe it,—as he had a right to do, after paying fifteen thousand dollars for it.

"You know what it means," said he, with a little chuckle. "You don't have to study the 'symbols of interpretation' long, for the thing lives before your eyes. There are the troops mustering for action on what is to be the battle-field; in the foreground is the general, who wants to hear whether he is to have reinforcements or must fight it out to the bitter end alone. It is a matter of sheer life and death to the officers who are waiting, and the courier is dropping out of the saddle as he gives the letter, dead with fatigue. His horse is foundered; you see the poor beast's sides heave, his head droops, foam drops from the bleeding



mouth, which has given out his panting breaths so long. Compare that horse with the fresh, well-groomed chargers of the general and his staff. There's a study for you."

"It is a piece of clever realism," observed Claude. "Those pictures are painted for rich men. The motive is purely mercenary: the whole thing is absolutely simple to a trained artist."

"But we don't see the thing done every day, and when it is done the painter gets his price. X. told me how he worked over that courier. He looked for the model a long time. He wanted a man with a face like a bulldog, who showed that he would hold on like grim death. Then, when he found the man, he suited him with a costume—had the thing made—of leather. His model put it on,—but 'twas too fresh; hadn't a crease. 'Go out and get on a horse and ride an hour, then come back,' said he. The man did so. That was not enough. 'Go out early to-morrow and ride till night,' he ordered. But it took a week's hard service to get the suit to look as he wanted to paint it. That is 'clever realism'; but I like it better than feeble unrealism.—Don't you, Miss Amber?"

It was impossible to believe that these little amenities of Mr. Fox's were as satisfactory to others as to himself; but, as he had bought two of Mr. De Forrest's largest canvases, and now finished his art criticisms by ordering a little composition from Claude, he perhaps had a perfect right to make his views clear. I thought that the dinner was going off very badly, and that everybody would carry away a sense of embitterment. But, after seeing Mrs. De Forrest's congratulatory smile to Claude when he received his five-hundred-dollar commission, I began to understand that a rich man may indulge a certain latitude denied to poor people.

"I don't see why Uncle Thomas should be allowed to brag and bluster and bully like that," Edith declared, the moment the guests were gone, and was at once sent to bed for so unsuitable a remark.

"Don't send me away, Fanny," said

Snow, who had stayed, "but I agree with Edith. He spoils my dinner."

"Ignorant, vulgar creature!" said Fanny. "He never mars my peace. I'm not afraid of him, because I've nothing to get out of him. If he would give Edith a hundred thousand, I suppose I should be as willing to pocket his insults as other people."

"That is why every word he utters plants a sting in me," said Snow. "He comes into my office, and says, 'Well, Snow, I suppose you haven't much to do, so you may as well run your eye over these papers.' I always feel that if I had the soul of a man, I should tell him to go and be hanged with his beggarly affairs. I only get the crumbs of his law-business. But still I make twenty-five hundred a year out of him sometimes, which I can't afford to lose. And he understands that, just as he understands everything. He is as ignorant as a bricklayer of every thought which has inspired humanity; but he has nevertheless a consummate knowledge of the things he wants and which will be useful to him. And what he doesn't want and doesn't know, he despises. He has learned to buy pictures and statues just as he learned to buy coffee and spices. He looks and tries and tastes. He finds out the secret of a good thing, and can detect a flaw or cheat instantly. Now, I can't; and, in spite of all his talk, Claude can't tell a good thing from a bad. A man has to spend a hatful of money in order to gain an experience worth having. When Thomas Fox brags to me about his pictures, I acquiesce cordially: if I ventured to assert my own opinion, I feel that he has a right to turn on me and say, 'You miserable beggar, what can a man like you, who never spent a thousand dollars on pictures in all your life, tell me, who have made the fortunes of painters for twenty years?'"

"You ought to be a rich man, Snow," remarked Fanny. "It makes you feel tame and shabby to be poor. Why don't you get rich?"

"I wish I might," said Snow. "I should be a better man if I were rich."



He jumped up as if to go, but, instead of making his adieux, began to pace the room, as if excited.

"Go at the golden apples. Don't mind the dragons," continued Fanny.

"I wish I believed in myself," said Snow.

"Well, why should you not?"

"I distrust myself. I can wish and long, but I am doubtful when the time comes to will and do. The thought of scaling heights suggests the possibility of falling into a bottomless abyss."

Fanny laughed. "There are no heights to scale," she declared. "Try a little *laissez-aller*. Nobody ever gained the golden apples who was afraid of trouble."

"I am not afraid of trouble," said Snow, "but I am disenchanted with myself."

The clock struck twelve with the rather spectral effect which heralds midnight, and he took his leave.

#### CHAPTER XI.

ALTHOUGH I had been fond of Marion Hubbard at Madame Ramée's, I had not loved her so much then as I loved her now because she had been at Madame Ramée's with me. One reason was that she stood on the level of my old ideas. In spite of my new enjoyments, which dazzled while they diverted me, in practical beliefs, ideas, and private habits I was much the same as I had always been. I had stirrings toward duty, even if I left them unsatisfied. I felt the necessity of enlarged ideas, and constantly expected in the incidents and circumstances of my new life to gain impressions and experiences which would widen my horizons. I had heard so much about the advantages of society, of the gain in knowledge of the world, that every now and then I examined myself to discover what my advance amounted to. The difference seemed simply this: at first I had been stimulated by my new experience, and expected that this particular phase of society was to realize my vivid pictur-

ing; then, being disappointed, I turned toward some new anticipation, where the haze of illusion was still undisputed. After New-Year's, when I really entered society, both mystery and fascination vanished. It was pleasant and seductive enough. Although all might seem wearisome when I woke in the morning,—for nothing is more effectively vengeful in the still hours than a life devoted to pleasure-seeking,—once alive and in the circle which required my full energies, I was excited and carried along irresistibly. Fanny Burt used to complain that there was something dreadfully monotonous in meeting the same people four times a day,—that society reminded her of her first trip to Europe with a party of Cook's tourists, when, if she turned from a picture, or a fine view, or a vista down an historic street, there was the same cackle and laugh and imbecile chatter to answer her, until she was almost driven mad. But Fanny liked the world, although she had been so often to the masquerade. We knew, in fact, several quite different kinds of people. We were, to a degree, in Mrs. Fox's set, where the matrons were earnest, determined, and religious women, who carried out the best charitable and philanthropic schemes in the city and looked down upon the ultra-fashionables who spent their giddy lives in going about to teas, dinners, and balls. Then Mrs. De Forrest introduced us to literary and artistic lions, both foreign and domestic, and we frequently mustered all the ideas within our reach and met them. Fanny's particular coterie was a gay one, and the truth was that no other clique existed for her. Many of these women had a great deal of wit, and their talk was necessarily diverting. And when one has quick perceptions and this sort of brightness, and enjoys, besides, the ease and *abandon* which perpetual habit of society gives, we may be a little carried away by the desire to say striking things which elicit a laugh. There was plenty of graceful laughter in Fanny's intimate circle, which contained, besides maturer women, many clever girls in their fifth

or sixth season. Everything was discussed, and I could not discover that, beyond religion, many ideas were held as sacred. Their aphorisms concerning love, marriage, and the real objects of a woman's career were both clever and audacious, and, without doubt, tolerably accurate and truthful when the life they were most familiar with was concerned. From this intercourse I often carried away a desire to get my nature into tune again, and Marion answered this want for me. It was pleasant to have her revive old recollections, and to find that something had survived the deluge. She often recalled the day when we were sitting on the garden-bench and my uncle came to see me, and the night when I fainted at the news of my uncle's death. Although she had left school, she was still reading Greek, Latin, and German, and studying music, and naturally the *spirit* of her life was startlingly at variance with the life I led.

Marion was motherless, and lived alone with her father, whose only child she was. Mr. Hubbard was a man of fifty, with the most enormous capacity for social life. He had lived *en garçon* both at home and abroad while Marion was at school. Everything which took place among his acquaintance, which included some thousands of well-to-do people, possessed the liveliest interest for him, and he rushed about imparting news of a birth or death, engagement or marriage, failure in business or infidelity in marital relations, with a naïve delight. He lost no part of the story: either he had incredible powers of obtaining information, or the liveliest imagination. He filled every logical gap in the tale, knew what everybody had said or done. He came to see us every day, bursting with information, and when I saw him bobbing his head close to Fanny's for a confidential whisper I was not too dull to understand that my presence interfered with some of the details of the gossip. He liked no meagre sketch, no skeleton of a story, destitute of flesh and blood; and naturally Fanny found him entertaining.

Marion regarded her father with a

sort of surprise which increased day by day. She had looked forward to living with him at home. She humored his whims, tried in every way to please him. She was impressed by the sacrifice he had made in giving up his bachelor life, and mourned the fact that the dinners and suppers he was fond of offering to his friends did not satisfy his fastidiousness. Mr. Hubbard naïvely declared that he could not keep house without a wife,—that Marion was a dear girl, but as unfitted to be a man's daily companion as a serious-eyed fawn.

To the lack of a proper sympathy between these two I attributed a certain blankness of personal hope and expectation in Marion. She was completely bound up in her studies. I have not yet said that Mr. Felix Harrold was her teacher. He went to her four days in the week at one o'clock and stayed till three. When I first knew this, I used to watch for his coming. I should have liked to speak to him. No one had been just what he had been to me in my old life. But any pleasure I could have in a hasty glimpse of his slender figure soon became a rankling disappointment, for he never looked to the right or left. I finally began to wonder if he knew that our windows commanded a view of his comings and goings.

"I suppose Mr. Harrold knows nothing about my living here," I said to Marion.

She gave no consolation to my pride, for she told me she had pointed out my window and bidden him look up and see me.

"I understand. He feels no interest in me now,—now that he cannot give me hard lessons—lessons I had neither time nor strength to learn—and then scold me until he half breaks my heart and wholly makes me cry."

"He was dreadfully imperious and dictatorial to you. But then it was because he believed in your powers. He is gentle and helpful with me, since he realizes that I am a mere plodder. He says you run after brilliancy too much. He never accuses me of that."

"When did he say that, Marion?"

"Only two days ago."

"So you talk of me?"

"Of course I talk of you."

"And he listens?"

"In a way. He declares you are wholly out of his sphere,—that he has nothing to do with your beauty, your magnificence, your success."

"What does he know about me?"

"I tell him a great deal."

"But why do that, when he disproves?"

"You see, when he comes in I give him a cup of coffee, and while he drinks it I try to entertain him. And I fancy he likes best to hear about you."

"But he says nothing in return?"

"Oh, yes. I told him yesterday about your coming to dinner the night before. I described your dress, and the effect of your uncle's diamonds in your dark hair. I pointed out the yellow sofa where you sat; just to make the picture complete, I added that there were eight men here besides papa, and that each of the eight men devoted himself to you as if no other woman were present."

"And Mr. Harrold noticed such nonsense?"

"He laughed a little, and said, 'A lass wi' a tocher.'"

"Now, that," I exclaimed swiftly, "was surely unkind."

"Wait until you hear it all. Then he added, 'As a woman, it is her misfortune to be rich. Wealth for a fine nature like hers is like a gorgeous screen before a living fire.'" Marion uttered this with the sure accent of one who flatters irresistibly, but I was piqued instead. "Now, I thought that a great compliment from a reticent man like Mr. Harrold," she said. "If it has vexed you, it shows me I ought not to have told you."

"It has not vexed me, exactly."

"You are used to finer speeches."

Yes, I was used to finer speeches, but my head was not yet turned by flattery. I had learned, instead, that successful flattery is a delicate art, that praise is generally the most vulgar of tributes, bestowed when indifferent and withheld when it might be precious.

"Mr. Harrold always makes me dissatisfied with myself," I exclaimed, singularly stirred. "I know very well what he thinks of me and my commonplace life and my commonplace aims. I am living for no object save my own pleasure. I am doing no good with my money. I meet few people at whom I do not laugh a little in my heart or reject as tiresome. And he probably fancies that it absolutely contents me. Yet it does not content me; and I cannot bear to have him think that I like the cheap success of a mere heiress who attracts men who want her money."

Marion gazed at me conscience-stricken: she had roused a feeling in me which surprised and dismayed her.

"No one would hold your success cheap," she faltered.

"Oh, but it is cheap. How am I better than I was a year ago at Madame Ramée's? yet who of all those who run after me now would have cared for me then? And, indeed, why should they? What do I do better than they? Do I seek out sweet, lowly, worthy people, find them in the shadow and bring them into what sunshine I can give them? Instead, I take up all my time and all my strength with those whose circumstances attract me,—who have wealth to put up beautiful houses and give grand entertainments. I need not blame anybody for worldliness,—I am horribly worldly myself."

"No, you are not worldly: you are a little dazzled. You don't find much in this new life which fits your actual needs. You ought to take up some engrossing occupation."

"So many tell me that. I have everything offered to me for an object in life, from philanthropy to painting under glaze; but, candidly, I don't think they would make me happier."

"Why don't you keep up your studies?"

A little quiver ran through me.

"Do you suppose Mr. Harrold would give me German lessons?" I asked eagerly.

"Why not? I am sure he would enjoy nothing so much."

The idea was pleasant to me, and

Marion and I formed a little conspiracy. I was to come in next day, just as Mr. Harrold was taking his leave, and put the question to him myself. There seemed no flaw in this scheme. I could make my request without undue emphasis, and I rather enjoyed the fancy of thus challenging his notice. He had avoided me,—had put me out of sight and mind, and held my claims to consideration cheap. All that evening my mind ran upon what I was going to say to him. I was, in imagination, bright, witty, rather irresistible. I was half to plead and half command, with a mixture of naïveté and woman-of-the-world ease, in carrying out my little caprice. But I confess that when, just before three o'clock next day, I rang Marion's door-bell, and was ushered into the hall, a certain feeling of royal prerogative had vanished: I was, in fact, extremely nervous.

I saw Mr. Harrold the moment I entered. He was standing under the archway of the open library door, buttoning his great-coat. I went straight toward him, although my heart gave a leap and I grew indescribably timid. I forgot Marion entirely. I looked only at him, and, as I met his eyes, said, "How do you do, Mr. Harrold?"

He bowed, and perhaps murmured some salutation in return, but it was so low-voiced I could not hear it. He did not offer to shake hands, and moved on past me with the evident intention of leaving the house.

The scorn expressed by this indifference made itself clearly felt. Whatever I had done, I need not be treated like this.

"I came here to speak to you, Mr. Harrold," I said, "but, since you are in such haste—"

He had reached the door before I had made up my mind to address him, but my first word arrested him. He paused, turned, then slowly came up the hall toward me.

"You say you came here to speak to me, Miss Amber?" he asked, in a cool, courteous tone.

"Yes: I wished to put a question to you."

"You knew I was here?"

"Yes."

"Miss Hubbard will perhaps allow me to lead you into the library—"

I had forgotten Marion altogether. I now turned toward her helplessly, but she was vanishing. It was impossible for me to understand how, with intentions so definite, so clear, and a path so easy, I had become the victim of this most foolish and awkward arrangement. I already found myself inside the library alone with Mr. Harrold, the great doors shut upon us. It seemed to me that he had instinctively divined my easy assumptions of advantage in the interview I had planned, and had now turned the tables upon me to make me feel my presumption and my mistake. Never in all my life had I had so few powers to rally. My request about the German lessons had grown too trivial and unimportant to make. I had a strange want of ideas, and an equally strange deficiency of words to frame the least of them in.

"You wished to speak to me, Miss Amber?" he said, in a tone which still further paralyzed me.

I fell instinctively into the old school phraseology:

"Yes, sir: I wanted to inquire if you could give me lessons in German."

He gazed at me for a moment in silence. He looked me over from head to foot, then took from his pocket a small book in red leather, and turned its pages as if to find an answer there. I doubt, however, if he read a word. He was evidently a little at a loss to know how to reply.

"Why do you wish it?" he asked presently.

"You remember very well, Mr. Harrold, that two years ago you yourself pressed me to 'take up German.' Nobody could have been more urgent or more kind. You lost an hour twice a week for me. I had little time then to devote myself to it, but now—"

"I should say that you must have very much less time at present. I have often had proposals from society women for lessons, but I long since discovered

that such flame was not worth the candle. To begin with, they were always wanting to twist my convenience to suit the exigencies of their own."

"I will not do that. Indeed I will not."

"But more important was the objection that they had no attention to give to their work. It needs a mind free from worldly agitations to make study of any sort possible."

"I care less about society than you think," I said, feeling how tyrannous, how almost cruel, he was in holding me at this disadvantage that he might crush me with his own indifference. "I often find myself wishing for some occupation which would refresh me by giving me another set of ideas."

He waved his hand.

"It is useless discussing the subject," he said curtly. "I cannot give you German lessons."

"Why not, Mr. Harrold?"

"I have no hours which are not taken up."

"Marion says I may recite with her."

He had evidently played with the idea a moment, less to see if it were feasible than to find some objection. What reasons now served him for rejecting it were clear only to himself. I knew very well that he was made of stiff clay and could not easily be moulded into the fashion to suit another. I could hardly understand the bitterly-disappointed feeling his words roused in me. But I continued to stand before him in rigid silence.

"There are plenty of other teachers," he now said, with a smile. "I will recommend one if you wish."

"No, you need recommend no one. I wanted to take lessons of you,—my old master,—my kind, generous friend. I want no one else."

Tears gushed to my eyes as I spoke, for I spoke with poignant feeling.

"I ought to be very grateful for so amiable a tribute."

"But you are not grateful."

"Have it your own way. No, I am not grateful."

"It is evident that you look down upon me,—my life and my aims."

"You are accustomed to men better used to the great world. Instead of looking down upon you, I am conscious, as I stand here, of an almost overpowering sense of your wealth and your advantages. There is something exquisitely patrician in the atmosphere which surrounds you."

"Do not deride me!"

"Deride you?"

"I well know what you think of my wealth."

"I can have no foolish quibbles about such gracefully used wealth. It has done you good. You have improved in every way, basking in the sunshine."

"Oh, you humiliate me!—you are cruel! I cannot comprehend why you treat me so. I came here to-day happy and hopeful, but at the door I felt a sudden rush of doubt and timidity. Now I know why it was."

This dialogue had been rapid and far from spiritless. He held my eyes as if fascinated, and in his I felt a fire ready to blaze out. He now refrained from answering for a moment, then said, very slowly, "It had occurred to you that it would not be an ill diversion to see your old lover—"

I started as if stung by a red-hot iron. I tottered away from him to a chair and sat down.

"You have plenty of new ones," he proceeded, "but you had found out that, in the kind of life you lead, men do not grow to love women just as I loved you."

I made no reply. The wildly unfitting thought that Mr. Harrold still cared for me had, so far as I knew myself, made no part of my consciousness. But his words showed me my absurd freak in a light which degraded me in my own eyes. My hands, which had been clinched while he was denying my request, were now relaxed and trembling. I was quivering all over, and, instead of thoughts, pictures swept across my eyes and mind. I seemed to hear Mr. Harrold telling me again in Madame Ramée's garden that he loved me.

"You thought I must go on loving you if I saw you constantly," he proceeded. "It would be a likely thing



that a poor tutor like me could stand the fascinations of the matured woman whom, as a pale little girl with an aspect of severe purity, he had grown to hold dear,—dear as the apple of his eye. I am afraid,”—he paused a moment, then dropped these words slowly and in the suppressed voice of one who discloses the deepest of his thoughts,—“I am afraid, Miss Amber, you belong to that class of women whose coquetry drives them far and makes them push to extremes their craving for what costs a man most.”

He again stopped short; then, after a few moments of a silence which tried me painfully, he took out his watch and asked very gently, “Had you anything else to say to me?”

“No,” I answered, “nothing.”

He bowed and went out, leaving the door ajar. Marion came in presently, and found me in a curious mood. It was enigmatical to her that Mr. Harrold had refused to give me lessons, and I saw no necessity for enlightening her as to his actual reasons. There was a subtle lingering poison in my consciousness that it was I who had forced this interview upon an unwilling man.

#### CHAPTER XII.

A DAY or two later, nothing could have seemed more absurd than this fantastic notion of Mr. Harrold. I felt fiercely angry with him, not for what he had said, but for what he had thought. He had done me injustice as a woman, and for this I could not forgive him. I knew that he had said out his say, and would repent: I was used to his impatience and his sarcasms, and had always found him, on sober second thoughts, just and generous. All I could do now was to forget him if I could. I no longer owed him common gratitude. A woman may be treated with a harshness which does not displease her,—with a bitterness which is almost sweet; but Mr. Harrold's manner had not been after this kind.

One result of his words was that for

almost the first time in my life I found myself thinking about love. It had never occurred to me as a school-girl, nor afterward as a teacher, that I was likely to be married. When Mr. Harrold had spoken to me, I was impressed by his vehemence, but his actual meaning had been so instantly nullified by the substantial obstacle my new plans interposed, I had never afterward thought of his wishes in regard to me as going on in the present and likely to continue into the future. The experience had been, to my mind, a part of my old life. But now I had discovered that in some shape or other his feeling still survived, so far, at least, as to govern his motives and influence his actions. That troublesome love, once a kindly instinct, was now distinctly the reverse. He had enjoyed humiliating me,—hurting me. I wondered if in all men a thwarted feeling became a revolutionary force, turning the worse half of their nature against the better. It perplexed me to reflect that other similar questions might arise: then where would be my pleasure in life if all those I liked best were altered and estranged? The pleasure of being made, in a way, an idol of, followed, admired, and, so to speak, worshipped, was something more and something less than one can easily put into words. The piquancy of undefined but delicately suggested possibilities of future happiness was enhanced by my independence of any man's love as a distinct source of joy. But all these little girlish triumphs might be too dearly bought if I were all at once to be brought to account and forced to discover over again that what on my side was the merest outlay of youthful good feeling, of no fixed value at all, figured in another's schedule so largely as to create an impoverishing deficit if I denied the debt.

I took my ten fingers and counted my “lovers” upon them, as Fanny called the men who sent me bouquets, crowded about me whenever I went into society, and made it the chief burden of their lives, apparently, to keep themselves in my remembrance. Two belonged to that convenient class to whose atten-



tions one need by no stretch of vanity impute more meaning than a vague and general desire to be on familiar terms with what carries some *éclat* along with it. I dismissed them from my list, also a tiresome and dreary person, and a noisy vulgar man of enormous wealth; then, after further narrowing down, I found myself presently with four, each of whom I might easily suppose to be a little in love with me personally. First there was Charles Newmarch, the son of Mrs. Newmarch whom I have once alluded to,—a handsome, clever fellow, whose youth was not only gilded by wealth, but by high spirits and a genius for enjoyment. There was neither monotony nor narrowness about Mr. Newmarch. He loved all the world, and believed it created for the purpose of delighting his heart and mind and senses. He was never dull himself, and found every one overflowing with good-humor and entertainment. He was always projecting amusements and carrying them through with admirable success. He was my chief partner in the german, which he generally led, and I habitually experienced a sort of involuntary satisfaction when he came toward me. Second was Claude De Forrest. Many accused him of mere love of singularity,—a desire to be something odd and out of the way in his manner and dress and talk. Nevertheless, he enjoyed the exercise of his faculties, and was in intimate sympathy with the best that was being done and thought in the world. He was a lover of ideas and a hater of cheap and obvious commonplace. He was a critic and a connoisseur, and if his conclusions were not clear or convincing they at least stirred my imagination. I talked more perhaps with Claude than with any one else. Third was Marion's father, Mr. Hubbard, who came to see us regularly every day, compared his engagements with Fanny's and mine, and adjusted his plans to ours, that he might meet us. His manner was that of a veteran of the world: still, he seemed capable, where a woman was concerned, of going to almost any lengths of romantic enthusiasm. Fourth and last was Snow

Morris, and Snow I had never classed with others. Mr. Charles Newmarch and Claude De Forrest were young; youth piped to them, and they danced to almost every variety of tune, of which love was but one. I would open no new path in life to either of them. As for Mr. Hubbard, I realized that no woman need encumber herself with the burden of watchfulness or alarm on his account. Nothing could seriously injure that very well trained man of the world.

But Snow I really liked. At the outset I had admired him. Then, when each of the Morrises had with rather obtrusive candor warned me to mistrust the disinterestedness of the others, and set clearly before me the idea that Snow in particular was certain to regard me simply as a means to further his ambition, I had begun to study him a little. He had apparently wanted me to study him a good deal. He had presented me, as it were, with the clue which might lead me to disentangle any confused impressions and make labyrinths and mysteries clear. He was severe upon himself; he said his life had been so little faithful and true that at times he felt as if his whole mental and moral being were hollowed out and something counterfeit put in its place. Only one thing he claimed for himself,—that his heart was not cold. He had never been happy, and at one time had been in danger of getting restless and feverish, and had felt such a horror of that, knowing to what confusion his impulses would bring him, that he had studied the methods and processes of governing himself. The fault was that he had governed himself too much. He had gained an insurmountable objection to strong feeling. After having for years thrown cold water on any instinct of ardor, and carefully analyzed and then turned into ridicule every emotion, he declared he had grown the most timid of men. To gain an ascendancy over a woman, he said, a man must not only have faith in her, but must believe that nothing exists for her of equal importance to his love. This was no grave defect to my eyes. I had, in fact,

forbidden him to speak, although with a half-amused sense that a really great love moved by its own weight and impulse would make itself heard. I was glad that he did not force me to study my own heart too curiously. I recognized in him much that I cared for and believed in, and which I was likely to regard more tenderly and admire more absolutely if the feeling were allowed to take its own time and develop in its own way. He was easily master of all the arts of social life, and gave away none of his powers of attraction to the younger men. He carried weight simply by his presence. Now and then he yielded to enthusiasm, and there was something vivid and striking in the way his looks and words gathered fire. My own intercourse with him, no matter how quiet, always seemed to rest upon strong feeling. I always expected *something to come*,—looking for it half with dread, as in a summer storm we watch for the lightning and the crash which is to follow.

We were breakfasting late one morning, when some flowers were brought up for me, and Fanny read out the cards with little running comments.

"Snow never sends flowers," she remarked.

"No; he never pays me little attentions."

"Snow is too clever," she declared. "Sometimes I think he is in danger of losing ground with you; then I watch, and find out his meaning. He is like a fox who brushes over his footprints with his tail; but I know his tracks, nevertheless. Why does he refrain from sending you flowers and dancing with you? Why does he allow you to sit out a whole evening with other men, except that he perfectly understands there is no comfort and no advantage to be gained by challenging observation in that way? Yesterday he had three violets in his hand when he came in, and presently I saw they were at your throat. Now, you do not honor other people's flowers in that way. You seem to despise those big bouquets. And yet these men were willing to spend ten dollars apiece for them, I dare say, while

Snow keeps his dollars in his pocket and buys a few violets for a half-dime."

This cynicism marred the point of Fanny's words, for Snow could be profuse, extravagant, when it was worth while, and had been so over and over.

"I fancy you will marry Snow. I have felt certain from the first that was what he confidently expected. He seems to me rather slow; but my imagination is too poor to measure the resources of a clever man like him. Don't spoil him. To my thinking, a man should be as sure of his claims as a woman may permit, and no more: to gain any substantial good, a little audacity should be necessary, and a fair amount of determination."

"You think an offer of marriage is no compliment unless it is tolerably courageous."

"Girls are so foolish," continued Fanny, "to accept the baits held out to them and marry too soon. One's being wooed but unwon is one's power, and the moment one is wooed and won one parts with one's power. And power is a very pleasant thing, as you will find when you have lost it, and not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can bring it back to you." There was a good deal in her words. "Just remember," she pursued, "that you have a right to as many lovers as you please, to keep them as long as you please and send them away when you please, and that, as for marriage, you can't possibly be better off than you are now, unless you marry an English peer."

I had firm faith in Fanny's knowledge of the world, but then I too was not without my experiences. I had so far only two declared lovers; but one need not taste every strawberry in the dish to know what the fruit is like. Of one man's fierce sincerity I had had rough, actual trial, and, standing face to face with him, had felt awed by the reality of the mystery I could not grasp. Of the spirited capabilities of the other I knew nothing as yet,—whether he, too, was likely to develop slightly barbarous inclinations if thwarted. Still, Fanny was speaking as deep as her own expe-

rience had been, and I knew that there were men who were rolling stones when in love, the same as in other affairs, and, gathering no roots and no moss, fastened to nothing. Her counsel might hold good regarding those.

Mr. Hubbard came in for his daily visit while we were talking. We were still sitting over the breakfast-table, but the little clock on the wall was just striking the half-hour before noon. We had fulfilled a dozen engagements the day before, and as many loomed up before us for the afternoon and evening. I never looked forward nowadays to any bewildering pleasures, but to have had these amusements stricken out of my day would have left a blank difficult to fill up. When Mr. Hubbard began to question us as to whether we were going here and there, it suddenly occurred to me that his persistency in following me about ought to be discouraged. It would pain me sensibly to have Marion discover his attentions to me and be annoyed by them. And then it clearly was an absurdity that a man of his age should be a pretender, and it was the kindest, besides being the wisest, thing I could do to crush the sentiment before it developed. He discovered the incipient coldness in my face, and asked me, in his jaunty, super-elegant way, why I looked sad.

"She is reflecting that there are only ten days before Lent comes in," declared Fanny. "Now, I am rather glad of it."

"You ladies must need a season of humiliation and penitence by this time," said Mr. Hubbard, his small eyes twinkling and his mouth pursed into a smile. "I hope you go in for confessions; for you must have a good deal to confess. Haven't you, now, Miss Amber? I wish I were your father-confessor."

"Oh, Millicent does not know her own sins yet. I sometimes tell her of them, but she does not take the accusation to heart," said Fanny.

"A sin is not a sin unless one knows it to be such," remarked Mr. Hubbard. "An American girl has no chance of enjoying the gusto of real wickedness.

The Frenchwoman understood that when she said she wished it were a sin to eat strawberry-ice: the label '*Fruits défendus*' makes the most insipid apples delicious. If I had another daughter to bring up, I would interpose barriers about her: she should not be allowed to look over the hedge without punishment; trespassing should be a crime. Life would gain enormously in excitement. My poor little Marion has been so sensibly educated that she knows that no real temptations can exist for a thoroughly enlightened mind. She has already treated every subject philosophically, and examined vice and virtue by the clear light of day, discarding rose-colored draperies and candles. No illusions count. She understands everything."

"And does she understand her papa?" asked Fanny, with a little peal of laughter.

"She thinks she does. She has analyzed me, and discovered my component parts to be a love of ease, good eating, and social amusement. She would humor me in each if she knew how; but she bungles sadly. Naturally, her own lofty occupations are more congenial. But I am the most delightful of papas. I pretend to be propitiated, and she turns constantly to her own little distractions."

"Ah! she has her own little distractions?"

"Don't doubt it, Mrs. Burt, at her age."

"A lover, do you mean?"

"The word seems too trivial. I should have said a high-priest."

"And you approve?"

"I do not venture to disapprove. I am too well disciplined a parent for that. If it amuses her to study Greek, Hebrew, and Sanscrit with a young and particularly good-looking man, I ought to feel thankful her taste runs that way."

"She seems uninterested in society. I fancied she concentrated herself somewhere."

"She concentrates herself with a vengeance. However, she has opened a

vista of domestic life before the enamored eyes of her poor old father, who never had a domestic life before. He has found out what he needs, and—"

Mr. Hubbard looked at me with a glance so friendly that I took alarm, and, for the remainder of his visit, the moment he addressed me I put on so freezing a manner, I collected my dignity so fully, and showed my disdain so determinedly, that I could not but think any of his self-flattering views concerning me must be put an end to by my coldness. It seemed to shorten his stay, indeed; and, the moment he was gone, Fanny darted toward me. "And why did you adopt that manner of haughty reserve with poor Mr. Hubbard?" she demanded.

"My dear Fanny," said I, "you have told me to flirt a little and to amuse myself. Now, some love-making may be amusing, but Mr. Hubbard's would bore me sadly."

"And, pray, did he ever make love to you?"

"Not yet; but he comes here constantly; he follows us about."

"And are you the only woman in the world? Count your own lovers on the summer trees, in every leaf which courts the breeze, count them in the sands on the sea-shore, but leave me my only, my precious one. You are like the rich man who wanted the poor man's one little ewe-lamb. Of all the vain, insatiable, hungry sirens, you surely are the worst."

She was laughing, and her face wore a look of irresistible drollery, but I could see she was in earnest. And, instantly thinking things over and summing them up, I realized that she was right. It certainly was not to me Mr. Hubbard found most to say. In fact, I remembered times when my presence seemed to eclipse the gayety of his mood.

"I am too utterly stupid," I gasped. "I know I am dull, but I never expected to be dull in precisely that way."

"No wonder you take the largest view of your opportunities. They are enormous. You are sixteen years

younger than I, and a thousand times more attractive. But then, you see, Milly dear, men sometimes find it comfortable to make love to women of my age. I'm not gray-haired—"

"No."

"Nor ugly?"

"Indeed not. You are charming."

"And you renounce him?"

"With rapture."

But there could be no doubt that my perspicacity had been at fault, and that Fanny had a right to laugh at me.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

I HAD grown to love Fanny and Edith. Their very faults endeared them to me. The world seemed made for them. To go about the shops looking at the pretty things, buy them if they had money in their purses, pine for them if money failed, to eat ices and confectionery, to go to theatre and opera, to have insatiable eyes and ears for everything which went on, to find food for mirth in things both comic and grim, to avoid anything which might make them sick or sorry,—these energies made up the sum total of two existences which were engaging if not supremely valuable. It seemed simple and natural enough that they should show me their empty purses and vividly picture what they found desirable but beyond their means. They plundered me so prettily, they had so many more wants than I had yet been educated into, that I never thought of blaming them. But Fanny's sheer worldliness in grasping at a loveless but rich marriage was something not only beyond my experience but beyond my imagination. It made me feel, too, that in the not distant future I was likely to be a little at a loss for somebody to live with, to talk to.

One day early in Lent we were asked to visit Claude De Forrest's studio and see the completed study he had made of me. His rooms were on Union Square, at the very top of a high building. The atelier was long and low, with the ceiling lifted at the end, where there were sky-

and cross-lights with an elaborate arrangement of curtains and shutters. There were, besides, windows toward the west which let in the warm low sun. The place was further brightened by a wood fire burning in a tiled fireplace. Claude was sitting in a great Spanish chair with a deep hollowed seat, the grinning Moorish mask at the back held up by carved recumbent female figures. He was himself as picturesque as his room, in his dashing suit of velvet, buttoned to the throat, with a square collar falling over it, and he allowed us to admire not only his studio, but himself, and drew our attention as well to his little black page, plump and saucy as a Cupid, and dressed in Oriental fashion. The walls of the room were wainscoted to the height of five feet, and above that the plaster was painted a dull red and hung with tapestries. Two rows of paintings, sketches, and etchings ran around within easy eye-range, and above were Claude's trophies of every kind,—a jumble of weapons, pottery, strange idols, rosaries, and crucifixes, besides ornaments of all descriptions. On the dais where his easel stood there were heaps of shawls, rugs, scarfs, and fantastic dresses of the richest colors, in confusion almost confounding. Here and there were comfortable crimson sofas, and in front of one of these stood a round table holding a silver tea-kettle, already singing cheerily to itself as the blazing lamp warmed it. Two dozen cups and saucers of the prettiest china were grouped about this hospitable centre. Near the door a cabinet piano was curtained away in a niche. The whole atmosphere of the room was indescribably tempting and suggestive. Snow Morris had come in with Fanny and myself, and, looking about him, he declared it was altogether too suggestive.

"They are starving men who dream of feasts," said he, "and I should suppose the imagination of an artist would lose something by this over-stimulation."

"Artists require actuality," replied Claude, in his gentle way. "They have reason to dread their imagination more than anything in the world."

He had placed me in a low, deep-seated chair, and I watched the visitors come in. Mrs. De Forrest brought Hildegard, who in her turn brought Mr. Charles Newmarch, who must have found something to admire in the beautiful girl in her plumed Gainsborough hat and gown of mouse-colored velvet. Mrs. Newmarch and her five daughters trooped in, elegant, patronizing, and at once initiated the proper enthusiasm over the knick-knacks and bric-à-brac, and each fresh arrival was instantly dragged toward something pretty or grotesque, with the artless exclamations, "Isn't that too perfectly heavenly?" "Did you ever see anything so utterly delicious?"

Claude took the tribute quietly. He knew his rooms were decorated to the extreme of redundant ornamentation, and ornamentation of every-day life was to him the highest good.

"Zenio," he called to his page, "the tea-caddy." Zenio brought the tea-caddy, and Claude made the tea, giving the operation all his sweet, serious attention, and then brought us each a cup with the most exquisite courtesy, Zenio offering us sugar and cream out of a little pot-bellied bowl and pitcher of the oldest silver.

The half-dozen men who had dropped in wanted to laugh at the artist, no doubt, but waited until they got to their club.

"I feel so big, so brutal, and yet so helpless," said Mr. Charles Newmarch, bringing a cushion and sitting down at my feet.

"I consider," said Fanny Burt, "that this sort of thing is absolutely immoral. For a man to do these things so well thrusts women outside the scheme of creation."

"I confess I consider women—that is, I consider myself a superfluous creature," said Hildegard.

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Mr. Newmarch. "Now, you are practically useful; you're such a lovely model."

"We poor women have to be what men have painted us. They choose to make us Madonnas and angels, without the least regard for our actual characteristics."



"The moment a woman thinks independently," put in Snow Morris, "you will observe that she always repudiates these sentimental traditions imposed upon her."

"Of course she does," returned Hildegard.

"Nevertheless, it is an enormous piece of good fortune for your sex that we obstinately continue to idealize you. Our imagination has invented everything for you except perhaps—"

"Our faults: they are our own," said I.

"I was going to add, your beauty; but no matter."

"If you were to marry, Claude," remarked Fanny, "I should be sorry for your wife."

Claude flushed slightly.

"Too many bibelots spoil the lover," said Snow. "Is that it?"

"What he loses in quantity he makes up in quality," observed Miss Eva Newmarch. "It would be an enormous compliment to a woman to have Mr. Claude De Forrest fall in love with her. He would not commit himself, as Charlie would, for instance, to a mere matter of indiscriminate feeling: his artistic sense would insist on being satisfied."

"I put it to any woman here," said Mr. Charles Newmarch plaintively, "whether she wouldn't rather have my indiscriminate feeling than De Forrest's artistic sense. Good Lord! don't you suppose a girl would rather be loved for what she is as a human being, than for her harmoniousness in a scheme of color, or her suitability to her background of tiles, stained glass, and tapestry?" He looked up at me, but I forbore to reply. It did occur to me that Mr. Newmarch filled the ideal rôle of love better than Claude, whose affectations and exaggerations of intense earnestness over trifles somewhat marred the effect of his good looks and elegant speeches. It had become evident to me long since that Mr. Newmarch was a little carried away by the ease with which he could play the part of Romeo, and that he poured his little confidences into the nearest ear, provided it was a pretty one. Hilde-

garde De Forrest, among others, had listened, and been a little beguiled by him. There had been a period of courtship the summer before at Newport, which might have been expected to culminate in an engagement, if any one had the unreasonableness to expect anything definite or indefinite from a young fellow who had flirted in his earliest knickerbockers. When it suited him nowadays, he could throw intense expression into his glances as he looked at her,—expression which might mean life-long devotion or nothing at all. When he looked at me with very much the same direct yet half-veiled gaze, I perfectly realized the degree of importance to be attached to it. In fact, Mr. Charles Newmarch's love-making resembled an infantile game of "button," in which the chief player goes round the circle solemnly adjuring each member in turn to "hold fast what I give you," flattering one after another by the promise which is only in one case fulfilled. When the call comes, "Button, button, who's got the button?" there is an occasion for clever guessing. Just at this time society was divided in opinion as to whether Hildegard or myself was the possessor of Mr. Charles Newmarch's "button." I was a novelty, and he liked novelty, but Hildegard was in love with him, and was supposed to be too clever a girl not to have secured the prize before she gave her heart in return. When she raised her superb dark eyes and looked at him, it was his way to show that he felt an admiring thrill and answering sensation.

This was a little circle in which everybody knew everybody else *au fond*. Everything was talked over. Mr. Hubbard dropped in, contributed some piquant items, and a vast deal of laughing, questioning, and exclaiming ensued. The afternoon waned rapidly while we sat about in the comfortable chairs, half a dozen people talking at once, everybody voluble, good-humored, except perhaps Snow Morris and myself. This rapid, irresponsible talk sometimes half depressed me, and the jargon was sometimes rather puzzling,—allusions I did



not understand, followed by shrieks of laughter, coterie-phrases with no meaning to the uninitiated, and when explained losing all discernible flavor in the process. Every now and then some one took up a wicked delightful story, to which every one listened with avidity,—an astonishing recital which gave one a clear idea of what the typical young man and woman of the day really were. When Forrest heard these current anecdotes I listened with distress, thinking a reputation was being handled to its extinction; but I soon learned that they must be taken *cum grano*, and that they had few actual believers.

It was almost sunset when Claude brought out his work. He set the easel where the glow from the southwest could light it, then put his picture of me on the shelf. He had made several studies of me, not pretending that they were for a portrait. He sketched very well, and with a few touches, in what seemed a careless fashion, could suggest what promised to be a striking picture. The gift of collecting, digesting, and consolidating his ideas was perhaps denied him, or would only be the reward of steady concentrated effort. In any elaborated work like this the impressions were so confused as to bewilder the observer.

It was early twilight when we set out to go home, and Snow Morris asked me to walk with him and enjoy the clear, crisp air. "I am glad I did not paint that picture of you," he remarked, the moment we were in the street.

"Did you not like it?"

"I don't think any man who saw you sitting, so quiet, so handsome, so thoroughbred, raising those beautiful gray eyes of yours, and listening to the talk that went on with your indefinable smile, half melancholy and half tender, could compare you to the girl in that feebly mixed-up, overcrowded picture. She seems to be crouching on a sofa, her chin on her breast and her finger to her lip, as if meditating suicide."

"Mr. De Forrest wanted to paint my side-face."

"I didn't need to be told that your side-face is beautiful," declared Snow.

"The side-face always shows the woman, I think: all the secrets of her sweetness, her possible tenderness, are written there."

"But these word-pictures are easy, and are, besides, rather vague. They all declared Claude's picture to be like me."

"Newmarch didn't. He chuckled over it. He felt he had scored a few points over Claude without lifting his finger. But no matter. It was quite a triumph for you. The ball is at your feet. But then you do not care for such triumphs."

"It was pleasant enough."

"There is not a girl in New York who could carry off such success as yours as well as you do. I look at you in wonder. They crowd about you offering you everything, but at the crowning moment there is a little look in your eyes as if you had escaped,—a wistful longing for solitude which none of them can share."

His words touched me a little. It had sometimes seemed to me that there would be a rare stimulus, almost happiness, in being completely understood by Snow Morris. He had wider knowledge and a more exquisite taste than others. Now, as he went on, I listened, half startled: "Just before we came away, when you went to the piano and played, there was something sad, beseeching, passionate, in the music, that I seemed to understand."

When I had played it, I had thought of Snow and of no one else.

"It was as if you were telling a story to some one."

"It was not my story. I have known it for years, and, when I play it, it has a way of uttering all my thoughts. An odd jumble of past, present, and future was in my mind to-night. You say I carry it off coolly; but I observe everything, I count all my little triumphs. I feel often as a princess might who had a chance to reign for a hundred days. The court festivals are delightful, the courtiers gay and gallant, and she seizes the full charm with vivid powers of appreciation while the phantasmagoria

lasts. But all the same she has moments when she almost longs for her hundred days to be over. Gay and delightful though they may be, they are mere pageants. She knows that some day she will wake up no longer queen, and, unless she has somebody to love the woman and not the princess, she runs the risk of being lonely and terribly unhappy."

"Why shouldn't you always be a queen? What nonsense are you talking, child?" asked Snow Morris sharply.

"While I was playing," I went on, "I was thinking, 'Ah, well, let it all go,' for the music taught me, as it deepened and sweetened and went over and over again that endlessly beautiful strain, that what I really cared about lay behind and far away from all that dazzled my mere fancy."

"How absurd for you to be conjecturing possible evil!" Snow said again.

"It is a mere presentiment."

"Don't have presentiments. They

come from those foolish fancies you had at first. It torments me to have you embittering yourself with such thoughts. You will make me unhappy if you go on."

I looked at him and smiled, wondering that he should be so singularly disturbed. I was ready to laugh at his blindness: if he had listened, instead of being vexed at my little foolish suggestions, he might have understood that I was beginning to—yes, let me write it down here,—beginning to love him. From the first moment I saw him, something in him different from other men had arrested my interest and held it in suspense. As for the little leaven of bitterness which worked all through my comfort in my riches, that was part of my inheritance. It concerned no one else in the world except Snow, for no one else knew so exactly what my story was, so accepted without speculation the course of events.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AT WAR.

THROUGH the large, stormy splendors of the night,  
 When clouds made war, and spears of moonlight strove  
 To penetrate their serried ranks and prove  
 That stronger than the darkness was the light,  
 Yet failed before the storm-clouds' gathered might,  
 I heard a voice cry, "Strong indeed is Love,  
 But stronger Fate and Death, who hold above  
 Their pitiless high court in Love's despite."  
 Storm-cloud met storm-cloud, reeled, and shook, and fled,—  
 The old earth trembled at their mighty rage,—  
 Till, suddenly, a lark sang clear, o'erhead,  
 As if to share his joy he did engage  
 All earth and heaven; and Night's wild war was done,  
 And Love and Morning triumphed with the sun.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN ON A DRAG.

MOST of us have our missionary impulses. At times we are stirred by aspirations, more or less ambitious, to convert the world to a better—that is, *our*—way of thinking. Personally, I confess a longing to lead my countrymen into new and pleasant paths of travel. My proselyting spirit yearns over them,—dupes of guide-books and unresisting victims of couriers, railway-guards, and cabmen: I fain would reveal to them a manner of journeying free from the common evils, and filled with sweetness and light. It is not altogether new. Mr. William Black has indicated it; but he had only an adventurous phaeton, which is a low vehicle,—I mean no disrespect, but simply that the seats are not high,—and, moreover, his journey was short. Before his phaeton began its adventures, a young Scotchman in America was dreaming of a coaching-trip through Great Britain. A coach-and-four his dreams showed him, with seats outside for fourteen. Coach, horses, and servants were to be his for the summer,—this lucky Scotchman has the purse of a fairy prince,—and for two enchanted months his friends and he were to roam over England and Scotland. Last summer the dream was realized. The Chief,—as they called our Scotchman,—his mother, and his friends, drove from Brighton to Inverness. As a missionary, I lay the true story of the long drive before the public, to make its own plea for imitation.

The party contained the Chief, his mother, who is seventy in years but thirty in health and spirits, his partners P—— and “Gardner,” a dignified railway manager and his clever and graceful wife, a naturalized Scotchman, the wit of the company, his charming wife, a typical American, a most lovable Englishwoman, who had the English repose of manner and the velvet English voice, two slender, fair-faced Scotch girls, the Chief’s nieces, Jean,

a fascinating young woman, who sings like an angel, and the present writer, who seeks obscurity.

During the first two weeks an English friend, G——, was our guide and leader; after that time, Gardner metaphorically took the reins: literally, the coachman held them, but Gardner directed the coachman. From the first, he made all the other arrangements; and he is now understood to be preparing a work entitled “The Sorrows and Consolations of an Amateur Courier.” Luckily for us, he had studied the methods of his own real courier during the previous winter, when travelling on the Continent, and if he had sorrows we had none. Our satisfaction was not even damped by a knowledge of his trials, for, being an uncomplaining man, he kept them to himself.

On the 17th of June we left Brighton. G—— had selected the coach, the horses, and the servants. The coach was “black but comely,” its gleaming darkness being relieved by red lines and red-velvet cushions. There were seats for four inside and for fourteen on top. The horses were fine powerful animals,—two brown wheelers and two bay leaders. The servants were two,—Perry, the coachman, and Joe, the footman. Perry was a good specimen of the English coachman, silent, respectful, sedately melancholy, and a perfect master of his craft. He wore a smart blue-and-silver livery, and was of a rosy complexion. Joe was a dark, short, nimble young fellow, very fluent in his speech, and a great favorite in the stable-yards and servants’ halls. He wore livery like Perry’s, with the exception of leggings for top-boots.

We left Brighton early in the morning, and it was night before we reached Guildford. Usually, we travelled from twenty to thirty miles a day; that day, Perry drove fifty-two miles: it was the longest drive we ever made.

Often, afterward, we tried to recall the sensations of that first day, its exhilaration, its enthusiasm, its entrancing novelty. Most of us had seen England before, but not in this manner. There is a vast difference between the lightning gulp of beauty which one makes in a railway-carriage going forty miles an hour and the leisurely feast of the eyes to be had from the top of a coach.

Lifted high above the dust and noise and jar, we could look over the brick walls. Below, lay lovely, close-cropped lawns, shadowy parks, and prim, sweet little gardens, with their triangles of coulisses and their yew-trees shaped into fantastic semblance of urns and cocks and horses. We could see the porches of houses, a tangle of ivy climbing over the mellow-tinted brick. Sometimes we caught glimpses of gray old towers which our fancy turned into baronial castles; sometimes the house stood out on a hill, and any one could see that it was modern Queen Anne. England is a garden in June. Flowers were everywhere,—hedges sweet with wild roses, corn-fields splendid with poppies, hill-sides starred with daisies, ragged-robins and forget-me-nots by the ditches' edges, and

Harebells like a sudden flush of sea  
Breaking across the woodland, with the foam  
Of meadow-sweet and white anemone  
To fleck their blue waves.

In-doors and out there was the same affluence of plant-life: it was as though the flowers could not help growing. Rose-trees clung to the warped door-frames of the cottages, and scarlet geraniums peeped over the fringe of white curtain in the cottage windows.

And how orderly is this garden of England! We saw no litter anywhere, no unsavory hints of possible fever: the very highways might have been swept, so clean and smooth were they.

The coach rolled on,—past grassy fields, where lads in white flannel were playing cricket, through ancient village streets which may have known the Tudors,—one cannot place much later the queer, steep-roofed, plaster-and-timber houses, and those churches with

Norman towers,—past old-fashioned inns, —Greyhounds, Unicorns, Lions of all colors, Kings' Heads and Queens' Heads,—past lanes, and stiles, and footpaths. The road was in no wise lonely. A bicyclist would whirl by at short intervals. Farmers passed us in yellow dog-carts, and gentlemen on sleek thoroughbreds. We met clergymen in shovel-hats driving stout cobs, and pretty girls driving their own ponies. Sometimes the moving vehicle was a family landau,—coat-of-arms on the panels, cockades on the coachman's and footman's hats, and the British Matron gazing out of the window. Sometimes it was an old market-woman's cart just escaped from a Gainsborough,—cart, red-cheeked old woman, heaps of green wares, shaggy white horse, and all. Thus, through the pleasant weather and the pleasant scenes, we rode on to Guildford. There is a delicious little inn at Guildford, called the White Lion. Like many English inns, it is kept by a woman.

The English hotels have been touched by the hand of progress; they have "lifts," and a *table-d'hôte*, and printed placards warning you to keep your door locked; but, thanks to the women, the inns are the veritable inns that Washington Irving praised. Most of them are built in the shape of a quadrangle, having the stable court in the centre. The window-ledges are gay with flowering plants. Within are bewildering staircases and winding passages, and it is as easy to get lost among them as in a haunted castle. There is no office. The landlady sits in the snug "bar-parlor," amid a dazzling array of glass. She wears a black silk gown which rustles, and an imposing lace cap. Engraved portraits of the county nobility adorn the walls of the Commercial Room. Up-stairs, in the guests' private parlor, the late landlord is present—on canvas, and beside him smiles the landlady in her bloom, with side-curls and a blue spencer. The halls are hung with colored prints of coaching-parties and hunting-scenes, and at each landing stands a table covered with pewter can-

dlesticks containing half-consumed candles which will not be required in the bill. When night comes, the guest lights his candle and starts on an exploring expedition to find his chamber. Some Americans use pocket-compasses for this purpose, but a maid-servant is surer. The furniture of the house belongs to the last century, and is, like Lady Jane, "not pretty, but massive." Mahogany temples of sideboards and ponderous bedsteads give the eye most pleasure. The bedsteads have canopies of faded damask, and the linen sheets are sure to smell faintly of lavender.

The fare in these inns is excellent; but the wary American will never demand that remarkable beverage which the English name "coffee:" he will drink tea, or the good bitter beer and the honest old claret. One continual joy at English inns is the dainty table-equipage,—the pretty china dishes, the clear glass, the spotless napery, and the never-omitted nosegay or plant in the centre. Another joy is the service. The retainers have grown up in the house, and have caught its air of homely cordiality. Something of their respect and alacrity may be due to visions of future "tips," but the comfortable result is the same, whatever the cause. And their honesty certainly cannot be thus explained. The guest need not lock his door in an English inn: in truth, very often he cannot, the lock being out of order. But he will lose nothing. Though he leave his property behind him, he shall see it again. One honest landlord will forward it to another; he may run away from it, but it will follow him all over England,—yea, all over Europe. There have been Americans who have left tooth-brushes and been pursued by them across the ocean.

Did I not begin this long digression by saying that there is a delicious old inn in Guildford? Guildford is a delicious old town: it is built in a single long street which gables, latticed windows, and projecting upper stories render darkly picturesque; and the holly and the ivy that creep over the blunted carving add a poignant charm, so prodigal

are they of beauty and vigor, clasping the mouldering stone. Our next day's drive ended at Windsor. We spent Sunday in the royal town, holding high festival, that day being the birthday of the Chief's mother. In the morning most of us went to church; in the afternoon there was a visit to Eton.

One of the party, who shall be nameless, took the opportunity to secure a private drive. She plotted with Jean to persuade P—— to order a dog-cart and a "fast cob." P—— ordered the dog-cart, but, being a cautious man, he did not order a "fast cob:" he ordered "a horse safe for a lady to drive." Of course they sent a weak, weary, dejected-looking pony, the smallest of his race. Jean looked rather daunted when she first saw this wee beast, but she climbed into the cart, merely remarking that she didn't think he would run away. They set off. The pony limped and appeared feeble. At intervals he would give up the burden of active existence altogether, stop short, and fall into a kind of sad revery. "Don't whip him!" Jean would plead: "I think he is going to die."

"Pull up!" the nameless would cry,—she scrupulously addressed the animal in English phrase,—"*pull up!* Did ever one see such a sign-post of a horse?"

"Slap him with the reins," suggested Jean, who has no proper pride about driving.

"I won't."

Then the nameless would touch him with the whip, whereupon he would give a convulsive kick and start off in a series of leaps, ending in a walk slower than ever. After a while he began to shake his head. Jean was sure that this was a sign of exhaustion. Then he had attacks of coughing,—single coughs of an indescribably hollow and reproachful sound. "I feel as if in humanity we ought to carry *him*," said the nameless. With such sentiments they could not use the whip. The pony slowly ambled up the street.

"Perhaps he'll live until we get to Eton," said Jean: "it's only two miles."

A longer two miles they have never



known; but they reached Eton at last, the pony still living.

"Not a hitching-post in sight," said the nameless, as they stopped before the ancient chapel. "I suppose something awful would happen to me if I tied him to a tree!"

"What's the use of hitching him?" answered Jean scornfully.

"Well, I can't leave him alone and unprotected—"

"I pity the man who would steal him," said Jean, still scornful. "There's a man, though: perhaps he will hold your fiery steed."

The man was a ragged vagabond with a puffy red face of most malign expression; but they recklessly consigned the pony to his care and entered the chapel. There they found their companions seated on the oaken benches of the vestibule. A severe verger in a voluminous silk gown was keeping them in order. The doors were closed, and there was not much to see, except four men who were pumping air into the organ and evidently found it very warm work. Service was nearly over. Very soon the perspiring organ-blowers straightened themselves up and wiped their faces with their shirt-sleeves. The strains of music became fainter, the verger opened the door, and the boys came out, followed by the masters. The lads had a demure, old-fashioned look, with their short tight jackets and tall silk hats, but they hustled each other and pushed and scrambled much as boys do the world over. The masters wore black silk gowns having gleams of crimson in scarf and hood. They were nothing like as grand personages as the verger. Yet that mighty man stood obsequiously to one side while they passed, and the instant the last master had departed he was transformed. From the stern custodian of decorum he became the affable guide. He showed the strangers the chapel and the college buildings with the utmost condescension.

But ominous forebodings haunted the nameless's mind. Listlessly she looked at the noble mediæval windows: the panel-work and tapestry, the exquisite

stone fireplace, and portraits of renowned collegers in the great hall could not delight her. She hurried Jean away, half expecting to find the corpse of the pony beneath the elms. Instead, she found him alive and safe, and the surprising beast went home on a brisk trot. This true story teaches that we should not let our humanity run away with our judgment.

That same Sunday afternoon we visited Windsor Castle. No one was near to tell us from which window James of Scotland looked into the "gardyn faire" and saw the fairer English maiden whom he loved; or where was lodged David I., another captive Scottish king, or the unhappy Surrey. But a civil guardsman pointed out "her Majesty's apartments," and told us a good deal about the present royal inmates.

Loyd sang in St. George's Chapel, and we went to hear him. He has a wonderful voice, but some of us could hardly listen, we were so busy with our eyes. Whatever the criticisms on the architecture, the effect is magnificent. The gorgeous blazonings of the knights' stalls lend the pomp of war to the beauty of holiness typified in flower-like columns and vaultings fretted with the cross and the glory that burns in the windows. If the magnificence of the union have a touch of the barbarous, it is but the fitter expression of the age of chivalry.

Gazing, one feels the memories of the past thicken about him. Through the arches he dimly sees the white marble of the tombs in the chantries. There lie Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour; there are Henry VI. and Edward IV.; and there one dark December day the body of Charles I. was borne through the falling snow.

But we had scant time to give to the chapel,—indeed, to Windsor. The next morning we were again on our way. We spent an hour in Stoke-Pogis churchyard.

Beneath that rugged elm, those yew-trees' shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering  
heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The grass grows tall over their graves, the stones are freckled with mould, and moss and lichens blur the lean letters of their epitaphs. The little church is half hidden in front by a clambering mass of ivy, but a rickety flight of outside stairs in the rear has no such gracious screen. Peeping through the church windows, we saw the shadow of a stone crusader on the floor, but no figure of living man. The whole place has a pensive—almost sombre—air of neglect. Gray's own grave is beneath the stone which records his affection for his mother; but a cenotaph to his memory stands on the brow of the hill.

That was a most charming day. We saw Stoke-Pogis in the morning, and we lunched on the banks of the Thames. Luncheon was our favorite meal. We carried hampers with us which we filled each morning at our inn, and we lunched on what the Chief, who is of a poetic turn, called "the greensward." K——, the naturalized Scotchman, and the American, had an unlimited stock of humorous stories. The Chief was not far behind, to say nothing of the plays and poems which he knows by heart, while the railway manager made at once the best and the worst puns known. We had merry times and good cheer. P—— used to rise early in the morning and search the markets for fresh fruit and little delicacies not to be found in the inn larders. Gardner acted as butler. It was he who provided the pale ale and bitter beer and the innocent lemonade.

Luncheon over, the gentlemen used to pitch pennies, while the ladies gathered flowers. What can be more rural than to pitch pennies? what more pastoral than to gather flowers? The flowers were given to the Chief's mother, who had a book and pressed them, and, like a true lover, carried them everywhere. Those pleasing little excitements which diversify life occurred when that book was lost, as it was a few times. Often after luncheon some of us would walk ahead of the coach. Walking is one of the charms of driving through England. The roads are like a floor. The scent of wild roses and honeysuckle loads the air

with delight. The sunshine floods the meadows, and cloud-shadows dapple the hill-side. Then there are the legends. Here on this village green a martyr was burned. In that old manor-house behind the trees, a priest was hidden in Elizabeth's time and dragged out to a cruel death. Down in the hollow stands another Tudor mansion, where the unhappy Scottish queen spent a few weeks of captivity. Charles I. held his court in this ancient city, having fled from his rebellious capital. The streets of that old town saw Rupert's Cavaliers and Fairfax's Puritans fighting hand to hand; we look through plain glass windows into the church, because the original stained glass was smashed by Cromwell's pikes. And so the old tales cluster about the old stones, too thick for counting. Some aged man or woman, clean, cheerful, and garrulous, is ever at hand to tell the traditions of town or church or castle to any asker. The peasant leans on his spade and answers your questions readily; the old dame in her door-way would talk to you half the morning, and you have some ado to make her take sixpence for the white roses she plucks for you.

The memory of scores of walks between the English hedge-rows is with me as I write. How sweet, how bright, how peaceful every scene appears! How cheerful, rosy, and contented do the people look! Yet behind this idyllic front goes on the old-grim struggle. The cottages and the wages are small, the people many. That rosy-cheeked peasant has a great family of children and eighteen shillings a week on which to keep them. His old mother is in the workhouse, though he is a dutiful son. That tidy old woman esteems herself lucky since she can spend the rest of her days in an almshouse founded centuries ago by a pious lord. Her back is bent with long toil on her knees; the hands which pluck you roses are distorted with rheumatism: nevertheless, she still does "a day's work now and then," for "five shillin' a week and find everything baint none too much, ma'am, an' it do comfort me ever so to 'ave a

pinch o' snuff!" Ask her story,—the sprightly landlady of the neighboring public house will relate it to you,—you hear of a drunken "master," of many dead babies, of a daughter who "went wrong," and of a son too poor to help his mother. It is vulgar enough tragedy, but very real for all that. These rose-embowered cottages hide sordid miseries as well as simple joys.

But why moralize? Moralizing in sunny weather is worse than folly: indeed, it "partakes of the nature of sin," as being a flat refusal to be cheerful when the cause for cheerfulness is manifest. Practically, we did not moralize. The shadow that humanity always throws over beauty is narrow, however dense. We did not pry into social nooks and corners; we walked along the broad, placid, sunshiny highway of English life, and found it full of charm. At the same time we turned the past into a kind of æsthetic background to our cheerful present,—a piece of mental tapestry properly dim and dusky, of flashing rapiers, blood-stains, and gold embroidery.

In such fashion we rode gayly on through the southern counties. We stopped over-night at Reading, and spent a day in Oxford. We turned aside to view the vast and wearisome splendors of Blenheim, and we tried to people Woodstock with Sir Walter's prankish tenants. One night we slept at Banbury Cross. We saw no musical old woman on a white horse, but we did something better: for the first time we tasted Banbury cakes. This is a missionary tract: therefore would, O poetry of pastry, that I could chant your praise! Banbury cakes are flaky and glorified mince pies. The taint of the earth and the carnivora, present in American mince pies, has disappeared; all is citron and raisins and foreign fruit and spice and what children, with untutored poetry, call "goodies." In shape Banbury cakes are small and square. English pastry, as a rule, is not enticing; it has, so to speak, something of the national solidity, admirable in character but less admired in pastry. But Banbury cakes are frail: touch them, they

crumble crisply. Like other frailty, they are irresistible, and their equal we have never, never seen.

From Banbury we drove to Stratford-on-Avon. The two venerable gentlewomen who guard the relics of Shakespeare showed us what all American visitors see. We went, as they all do, to the church and the grammar-school and the theatre. We stopped at the Red Horse Inn and saw Washington Irving's chair, and they gave us "American hot rolls" for breakfast. In fine, our experience was as like most Americans' experience as one Dromio to the other.

But a short distance from Stratford we visited an old manor-house which, I fancy, few of my countrymen see. It belongs to the Tudor epoch, and is called Wroxton Abbey. The house stands in a hollow densely shaded by old trees. Passing beneath the antique porch, one enters the banquetting-hall, the ordinary hall of Henry VIII.'s time, with a musicians' gallery at the upper end. Gallery, walls, and roof are of oak black with age and carved with the lavish fancy of Tudor architecture. The first secular owners of the abbey were the Popes; by marriage it passed to the Norths, the present owners. They have sedulously preserved the mansion's original character: nothing has been taken away, almost nothing altered. The Popes' armorial bearings are on the wall and gallery and fireplace. Their armor, tilting-spears, and swords hang among the portraits. They seem to have been loyal subjects, and a number of the portraits are of monarchs: King Henry VIII. is painted in the bosom of his family, looking very good-natured; King Edward, King James, Charles I., and not a few queens, are there.

The housekeeper, a dignified and fluent person in black, avers that these are by Holbein and Vandyke. It is amazing how many Holbeins and Vandykes there are in the houses of the English nobility and gentry not mentioned in the published lists of their works. There are also some Horneboldts, probably genuine. Mingled with these is a multitude of

Popes,—Popes who counselled Henry, in furred robes or slashed doublets, Popes who served Elizabeth and James, in starched ruffs, Popes in buff coats, who fought for Charles I., Popes in marvellous perukes and lace ties, who gamed and danced and drank at the court of Charles II., lovely Pope ladies with Lely's soft smile and melting eyes or Kneller's stateliness. Amid the pikes with which the south wall bristles hangs a safe-conduct granted Sir Thomas Pope by Charles I. That king spent a night at the abbey on his way to Reading. The housekeeper points out his bed.

I forget whether the same chamber was graced by the robust presence of King Henry. James I. slept in the abbey, and possibly his mother: it is certain that she and her ladies embroidered the tarnished green silk coverlet on one of the beds. The abbey furniture is worthy a queen's using. There is an indescribable and lawless luxuriance about the carving: acanthus leaves, roses, stout cupids, and fabulous monsters are huddled together with no vestige of design, yet the result has a superb harmony of its own. The strap-work and the pseudo-classicism mark most of the furniture as Elizabethan. There is other furniture, of later date, —Jacobean cabinets and most beautiful buhl-work,—and there are some wonderful tapestry hangings. But to us the most fascinating spot in the abbey was the chapel, a tiny place with oaken rafters and walls, and a quaint carved staircase leading to the lofty pulpit. Here, even more than elsewhere, is the carving of extraordinary richness, and three centuries have deepened and darkened the wood tones to a mellow gloom. The light as it steals through the great mullioned windows borrows the hues of the stained glass and paints them faintly on the polished pew-rails. No touch of the present mars this perfect picture of the past. It is easy to fancy the ghosts of dead Popes hearing a spectral chaplain by moonlight in this shadowy place. Truly, though in some intangible sort, these vanished worthies inhabit the entire house. I should

half shrink from opening a door suddenly, lest a knight in armor which cannot clank should be watching behind it.

More than any other hall or castle Wroxton drew us close to the sixteenth century, and we came out of its park feeling dazed, like a boy just awakened from his first revel in the pageants of "Kenilworth."

The next day we saw Kenilworth itself (which we found tame enough after the novel), and Warwick Castle, with its exquisite Norman towers, its feudal atmosphere, and its treasures of Renaissance art. We passed through Leamington Spa, making an abrupt transition from the age of chivalry to the age of half-pay officers; and the day's journey ended in Coventry. A friend of G——'s there, a former mayor of the town, courteously became our guide. Any visitor may stroll through the narrow old streets, where gables and jutting upper stories cast the gloom of the Middle Ages, or may view the Gothic churches, and the Cross in the marketplace, and the statues and pictures of Lady Godiva, and the hideous figures of Peeping Tom, which lean out of dormer windows, always with his hand shading his wicked eyes. But not every visitor can see the Guild-Hall and the civic treasures. Our friend displayed them all to us. There were portraits, and royal grants, and autograph letters from Mary, Elizabeth, the Charleses, — I know not how many kings and queens; there were furred robes of state, golden maces and chains, and a vast collection of musty splendor used on Lady Godiva's Day. We could have spent a day, instead of an hour, looking. Coventry has other than historic claims upon our imagination: the city is connected with George Eliot's youth. Our friend knew her in her girlhood, and often used to meet her riding to town on her pony. He described her as a shy, still, plain little creature, with "a great deal of sense." She took music-lessons in Coventry, of the organist at St. Michael's. The old man is living and working yet: we saw his white head in the church nave, amid a crowd

of young choristers, rehearsing a chant. "He always thought Miss Evans wasn't an ordinary girl," said our friend; "but most of us didn't think she was different from any other girl, except," with humorous dryness, "that she didn't talk much." Facing our hotel was a commonplace modern building, where George Eliot went to school,—or rather, to copy our friend's rigid truthfulness, where she *may* have gone to school, the exact location being doubtful. Nuneaton, the scene of "Middlemarch" and the clerical stories, is near Coventry. Some of us had it in mind to make a pilgrimage there, but we were expected in Wolverhampton, and must start by noon. We set out in a pouring rain. The sky cleared, however, before we reached Birmingham, and we had sunshine for the "Black Country." The "Black Country" is dreary, let the sun do his best. For miles on miles stretches a waste of blackened earth; no hills, only cinder-heaps; the ground burrowed by coal-mines and ironstone-pits; on every side forges, blast-furnaces, foundries, and rolling-mills; many of the furnace-chimneys emptied of smoke, the fires being out below; many of the mines and pits abandoned, and the derricks over them tumbling to pieces; here and there, rows of cottages, dingy, like the world about them, with sullen-faced men lounging against the door-frames, clay pipes in their mouths and snarling curs at their heels; the whole landscape having a deserted, unprosperous aspect, and the grimy ugliness only the more conspicuous because of the clearer air. G—— told us that the iron-trade was much depressed, and that there was growing suffering among the working-people.

Ten miles of the "Black Country" brought us to Wolverhampton. It were easy to linger over our pleasant days in Wolverhampton,—over garden-parties and picnics and amateur concerts. One day there was a picnic, to which we went in a procession of dog-carts, landaus, "brakes," tilburies, and phaetons, and had a "real old-English tea" at a farmhouse, among the roses. Another day

our kind hosts gave us a garden-party (it goes without saying that it rained), and we drank tea and played tennis between showers, and a band made music in a tent on the lawn, and when it grew too dark for tennis we feasted and danced. G—— arranged a private concert; they had a drama for our entertainment at Merivale; the mayor asked us to luncheon; the gentlemen dined with the Liberal Club; and one day we stole away by rail and spent the day at a Warwickshire country-house, among old pictures, tapestry, Elizabethan furniture, stately gardens, wide woodlands, and tragic legends of abbots, courtiers, secret passages, and a murdered nun.

Too soon the hour arrived when we must mount our lofty seats again. Something of the hospitable town we carried with us, in the persons of two handsome young Englishmen and three winsome English girls. At Lichfield the writer confesses a runaway visit to the most enchanting old place in the world. The estate and name date from Saxon times, and the front of the house has not been changed since the reign of Henry VIII. The rest of the house has been made luxuriously modern; yet I fancy that the ghosts (of course there are ghosts) are not bothered to find their old rooms. English country-life is as familiar to us as the English novel,—through the novel, for that matter. Nevertheless, the novelists, absorbed in their love-making, slur some traits of liveliest interest. For instance, who has ever encountered anything about the short-horns or short-horns sales? And, while the hero is always shooting, why are we never allowed a glimpse of the game-keeper making his rounds through the droll little bird-villages where they bring up the grouse by hand? My squire was kinder than the novelists: after his wife had shown me the pictures and the orchid-houses, he took me to see the short-horns and the preserves. Even my most ignorant eyes could see how superb the cattle were; but the bird-villages were amusing. They looked like settlements in Lilliput. The hen foster-



mothers sat in the door-ways and clucked, the infant grouse hopped or strutted, according to their age, and I had some ado not to laugh while the squire and the game-keeper solemnly discussed their health. As soon as the birds can fly easily, they are turned into the woods (much as orphans are dismissed by asylums); and "Really," said the squire, "they are wilder than you would think."

Meanwhile, the coaching-party were at Dovedale, viewing Illam Hall and rambling along the banks of the Dove, where gentle Izaak Walton practised the "pleasant curiosity of fishing." Monday, they resumed their journey, stopping for an hour at Haddon Hall, and picked up their errant companion at Rowsley. We went on to the Italian splendors of Chatsworth, then through the Dales of Derbyshire to Buxton. The scenery here was a complete contrast to the placid loveliness that we had been seeing: no more gentle swells of moist green meadow and red clover-fields, no more hedge-rows and spreading oaks; in their stead a wild region, with bare cliffs of bluish gray towering in ragged pinnacles above the wooded slopes, and noisy brooks flashing down the rocks. The road hugs the side of the cliffs. At one spot a huge crag looms up perpendicularly three hundred feet. For a little space ivy clings to its rude buttresses and its harsh outlines are wreathed with wild roses and clumps of thorn-bushes, but soon it shakes these graceful aliens off, and rises, untouched, so high above them that they seem only to embrace its feet. Yet, after all, the wildness of the scene is a very tamed and pastoral wildness, —for below lies the valley of the Wye, the factory-chimneys, the cottages, the low hills where sheep are grazing.

From Buxton we descended to the lowlands. Again, at Anderton Hall, we found a warm English welcome; and Gardner (who understands such matters) still talks of its wines. Our road led us through Manchester, Preston, and Lancaster, to the Lake country. That land of dream and song, beautiful as it is, lacks the tender magic of rural beauty

in the South. "The trail of the serpent"—that is, the tourist—"is over it all." The hotels "do protest too much" of "conveniences" and royal visits. There are too many snug, slate-roofed houses and fine new villas, too many stage-coaches and steamboat-landings, with screaming, panting little steamboats. But the lakes are there, and the heather-painted mountain-sides; and Wordsworth and De Quincey walked by the shores of Grasmere, and Southey is buried in Crowthwaite church-yard, and Arnold thought and prayed at Rydal; and nature and memory weave a spell potent enough to banish the tourist from mind. Through the unclouded July days we drove among the lakes, we climbed the hills, we rowed on the mere and listened to the boatman's tales.

After the Lake country came Carlisle and the parting with our English friends. Then, one sunny morning, a solitary coach might have been seen wending its way across the Scottish border. The first impression Scotland makes upon a stranger is of contrast. He exclaims, "How unlike England!" Coming from the warm coloring of English scenery, a Scotch landscape seems painted in half-tones,—cool browns and greens for the earth, dim blues and grays for the sky. We miss the masses of red clover glowing in the meadows, and the gay multitude of wayside flowers. The country is flat and sandy. There are few trees. And, after the soft brick tints of England and the tiled roofs, the whitewashed stone cottages look at once glaring and cold. Soon, however, we find that, taking into account its size, Scotland has more variety in its scenery than any other country. We pass from landscapes rich with English color and shade to rugged mountain-passes, broad lakes, and the desolate beauty of the moors.

Dumfries was our first stopping-place, —a compact, well-built town, the streets of which were considerably enlivened by the red coats of the volunteers, then in camp. Dumfries is a town of long descent. Here, in a church so utterly demolished that not one stone remains,

Bruce slew the Red Comyn. Here the young Chevalier held his court, A.D. 1745,—as it happened, in the very room of our hotel which they gave us for a dining-room,—dancing, and smiling, and making the gracious little speeches which lured men's heads off their shoulders: a most gallant, handsome young prince. And here Burns died. A civil Scotchman showed us the poet's house and took us to the church-yard to see his grave; but, the day being Sunday, we could get no farther than the iron railings of the mausoleum. "The Scotch dinna like pleasuring on the Sawbath," said the old woman who kept the key; and that was all the comfort we received. To our unsanctified American vision, visiting a grave seemed about as harmless and mirthless pleasuring as it could enter into the heart of man to conceive; but national notions of pleasure differ.

Friars' Carse, the estate of Burns's friend Hugh Riddle, is a few miles from Dumfries. Mr. Nelson, the present owner, is a friend of the Chief's; and we saw for ourselves some interesting relics and letters. The hermitage where Burns used to write and muse is on the estate. It was a mere ruin at one time, but now, repaired and covered with vines, it is a retreat which a poet might fitly covet. Dumfries has associations of romance as well as history. The country around is the scene of "Redgauntlet" and "Guy Mannering;" "Old Mortality" is buried in a neighboring village; and between Friars' Carse and the town a little heap of stones marks the site of the real "Jeanie Deans" cottage. Within a stone's throw of our hotel are "Maxwellton's braes," where "bonny Annie Laurie" gave her promise true. Some of the party who dined at Friars' Carse met the grand-daughter of "bonny Annie" herself. They reported that Annie's promise was nothing like so true as the bard fancied, for she married quite another man, a worthy laird with lands and gear. We did not accept all this store of information without making a humble return in kind. We told our friends about Rugby, Ten-

nessee. The American has been there, and he described the place with his usual graphic conciseness: "Rugby, Tennessee? Can't sprout a pea. So rocky they have to plant the seed with a shotgun,—shoot it into the cracks!" The American was an immense success in Great Britain. He was something like the American of the British imagination. To be sure, it was disappointing for him to be handsome and not in the least awkward, and to have a mellow voice with no strident notes; it was more disappointing that he would wear a dress-coat to dinner, and most disappointing that he should be very modest; but his conversation made amends for everything. It had the dry humor and the opulence of metaphor which are esteemed peculiarly American. Wherever we were entertained, when he talked there was a hush, people listened with rapt attention, and sighed in a satisfied way, and said, "Isn't that so American?"

We were at Dumfries over Sunday. Monday we journeyed through the beautiful valley of the Nith, and spent the night in Sanquhar. Now, for the first time, we began to realize the wonderful variety of Scotch scenery. From a country wilder and more romantic than the Dales of Derbyshire we descended to the placid loveliness of meadows and sheep-hills. Sanquhar is a good example of the old Scotch village,—grim, bare, and substantial. The stone cottages have steep roofs of slate or thatch. They stand squarely on the street, without a vestige of the trim English garden. There are no pansy-beds or rose-trees, and no ivy-shadows flicker on the walls. The absence of color and sameness of architecture give the long streets a monotonous, cheerless air: summer as it was, we felt chilled walking through them. Scotch inns are not picturesque like English inns, but they are equally comfortable, the cooking being especially good. Having so large a party, we had misgivings about rooms, but Gardner's efforts always procured us very fair quarters. Gardner himself took what was left. He had a varied experience, including one night in a bath-tub.

Of Sanquhar I only remember a walk in the twilight and a talk with some hedge-cutters. One of them seemed a gloomy fellow, and said that America was a "deal soight" better country than Scotland for a poor man.

"But this is a beautiful country," said the railway manager, who was our spokesman.

"Ay, it's a bonny country," said the man; "but whaur's the gude o' that, when a man canna win a leevin' out o't?"

"Times are hard, then?"

"Ay."

"Are the landlords severe?"

"Weel, I'd no say that," put in the other hedge-cutter: "there's farmers that will no hae paid rent thae three years."

"Why don't the landlords turn them out?" said the railway manager.

"Weel, I'm doubting it will come to that."

"Have the harvests been bad?"

"Na, they've no been sae bad, but the farmers here are a kin' o' gentry, ye ken, an' they try to match the gentry."

"Deal o' riotous leevin' about here," said the gloomy man,—"horse-racin', drinkin', an' a' that."

"They're no a' loike that," said the more cheerful man.

"Maist a'," said the gloomy man.

"Na," retorted the other, "there's some pays prompt. There's a farmer, sir, wi sax herds pays nineteen hundred pund rent, an' anither left twenty thousand pund in his will. Farmers are a kin' o' lairds, ye ken."

The next day we went on to Old Cumnock and the "land of Burns." But all Scotland is the land of Burns:

His hand  
Guides every plough;  
He sits beside each ingle nook,  
His voice is in each rushing brook,  
Each rustling bough.

Towns jostle each other in our memories of the journey, just as people do on the street. After Ayr, the home of the peasant-poet, came Douglas, the ancient seat of the noblest Scotch family. A multitude of dead Douglasses, from

"good Sir James" down, lie in the dismantled and ivy-grown church of St. Bride. The whole architecture of the town is very quaint. Some of the houses have pointed gables and ornately sculptured fronts. One in particular attracted our attention. Its prominent ornament was a pair of shears carved above the lintel. Tradition has it that a tailor lived in the house who was a Cove-nanter, and the "cruel Claver'se" shot him dead before his own door. So they carved the stone shears to commemorate his fate. First at Douglas, but more forcibly and frequently at Edinburgh,—our next resting-place,—we were struck with the unique forms of Scotch architecture. The outside stairs, the flying towers, the pointed Romanesque roofs, have no kindred to any English style: they recall France and the Netherlands in the same breath.

Edinburgh's surpassing beauty of location would alone make it one of the most beautiful cities of the world; and that beauty is adorned with all the brilliant and pathetic memories of her long past. Socially, Edinburgh has long been famed for its charms. The culture of a university town mingles with the gayety of a capital. We are among the many Americans who have a grateful sense of Edinburgh hospitality. The N—s, the R—s, and the sculptor Mrs. Dio Hill crowded our days with pleasures. We saw the latter's statue of Livingstone in the park, mounted on a gigantic mass of pedestal which quite dwarfed the figure, and the new statue of Burns, and an unfinished clay bust of Shelley, in her own house. The bust, being unfinished, can hardly be judged; the statue is very realistic. Burns, in his peasant dress, leans against a tree-trunk, with the daisy in his hand. His features wear an expression of dreamy sadness: he might be saying,—

"Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date,  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,  
Full on thy bloom."

The climax of our journey came the day we left Edinburgh. We drove to Dunfermline, the Chief's native town.

He has a Scotchman's ardent and tenacious affection for his birthplace, and some years before he had given free baths to the town; very lately he gave a free library.

The town now welcomed him in a truly princely fashion. The provost and magistrates, heading a procession of the trades, pipes playing and banners flying, met the coach just outside the town, and escorted him first to the park, where the workingmen presented an address of welcome, then to the library building, where his mother laid the memorial stone, and finally to St. Margaret's Hall, where the welcome ended in a banquet and a multitude of toasts.

The town was ablaze with flags and mottoes and streaming ribbons, the American stars and stripes waving everywhere, even over the noble old abbey where the Scottish kings lie in their stone coffins. Bells were ringing, drums beating, people shouting. The Chief, taken by surprise, his sunburnt cheeks pale, and, as he afterward confessed, a big lump in his throat, could only bow right and left, while the crowd swarmed about the coach windows and a hundred hands were outstretched to grasp his mother's.

As for the rest of us, we felt a little like members of a royal progress, and a great deal like a part of a circus. We were glad when we found ourselves safely in St. Margaret's Hall. To describe the further proceedings took up half the space of the county paper, and is naturally out of the question here. So how the Chief made eloquent speeches, in spite of the lump in his throat, how the crowd cheered when his mother tapped the stone with the trowel, how gracefully our hosts made us welcome, how scared P—— and the manager were at the prospect of responding to toasts, how easily and wittily they did respond,—all these things must be left to the reader's imagination.

This was Wednesday. Thursday we who were strangers were shown the town, the famous linen-factories, the town hall, the abbey, and the ruins of the palace. A—— M——, who had

been our companion on the coach for a few weeks, acted as guide. He had been a capital companion, and he was a capital guide, giving us all manner of out-of-the-way information about the abbey and palace. Robert Bruce is buried in the abbey, with unnumbered other early Scotch kings. Sweet St. Margaret rests there also, and one of the illustrious house of Elgin, whose newer memory is sweet and saint-like as hers, Lady Augusta Stanley. The afternoon ended in Baillie W——'s garden among the "real Scotch gooseberries." In the evening there was a swimming exhibition at the baths, and a supper at Mr. L——'s, the Chief's uncle. To Mr. L—— we were welcome not only as his nephew's friends, but as Americans, for he was a stanch friend of our country through that dark time of the civil war when our Scotch and English friends were few. What a supper that was, what songs,—and what toddy!

But we were under a vow to the Cunard Company to be in Liverpool by a certain date: therefore we could not tarry long in Dunfermline. Friday morning, laden with fruit and flowers, we left the "auld gray town" behind us. And all that day the Chief and Jean were singing,—

"Sweet the laverock's note and lang,

Litling wildly down the glen:

Still to me he sings ae sang,—

'Will ye no come back again?'

Will ye no come back again? Will ye no come back again?

Better lo'ed ye canna be, will ye no come back again?"

We passed through the fertile fields of the "Carse o' Gowrie" to Perth.

"Well, what do you think of Scotland *noo*?" the Chief asked.

And we answered that England could not be fairer.

About this time we were seized with a fervent desire to talk Scotch. One of the party, who shall be nameless, prevailed upon Eliza, the Chief's niece, to give her lessons. Eliza's patience must have been sorely tried by her scholar's unending recitations of Scotch poetry in the most atrocious accent. But Scotch friendship is of proof: she never fal-

tered until she actually taught the nameless to take some notice of the letter *r*. "Only," said the patient teacher, "I am sure you will go home and keep on saying Burns all wrong, and nobody will know better."

"Well, that's comforting," replied the scholar, who is not a person of heroic principle: "they will never find me out."

"No," groaned the teacher: "they will think it is Scotch."

We rode on through forests of firs and mountain-pass to Pitlochrie, then over the moors to the Pass of Killiecrankie. The wind was racing through the oats that waved over the battle-ground. Almost in the centre of the field stood a rude stone: it marked the spot where Claverhouse fell pierced by the silver bullet. The moors became lonely now; for miles their wind-swept stretches would be unbroken by cottage or even tree. Then we would sniff the peat-reek in the air and come upon a single thatch-roofed cabin in its little green oat-field. So we rode on and on, from Pitlochrie to Dalwhinnie, from Dal-

whinnie to Boat o' Garden, then down again to trees and fields and Inverness. There the long drive ended. For the last time Joe handed up the ladder, and we clambered down, the admiration of a mixed crowd of waiters and children gathered about the hotel door. Rather sorrowfully we climbed the stairs and passed into our parlor. No one found anything to say. Mrs. K— went softly to the piano and sang "Farewell to Lochaber:"

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!

But still, to all of us, amid far different scenes, come visions of that bright time: we see the shady English lanes, the dark towers of Holyrood, the ivy-draped arches of Dunfermline Abbey; we see the hills and forests and purple highland moors; nor shall we ever cease to see them,

Though borne by rough seas to a far-distant shore,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

OCTAVE THANET.

## ANIMAL ELECTRICIANS.

HOW often, in wandering by the shore or through some quiet stretch of woodland, are we attracted by the ingenious efforts at defence or protection displayed by the lowly creatures that there find homes! Some erect elaborate structures, calculated to deceive by their resemblance to extraneous objects, while many more possess peculiarly aggressive features that furnish effective protection. Among the latter class are a number of fishes and insects that are remarkable electric batteries, presenting a strange resemblance to the electric appliances of human invention.

Nine different fishes, representing several genera, have been found charged

by nature in this remarkable manner. Along our eastern shore, the torpedo—one of the rays, and the best-known of the electric groups—is not uncommon; and fishermen frequently find their arms bound in invisible chains and rigid from the message sent up the line from this strange creature.

In the seventeenth century the attention of Redi, the Italian naturalist, was attracted by the tales told by the fishermen, who thought the torpedo was protected by some peculiar witchcraft that overcame them when they attempted its capture. One was brought to the distinguished *savant*, who subjected it to a number of tests. "I had scarcely touched and pressed it with my hand,"



he writes, "when I experienced a tingling sensation, which extended to my arms and shoulders, followed by a disagreeable trembling, with a painful and acute sensation in the elbow-joint that made me withdraw my arm immediately." He also found that these sensations resulting from contact with the fish diminished as the death of the torpedo approached, ceasing altogether as the animal died. Later, Réaumur examined the then problematical subject, and says concerning it, "The benumbing influence is very different from any similar sensation. All over the arm there is a commotion which it is impossible to describe, but which, so far as comparison can be made, resembles the sensation produced by striking the tender part of the elbow against a hard substance."

Neither of these scientists, however, discovered the true nature of the creature's defence,—an honor reserved for Dr. Walsh, a fellow of the Royal Society of London. During a visit to the Isle of Ré, he and a number of friends amused themselves with these fishes, finally discovering their electrical nature. The battery is constructed on the principle of the voltaic pile, and consists of two layers or series of cells of hexagonal shape, as many as two thousand five hundred being found in a single fish of small size. The space between the numerous delicate transverse plates in the cells is filled with a jelly-like mucous fluid, so that each cell represents to all intents and purposes a Leyden jar. Each cell is provided with nerves, while the dorsal side is positive and the ventral negative. It is supposed that the impression is conveyed by certain nerves to the brain, exciting there an act of the will, which is conveyed along the electric nerves to the batteries producing the shock.

One of the experiments of Dr. Walsh was to place a living torpedo upon a wet cloth or towel; he then suspended from a plate two pieces of brass wire by means of silken cord, which served to isolate them. Round the torpedo were eight persons, standing on isolating substances. One end of the brass wire was supported

by the wet towel, the other end being placed in a basin full of water. The first person had a finger of one hand in this basin and the finger of the other in a second basin, also full of water. The second person placed a finger of one hand in this second basin and a finger of the other hand in a third basin. The third person did the same; and so on, until a complete chain was established between the eight persons and nine basins. Into the ninth basin the end of the second brass wire was plunged, while Dr. Walsh applied the other end to the back of the torpedo, thus establishing a complete conducting circle. At the moment when the experimenter touched the torpedo, the eight actors in the experiment felt a sudden shock, similar in all respects to that communicated by the shock of a Leyden jar, only less intense. When the torpedo was placed on an isolated supporter, it communicated to many persons similarly placed from forty to fifty shocks in a minute and a half. Each effort made by the animal in order to give them was accompanied by the depression of its eyes, which seemed to be drawn within their orbits, while the other parts of the body remained immovable. If but one of the two organs of the torpedo were touched, only a slight sensation was experienced,—a numbness rather than a shock. When the animal was tried with a non-conducting rod, no shock followed; glass, or a rod covered with wax, produced no effect; touched with a metallic wire, a violent shock followed. Melloni, Matteucci, Becquerel, and Breschet have all made the same experiments, with the same results,—Matteucci having ascertained that the shock produced by the torpedo is comparable to that given by a voltaic pile of a hundred to two hundred and fifty pairs of plates.

Marey, in the present decade, experimented upon the torpedo with a telephone, and found that the slightest excitations provoked a short croaking sound. Each of the small discharges was composed of a dozen fluxes and pulsations, lasting about one-fifteenth of a second. The sound got from a prolonged dis-

charge, however, continued three or four seconds, and consisted of a sort of groan, with tonality of about *mi* (one hundred and sixty-five vibrations), agreeing pretty closely with the result of graphic experiments. He also studied the resemblance of the electrical apparatus of the electrical ray, or torpedo, and a muscle. Both are subject to will, provided with nerves of centrifugal action, have a very similar chemical composition, and resemble each other in some points of structure. A muscle in contraction and in tetanus executes a number of successive small movements or shocks, and a like complexity has been proved by M. Marey in the discharge of the torpedo.

Galvani was a close student of the torpedo, and to Chevalier Auguste Mattioli, a great-nephew of the famous electrician, we are indebted for some autographic notes made by the illustrious forerunner of Volta, relating to some experiments made by him in 1795 during a voyage to Sinigaglia and Rimini for the purpose of studying the torpedo. The note-book containing the observations has been preserved in the Musée Rétrospectif, and not published until the present year. The notes are as follows, and are interesting as showing that Galvani was undoubtedly the discoverer of electric polarization:

"May 14-16, 1795.

"After a prepared frog has undergone several contractions upon the torpedo, if it is held by the feet with one hand while a finger of the other hand is applied to its nerves, new contractions occur successively whenever the finger is separated from the nerves,—that is to say, whenever the arc is interrupted.

"As I had made quantities of experiments in the ordinary manner without witnessing anything of the kind, I thought that in this case electricity was communicated from the torpedo to the frog and had charged the little Leyden jars which I supposed were there."

"May 19, 1795.

"In operating upon two prepared frogs, whose nerves were detached from

the spinal marrow, it happened that after they had been applied to the torpedo's back and experienced several successive convulsions, particularly from shocks given directly by the torpedo, they contracted habitually when they were held by the feet with two fingers of one hand, or by a silken thread, while their nerves were touched by the fingers of the other hand, moistened by contact with the torpedo. The convulsions took place each time that the nerves ceased to be touched by the fingers,—that is, whenever I interrupted the arc formed by the two arms and the corresponding part of the thorax, which arc was applied at one end to the frog's feet and at the other to its nerves.

"This phenomenon lasted for some time, and appeared more pronounced in the frog which had become convulsed by being applied merely to the torpedo's back without receiving any shock whatever.

"Once exhausted, the phenomenon did not repeat itself, probably because the electricity from the torpedo, having entered the nerves, had weakened the muscular power of contraction.

"I have often used the same arc while experimenting upon numbers of frogs, but never before observed so many contractions produced so rapidly. It would not be unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that in this case the torpedo transmits a portion of its electricity to the frog and charges the little animal Leyden jars which exist in my imagination. It might perhaps be discharged again, produce a fresh charge, and give rise to other contractions. The first supposition, however, appears more probable. Whichever it may be, the entire modification occurs in the frog, and not in the fingers or the hand which touch the torpedo. For, having moistened the back of the hand which certainly did not come in contact with the torpedo, the result, on repeating the experiment, was precisely the same."

The experiments of Dr. Walsh produced an electric craze in England, and the demand for torpedoes was unprece-

dented. Their curative powers were extolled, and large sums were paid by invalids for opportunities to test their effects. On old Brighton Beach a large torpedo or cramp-fish was exhibited in a shallow-water aquarium by an enterprising showman, who proclaimed to the assembled multitudes that he had on exhibition "the heaviest fish in the world, —heavier than a whale, and brought in a single ship all the way from the Antarctic Ocean!" He furthermore stated that a ha'penny would be accepted as a consideration for the privilege of lifting the fish, and a shilling would be given to any one who should lift it out of the tank bare-handed. This enticing offer was taken by numbers of muscular sojourners on the beach, but always resulted disastrously to the lifter, who, however, was unable to explain why he had failed. Another would step boldly up with bared arms, insert one hand carefully under the fish, to see that it was not held down (just what the showman wished him to do), and place the other hand upon the torpedo's back. Its queer eyes would wink, a convulsive movement followed, and the experimenter would find himself either unable to move or almost lifted into the air by the "heft" of the creature, and would fall back bewildered, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd.

The effect of the shock upon birds is generally fatal. A reed-bird placed in the water over a torpedo showed symptoms of fear almost immediately, and in less than two minutes dropped dead. Although the torpedo does not heed its own shocks, and is used as an article of food on the Mediterranean coast, it is particularly sensible to shocks administered by a regular battery, and can thus be readily killed. Its power is hardly sufficient to kill a man, though I have been told by a reliable informant that he was almost completely paralyzed when spearing one, and on attempting to pull the iron from the fish he was knocked over as suddenly as if shot. Even after the death of the torpedo he could hardly hold the dissecting-knife, so intense were the shocks.

In 1671 the astronomer Richer visited Cayenne as a representative of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the geodesic survey. During a fishing-trip on one of the streams of the neighborhood, he made an involuntary experiment which few would care to repeat. Having hooked a large fish, he found that his arms were powerless, and the whole upper portion of his body became rigid, as if paralyzed. The natives detached the line from his hand, and for half an hour he remained overcome by the strange attack. Later, he was informed by the natives that he had been bewitched by an eel (the *Gymnotus*) which inhabited those waters and frequently killed animals by merely touching them. Richer's experience was detailed to the French Academy by Van Berkal, but the *savants* perhaps were incredulous, and the matter was forgotten until seventy years later, when Condamine, the naturalist, visited South America and revived it. Dr. Ingram also examined the fish, and stated that he found it surrounded by an electric atmosphere. Later, in 1755, an eminent Dutch surgeon, Gramund, found that "the effect produced by the fish corresponded exactly with that produced by the Leyden jar, with this difference, that we see no tinsel on its body, however strong the blow it gives; for, if the fish is large, those who touch it are struck down and feel the blow on their whole body."

Humboldt also examined the *Gymnotus*, and gradually the power of this remarkable living battery became generally known. One was recently captured near Calabozo, which not only killed a mule, but so prostrated the rider by its terrible powers that his life was despaired of. An English traveller reached the spot a few days after the occurrence, and, learning the size of the monster, determined to catch it. It was finally hooked and dragged upon the shore. The line, however, becoming wet, the fish communicated to the two natives who were holding it such a shock that they were utterly powerless to move. The Englishman rushed forward, cut the rope with a knife, and released the men, but received

a shock himself. The fish was finally secured, and a load of shot sent into its head. The men then took hold of its tail to drag it to the bank above, when they were knocked over as if by an axe, and nothing could induce them to touch it again. Not till three days after, when decomposition had probably set in, was it dragged from the shore and suspended from a tree, and skinned, with the intention of sending the dried skin to the British Museum, where it would have been placed, but for the ants, who succeeded, in less than a month, in reducing it to tissue.

These gigantic eel-like creatures are most forbidding in appearance, varying from six to twenty-two feet in length, having the same relative size throughout their entire length. The head is broad, the tail compressed, and along its under surface lie the four batteries, two on each side, the mass occupying nearly the whole lower half of the trunk. The curious plates are vertical, instead of horizontal, as in the torpedo, and the entire batteries or cells are horizontal, instead of vertical, as in the same fish, each being supplied with nerves by the ventral branches of nearly four hundred spinal nerves. With such an armament they are to be dreaded indeed. A touch of their long tails is death to fish larger than themselves.

In the streams about Caracas, South America, are famous spots for these much-dreaded fishes, while so common are they in the Cano de Bera, a small lake near Calabozo, that they are caught by thousands. This is done by a singular method, called *embarbasar con caballos*, or intoxicating by means of horses. Mules, horses, and other animals are used, and the scene, though frightfully cruel, is made the occasion of great festivities. The poor animals are driven by shouts and blows into the water, where they dash about as if aware of their danger. Great eel-like, yellow bodies appear, their backs flashing in the sun, darting about, hurling themselves against the terrified beasts, which with staring eyes and trembling frames are completely paralyzed by the electric

discharges. Many are killed as if by lightning, and fall among the writhing mass; others endeavor to break through the howling throng of natives upon the banks, but are beaten back to terrible death or torture. The eels seem to be aware of the most vulnerable points of attack, as they strike the poor brutes near the heart, discharging the whole length of their battery. The terrible struggles last from twenty to thirty minutes, and then those horses that have survived the ordeal seem to grow careless of the attacks. The fishes have exhausted their electric supply for the time; and now the natives step to the fore. The eels, finding their power on the wane, seek the bottom of the lake; the natives, mounting the horses, rush wildly about among the fleeing animals, striking them with their long spears and dragging them ashore, or anon rolling from their horses, paralyzed by unexpected shocks that dart up the wet lines. Great numbers of eels are captured, and it is always found that, though they soon exhaust their force, if an attack is intended the next day the same precautions are necessary, their recovery of vital force being extremely rapid.

In 1842 two of these creatures were carried to London, and kept alive until 1848, during which time they doubled their weight each year. They were examined and experimented upon by most of the scientific men of the day, and considered remarkable curiosities. "I was so fortunate," says Professor Owen, "as to witness the experiments performed by Professor Faraday on the large *gymnotus* which was so long preserved alive at the Adelaide Gallery in London. That the most powerful shocks were received when one hand grasped the head and the other hand the tail of the *gymnotus* I had painful experience, especially at the wrists, the elbow, and across the back. But our distinguished experimenter showed us that the nearer the hands were together, within certain limits, the less powerful was the shock. He demonstrated by the galvanometer that the direction of the electric current was always from the anterior parts of the

animal to the posterior parts, and that the person touching the fish with both hands received only the discharge of the parts of the organs included between the points of contact. Needles were converted into magnets, iodine was obtained by polar decomposition of iodide of potassium; and, availing himself of this test, Professor Faraday showed that any given part of the organ is negative to other parts before it, and positive to such as are behind it. Finally, heat was evolved and the electric spark obtained."

A few years ago a firm in Boston ordered a number of large gymnotes from their agent in Rio. The fish were duly shipped on a fruit-schooner, which was forced by rough weather to make the Bermuda Islands. During a stay there of several days, the crew were continually annoyed by numbers of colored visitors who insisted upon coming aboard, sampling the cargo with such pertinacity that its entire depletion was threatened. They seemed possessed with the demon of curiosity. One huge black was especially obtrusive; nothing was sacred. He went aloft, scoured the hold, examined the galley, and finally lifted the tin cover of the can containing the gymnotes.

"What's dis yer?" he asked the skipper.

The latter, who was sitting on the rail, meditatively rubbed his fiery nose, and, winking at the cook, replied, "Them's Fiji eels: we swapped off the first mate for 'em out in the Cannible Islands."

"Is dey big?" questioned the astonished darky, whirling the water about, and endeavoring to make out the fish.

"They're jest so big," said the skipper, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "that ef you'll lift one out on to the deck I'll give you the best bunch of bananas on the Ann Eliza."

"Dat settles it," rejoined the darky. "Why, captain, I'se de boss eeler on dis yer reef: catch murries all de time, twenty-three feet long."

"Wall, they haint *Fiji* eels," retorted the mariner. "Ye don't look to me as if ye had the necessary muscle."

The native was a brawny specimen, weighing at least two hundred pounds, and this last speech was too much for him. Motioning back some of his companions who had joined him, the "boss eeler" reached into the can, and, cautiously moving about, secured a hold with one hand, while he made a quick grasp with the other and straightened up. A howl that might have been heard a mile broke from him, as he rose up with an enormous eel writhing in his rigid arms. His eyes fairly stood out, while he roared and cried in what was evidently veritable anguish.

"What's de matter?" shouted a comrade: "de fish ain't a-bitin' yo'?"

"Take it off!" cried the champion.

Thus appealed to, the other seized the eel, and, being a weaker party, was knocked fairly over. Completely demoralized, the entire company, headed by the two victims, now made for the shore, averring that they had been "voudooed" and nearly killed by the Yankee captain's fish. What their sensations were can be appreciated when it is known that they were struck with a shock equal to fifteen Leyden jars of three thousand five hundred square inches of surface.

I have noticed peculiar sensations, perhaps electric, when handling living specimens of the jack—*Caranx dentifensor*—so common on the Southern coast. In the early summer months they appear on the Southern reefs in vast schools, chasing the small fry high up on the sands, often throwing themselves high and dry upon the shore in the excitement of their onslaught. The noise they make in this movement can be heard for over a mile, and always attracts a goodly attendance of gulls, pelicans, and fishermen, if the latter are near. It is only necessary to stand knee-deep in the school of sardines, and either spear the jacks as they rush in, or grasp them by the tail and throw them upon the sands. It was during the latter operation that I noticed the peculiarity above mentioned.

It would indeed be remarkable did we not find an electrician among the



siluroids, or catfishes, which abound in peculiar characteristics. The *Malapterus electricus* of the Nile is one. The electric cells form a layer directly beneath the skin, and envelop the entire body except the head and fins, the creature finding in the envelope perfect protection. The cells are, however, extremely small,—about one and a half millimetres in diameter,—and lozenge-shaped. Several specimens of these catfishes were exhibited in the New York Aquarium in 1876, and were found to impart a decided shock, though not comparable to that of the torpedo or gymnote. The Arabs in North Africa call them *raad*, or thunder,—certainly a suggestive title; while on the Niger the native name is *Ishenza*.

Among the sword-fishes, the *Trichiurus* of the Indian Ocean possesses electric organs of no mean power, which, combined with its formidable head-piece, would seem to render it impregnable.

An electric balloon-fish—*Tetraodon*—has been discovered in the waters about the Comoro Islands. These curious fishes were found in great numbers among the cavities of the rocks by the crew of an English ship, and when taken from the water they gave sharp and decided shocks, immediately assuming the strange oval shape from which they have derived their English appellation.

Other fishes—nine in all—are known to be electricians of more or less power, but as yet little is known of their natural method of using their curious defence. That it is such is hardly to be doubted; yet the torpedo is infested with a parasite that bores into its various parts, utterly insensible to the batteries of its victim. Professor Leydig, the eminent Swiss naturalist, marshals the forces of a small army of believers in the electric properties of the mother-of-pearl spots found in the *Maurolicus*,

*Chauliodus*, and other fish indigenous to the Mediterranean waters. The alleged electric organs are oval spots, generally scattered over the ventral surface, which, when critically examined, appear to bear a resemblance to the electric or pseudo-electric organs of other fishes.

Of all the electric animals, the insects are perhaps the most interesting, possibly from the fact that but little is yet known concerning them. The late General Davis, of the British Army, a devoted naturalist and collector, was the first to discover these insect batteries. His experiments were chiefly confined to the wheel-bug (*Reduvius serratus*) of the West India Islands. In picking one up from the ground he received a decided shock, as if from an electric jar, which affected his arm as high as the elbow. Shaking the insect off, he observed six marks where its feet had been, and from this he inferred that the legs were the electric organs. The naturalists Kirby and Spence also refer to the electrical properties of these insects. Other instances of insect electricians have been communicated to the London Entomological Society by Mr. Farrell. One is referred to in a letter from Lady de Gray, of Groby, in which the shock was caused by one of the beetles (*Elateridæ*),—so powerful that the arm of the experimenter was rendered useless for some moments. Captain Blakeney, R. N., had a most remarkable experience in South America. Observing a strange, large, hairy lepidopterous caterpillar, he attempted to pick it up, when he experienced so powerful an electric shock that his right arm and side were almost paralyzed: his life was, in fact, considered in danger, the force of the discharge being as powerful as that of the torpedo, and more subtle.

C. F. HOLDER.

## GUY'S LEGACY.

## I.

"MOTHER,"—Effie Palmer threw her hat and shawl into a corner as she turned almost fiercely upon the quiet middle-aged lady who was knitting by the window,—“mother, I'm a covetous, wicked sinner!”

“Effie, my darling! Well, I can't say exactly, but I'm half afraid I know where you got it from.”

“Is there any of it in you, mother? I'm glad of it, then. I didn't know till this very day that I'd ever had any ideas about Uncle Guy's property. It's been in my head all school-time, and I was cross to the children. All the way home I kept thinking of it. What do you suppose made him pass over you and all the rest, and leave everything he had to somebody he hardly ever saw in his life?”

“You don't know that, my dear. This young man is his grand-nephew. Ralph Stockbyrn was his own brother.”

“And your mother was his own sister, and I'm his grand-niece.”

“Well, Effie, and Ralph's son was his nephew, and his son is this Guy Stockbyrn that gets the property. He's the only man of the family name that's left, so far as I know.”

“I don't care if he is. I wish he wasn't left. I wasn't thinking of it for myself, mother. I thought of you, and how you deserved to be made comfortable, and how hard a time we had to get along, and— Well, I don't care. I didn't know it, but away back, inside of me, I'd been counting on what Uncle Guy might do for you. It's too bad!” The tears of disappointment were springing from Effie's dark-gray eyes, her hands were hard-shut, and there was very nearly a small stamp of her right foot. Whether from the effects of covetousness, or anger, or malice, or any other wickedness, her very pretty face was looking unusually pretty in the flush of her energetic vexation. She looked

also the perfect picture of feminine activity, both of mind and body, only that the picture was not a large one. It was framed, too, merely in such neat and orderly habiliments as might be within the reach of a New-England country-school-teacher whose widowed mother owned a very small farm. No amount of even masculine energy could have wrung silks and satins and new bonnets out of the soil of that farm. The lower edge of the pasture-lot bordered for a short distance the broad and fertile acres in the valley below, which had been, for nobody knew exactly how long, the “home-farm” of the Stockbyrns.

Old Guy Stockbyrn had been dead a whole week now. A perfect swarm of near and distant relatives had attended his funeral, full of what they called “sorrow for the departed.” They all went home after it, except about half a dozen who remained on a visit of condolence with Aunt Martha Peters, at the homestead. Those who went and those who remained continued equally warm in their praises of old Guy, until Lawyer Bentley found the “will” among the papers in his office. It was an awful will. Aunt Martha had property of her own, but everybody expected that she would be remembered; and so no one was astonished that her name was mentioned first, and that quite handsomely. What astounded people of all shades of kindred and connection, and even some who were of neither kith nor kin, was that no other name was mentioned after hers except that of “Guy Stockbyrn, only son of my deceased nephew, Ralph Stockbyrn, who was the only son of my brother Ralph.”

This person, indeed, who lived hundreds of miles away, and of whom nobody in the whole Quiantic Valley or along the coast could speak for certain, was made sole executor and residuary legatee. To him went the farm, and the stock, and the Sanderton village

property, and everything else, known and unknown, except the legacy to Aunt Martha Peters; and she was only a half-niece at that.

In the strong language of one of the most bitterly disappointed relatives: "The irreligious old curmudgeon! He didn't leave a cent to the Church, or to the poor, or to the heathen, or to any of the societies, or—or—or to me."

"What shall you do about it?" said Mrs. Judge Pannering, anxiously, to Aunt Martha Peters.

"What'll I do? Why, there isn't anything at all to be done. Guess I can run the house till the young feller gets here. He won't be long a-coming; now you see if he is. It'll fetch him quick."

That was only the day before Effie Palmer's confession of covetousness. There were at least twenty houses, more and not less, up and down the Quiantic Valley which contained men and women, and old men and old women, and young men and maidens, who could honestly have stood in front of somebody and let out quite as much as Effie did.

"Effie, my dear," said her mother, "I think we had better say no more about it. Do you know when they expect him?"

"Him? Cousin Guy? He'll be cousin to half the valley, and they'll all be ready to trot him round and make a wonder of him. Nobody knows when he'll come,—unless it's Lawyer Bentley. They say he sent a telegraph despatch as soon as he opened the will and knew what was in it."

That small fact had travelled more miles in more directions in fewer hours than any other fact of its size had ever travelled before. Mr. Hiram Peters, Aunt Martha's favorite nephew, had actually ridden a mile out of his way to stop at the hill-side school-house and tell it to Effie. He interrupted the geography-class just as Leonora Hathaway was bounding Africa, and Effie was so flustered that she never noticed Leonora's curious remark about the Bay of Bengal and the Island of Magdisaster. Hiram told his news in a low, confi-

dential, whispering tone that was heard all over the school-room, for it had not been quite so silent since the school-house was built, except during vacations and at night, as it was at that minute. Every scholar had as much of Hiram's news to carry home as Effie herself, and they all told their mothers: "I heard him. He said all that, and he said, 'You ought to have had something, Effie. I allers allowed the old feller'd put you in for a slice. Hope he's good and warm where he is now.' And she kind o' colored, and she didn't say nothin'."

Hiram Peters had taken a deep interest in the will of old Guy Stockbyrn long before he knew anything definite concerning its contents. He had worked many a long day on the old farm, and he could tell precisely what the different fields were good for, and what was the genealogy of all the stock on the place. He knew, also, the genealogy of the Stockbyrn family, and that Mrs. Palmer was the nearest in blood-kinship of all the branches and offshoots in the Quiantic Valley. Other nieces and nephews, as he had often said to himself, were "only halves and quarters and sech; and the old man is great on blood. There's another lot, away off somewheres, but I guess we needn't bother our heads about them. They're too far away; and he's most likely lost track on 'em."

Something like that train of reasoning may have been in the minds of other people; and before the funeral, and after it, and until everybody knew what was in the will, there had been a great deal of politeness shown to Effie and her mother. Even Judge Pannering had offered them a seat in his own carriage; and both Mrs. Pannering and Dora had kissed them in the most cousinly way when they came into the house on their return from the ceremonies at the cemetery. There is nothing like sincere grief for bringing the rich and poor together on the same level. Still, it could not put away all the natural differences between a tall, handsome, elegantly-dressed blonde like Dora Pannering and a slight, gray-

eyed, curly-headed little school-teacher like Effie Palmer.

Even Hiram Peters could see the contrast between them, but he muttered to himself, "The jedge has got some good proppity, that's a fact; but he lives high, and they do say he owed the old man more money than he'd keer to pay right off. Most of his relatyves did, for that matter."

If so, that was not a bad testimony concerning old Guy Stockbyrn's kindness of heart, and it was likely to deepen the general interest in the new Guy Stockbyrn, and in the specific qualities of whatever heart he might prove to have, now that all the several sums of money were due to "the estate" and he was named sole executor.

Mrs. Palmer did not at once take up the knitting she had dropped when Effie's confession burst upon her. She slowly remarked, "A telegraph despatch. Then he will be here before the end of the week. I'm afraid our troubles have come upon us, Effie."

"Why so, mother?"

"The mortgage, Effie,—it's overdue, you know."

"The mortgage on the farm? I'd almost forgotten that. I'm sure we've paid the interest always."

"But the principal. It's not a large sum, to be sure, but if this Mr. Stockbyrn decides to call for it we can hardly help ourselves. The farm will have to go. I do not know where I could raise a thousand dollars in these hard times."

"The farm, mother? Lose the farm? What should we do then? Mother, I hate him!"

"Hate whom, Effie?"

"This cousin of ours,—this man we never saw. What right is there in such a thing, I'd like to know? I thought I loved Uncle Guy; but I don't. He ought never to have left us all at the mercy of such a man. I'll tell you now just what Hiram Peters said about him after he told me about the telegraph despatch."

She did, and her mother calmly answered her, "He is a wicked fellow, Effie darling."

## II.

JUST three days after that, yet another piece of news went around the Quiantic Valley, and through Sanderton village, and up and down the coast, so fast that everybody knew it at the same time, and it was of no use whatever for any one to meet a neighbor and say, "I say! Did y' hear what Lawyer Bentley got in answer to his tel'graph?" For the reply was sure to be, "Ye-es. Th' young feller says to let things run right along as they are till he kin shut up what he's a-drivin' at and come on. He can't say just when that'll be."

Then the next remark, as a general thing, was some kind of a variation on, "Cur'ous doin's. 'Pears to me if anybody'd died and lef' me a big farm, and a house and barns, and cords of prime stock, and notes of hand on good men, and money in bank, and household proppity, and growin' crops, it wouldn't take me no gre't len'th of time to shet up shop and go and take a look at it."

Aunt Martha Peters was always at the Friday evening meeting of her church. She was there that week, and she had an uncommonly long list of questions to answer before she could get out, after the benediction. There had not been so full an evening meeting on any previous Friday since the revival broke up, the winter before last.

There were lots of people there from the other Sanderton churches, and they all looked around a little, as if they were examining each other. They did so especially while the minister tried to express his sense of the loss the church and the whole community had sustained in the recent departure of such a "pillar" as good old Deacon Stockbyrn, who had been "gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe." Half the seats in front of him were occupied by hearers who had not yet forgotten their failure to hear the sound of their own names when they had been told the contents of the good old deacon's will. It added very much to the solemnity of the meeting while it lasted. There was even a kind of solemnity left for folks to carry home with

them, after Aunt Martha had declared, seven times hand-running, "I don't know, and I don't care. If he takes after the Stockbyrns, the way he'd ought to, he knows his own business. He'll come when he gets ready, and he won't come before."

That sounded as if there might be a streak of self-will in the family; and Aunt Martha was one of them, and ought to know. If her hearers could have travelled a few hundred miles that very day, reaching their journey's end just after supper, they might have seen reasons for agreeing with her,—that is, if directed to the right room in a modest but respectable dwelling in a well-kept street of a small city in one of the Middle States. There, at the tea-table, sat the very Guy Stockbyrn that was shortly to come to the Quiantic Valley, and with him were his widowed mother and his two sisters. Tea was over, and the young man was parrying quite as much as answering a series of somewhat inquisitive remarks.

"Why, mother," he said, "you would not have me dash off and leave everything at sixes and sevens on a mere telegram from a stranger?"

"But now you've his letter, and it's all sure, and you should go at once."

She was looking very lovingly at the broad-shouldered, manly young fellow at the other end of the table, and he was looking hard at his plate just then. There was a half-perceptible quiver in his heavy chestnut moustaches as he said, "I'll be ready by Monday, mother. It's likely to take me some time after I get there. From the lawyer's account, there's a good deal of it. I'm glad of it. We haven't been exactly poor, but I've cost you a good deal. I can pay it back now. I shall not be a burden on you any more."

"My son! A burden? You!"

"Guy," exclaimed the young lady on his right, impetuously, "what do you mean? I'm sure you've worked hard enough; you've done—"

But the young lady on his left chimed in eagerly with, "You've not been any burden to me, Guy: besides, now you're

rich we'll all come and live with you, and I'll learn to milk and make the butter, and Agnes can do the churning."

"Mother," continued Guy, "it does come to all of us. Our property has been narrow for four, but it won't be so narrow for you three. It's just as Laura says: you can all come and live with me as soon as I'm settled. I'll go on and take possession next week. I'm going right out now to close up some of my affairs. You needn't all be in such a dreadful hurry to get rid of me. There's no telling when I shall get back."

Guy rose as he spoke, and there was no opportunity for much more talk before he was out of the house. He was hardly gone, however, when Agnes emerged from a long fit of silence with, "Mother, there's something the matter with Guy. I know there is. Do you suppose Addie Wilkinson can have anything to do with it?"

"I hope not, my dear: he should be wiser than that."

"She's rich, mother, and she's accomplished. Some people think she's beautiful."

"I hope Guy doesn't, then," exclaimed Laura. "Why, Aggie, she's as proud as Lucifer, and I don't believe her heart would fill my thimble."

"Laura!" said her mother.

"Now, mother, you think just as I do, and so does Aggie. I do hope Guy won't think of spoiling his new farm by putting her on it. To think of Addie Wilkinson making butter!"

"I don't see why, then. Her father began in life by selling milk," was the supplement freely supplied by Agnes; but Mrs. Stockbyrn was silent.

Guy went to his own room, on leaving the tea-table, and he spent a few careful minutes in making his outer man unexceptionable. It was not a work of much difficulty, but it was done with greater vigor than is common with handsome young fellows of twenty-five or thereabouts when they go out of an evening to close up some of their affairs, unless there is something peculiar in the nature of the affairs or of the expected closing-up.



Such there may have been in the present case, for Guy walked on up the street from the gate of his mother's dwelling, until he paused before a mansion whose imposing exterior seemed to have a depressing effect upon him.

"I know she returned this very morning," he muttered. "Yes, and I know what will be her decision. What puzzles me is, that I'm glad of it now. I should hardly have dreamed that. Still, it's a bitter kind of pill to swallow."

Then he drew a long breath, and walked up the broad stone steps and rang the door-bell with the air of a man whose mind was fully made up to something bitter or desperate.

A servant answered the bell, and conducted him into an elegantly-furnished drawing-room, where the first thing he did, after seating himself to wait, was to put his white, sinewy hand over his eyes for a moment. He may have been put in mind of some of his "affairs" by what he saw around him. A minute went by, and then Guy's hand fell quickly, as the rustle of a lady's dress was audible at the door. He rose and stood somewhat more erect than usual, as he held out his hand. "Addie,—or is it Miss Wilkinson?"

"I think it will have to be Miss Wilkinson hereafter, Guy,—Mr. Stockbyrn, I mean,—for I have fully decided while I was away. Sit down, please."

There was a deep flush upon her almost beautiful face, and a smile was on her lips, and there was more than a little soothing kindness in the firm, full tones of her voice. She started a little at the serene calmness of Guy's rejoinder:

"Thank you, indeed, for relieving me of all suspense."

"I thought it all over," she said,— "your narrow means, the years of weary waiting, or, if we were so foolish, the longer years of bitter struggles and sacrifices. For your sake as well as for mine, I decided that we must go no further. I have brought down all your keepsakes: you will find them here, letters and all."

"It is a fair exchange, then," said Guy, as he took from the breast-pocket

of his coat a small packet that was nearly a counterpart of the one Miss Wilkinson's jewelled fingers held out to him. These latter trembled just a little as they let go, but there was no tremor in the hand of Guy Stockbyrn. He did but seem, for an instant, to be swallowing something, and then he calmly remarked, "This is the end. What a mistake we made when we dreamed that we were in love with each other!"

"I'm not so sure," she said, with a touch of sweet sadness in her tone and in her smile. "We cannot do as we would in this world. At all events, we are wise now. I shall always be your warm friend, Mr. Stockbyrn,—always!"

"And I yours, Miss Wilkinson. I go out of town in a day or so, to be gone some time. I shall try to get this out of my heart and mind while I am gone. You will have less difficulty, and I sincerely hope I shall soon hear that you have once more acted wisely."

There may have been a concealed arrow in his last sentence, for she blushed vigorously. She did but say, "An absence? I wish you a pleasant journey. I shall always be glad to hear of your success and happiness. I shall, indeed!"

"Shall you?" exclaimed Guy, as if something had suddenly come to his memory. "Then I think you may as well rejoice with me a little now. I have a small matter of success, if you can call it so."

"I shall be delighted to hear. It may help us both to bury this other matter."

Her conduct had been simply magnificent under trying circumstances, for the spoken words of such an interview as that can only be from ten to fifteen per cent. of the actual conversation. The rest of it is done in other and more subtle ways, and Guy had said less than Addie, until he now responded, "My grand-uncle, from whom I get my first name, recently departed this life, and before doing so he made me his heir, and my journey is for the purpose of taking charge of the estate."

"Is it large? I hope so." She said

it wonderfully well, and he replied, "I can't say. I have only a lawyer's letter. He makes what he calls a guess at it. Something like a hundred thousand, in all shapes and forms."

"Why, that will make a rich man of you. Guy Stockbyrn! Why did you not tell me this before?"

It was less a question than a sudden and fierce explosion, of a kind no human being would have dreamed of from Addie Wilkinson's haughty, self-controlled lips.

Guy Stockbyrn's face did but whiten a little as he met it with, "It was a piece of news I should have rejoiced to bring to a woman who loved me,—as you do not,—or to tell, as I tell it now, to a lady who assures me of her friendship. You had no right to it, except as one or the other of these women."

She stood before him with flushed face and quivering lips, but she was fast recovering herself.

"I am ashamed to let you see how deeply you have stung me. I did love you. It would be impossible now."

"You did not, for you told me so. Not well enough to refrain from casting in my face the insult and the bitterness of the assurance that my love was not sufficient for you without wealth. The sting came from you, and I have not retaliated. If you are my friend, you should be glad for me for a double reason: first, because of my new wealth, if such it is; and much more because a woman who never loved me, in any true sense of that word, has cured me of an insane delusion. Shake hands, Miss Wilkinson. I hope you may marry the richest man in the State."

"Good-evening, Mr. Stockbyrn. No, I will not shake hands. You should have told me at the first. I was entitled to that knowledge in coming to my decision."

"No, Addie; you made up your mind while you were gone, and my letters were ready for me when I entered the house. Believe me, it is really best for both of us. I want a woman who will love me, and you should try and marry more than a hundred thousand dollars."

Her hands were over her face as she stood under the chandelier, and they did not come down until his steady step sounded on the flags of the sidewalk under the window.

"Guy! Guy!" she gasped. "Come back, Guy! Oh, he is gone! He will never come back. I see it now. I have thrown him away; and for what? For the very things he was offering me. He should have told me! It was not fair!"

There must have been a keen sense of justice somewhere hidden in the heart of Addie Wilkinson, for in half a minute more, still standing there and staring at the door, with tears of vexation and disappointment streaming down her face, she muttered, "I'd have done just as he did if I had been in his place. The first thing I did when I came into the room was to call him Mr. Stockbyrn. I cannot blame him at all. And now what am I to do? How long will it be before I find such another man as he is?" And it seemed to her as if some mocker added, in the deep, manly tones of Guy, "And with a hundred thousand dollars."

It was too much, and the deeply stung and humiliated beauty sank into a corner of the sofa with her handkerchief before her eyes.

Guy Stockbyrn's "affairs" had been settled rapidly and completely, and so he told his mother and sisters on his return, but he retired, soon to his own room on the plea of having "papers to look over."

So he had, and there was a neatly-cased miniature of himself among them, and a ring, and a few faded flowers. It was not a very business-like collection of papers, and there was one over which he lingered,—not in his own hand, but in Addie Wilkinson's, and of recent date.

"Upon my soul, she argues well. Considerate for both of us. I thank her, I do. What surprises me is that she showed any feeling afterward. Feel?" He jumped to his feet. "Don't I feel it? Every inch of me. The roots came out hard, the pull hurt: she did it. But they're all out now, and I'm a free man. Thank you, Addie."

## III.

It had been very freely prophesied that young Guy Stockbyrn would be made a cousin of and "taken all around" on his arrival in the Quiantic Valley. It struck him forcibly that he must be in some way related to everybody in Sanderton village, unless it might be the Irish blacksmith, the colored barber, and the German baron who kept the lager-beer saloon at the railway-dépôt. An entire half of the taking for the first week was done by the Pannerings, and it was from Dora Pannering herself that Effie Palmer obtained her first clear idea of the man she had decided to hate. She knew of his arrival soon enough, for Hiram Peters came over to tell her, and he stayed to tea, and did not set out for home until nearly nine o'clock. He was hardly out of the house before Effie was in the kitchen, scolding her mother: "What did you leave the sitting-room for, mother? He'd have gone an hour sooner if you'd only stood your ground."

"Young folks have their rights, my dear," smiled Mrs. Palmer.

"So they have; but Hiram Peters has no right to use up my time in this way. Now I've got to sit up till ever so late over my exercises. If they're all as bad as Leonora Hathaway's, I shan't get through at all."

It was just as well for Hiram that he did not hear the remainder of that conversation, and it may also have been an escape for Guy Stockbyrn that he also was beyond ear-shot. He might have been more interested if he had stood near Dora Pannering and Effie, without their seeing him, when they met each other at the edge of the meeting-house green in Sanderton, at the end of those first few days.

Effie asked plain questions, with her gray eyes looking right into Dora's light-blue ones, and among the answers was this: "Acquainted? Dear me, yes. He says I'm the perfect picture of a dear friend of his,—a Miss Addie Wilkinson. There isn't much chance for the Quiantic Valley girls, I guess. He's spoken for."

"Do you suppose she's really handsome?" asked Effie innocently.

"Oh, yes, to be sure she must be. He says she is. He says I reminded him of her the moment he saw me. Haven't you seen him yet?"

"No, indeed; but I suppose I shall before long. We don't owe the estate much, but mother says she has business with him."

Dora's cheeks flushed a little, for the Pannerings had been led gently to discover that their relatives and neighbors knew why their new cousin was so dear to them, and Effie's remark had a mild sting in it.

There were more questions and answers, but the talk flagged a little from that point; and Effie hurried away toward her home on the hill-side. She had so much on her mind that she could not think of any one thing in particular, and hardly knew where she was, until something made her look up, and there was the gate of the old Stockbyrn mansion close to her, wide open, and at it stood as fine-looking a young man as she had ever seen. He was within four feet of her, or not more than six at the farthest, and she was startled exceedingly,—so much so that, in the instant of recognizing Dora Pannering's vivid portrait of him, she exclaimed, "Cousin Guy!" and then wanted to bite her unruly tongue off.

Before she had time or resolution to do so, the tall young man lifted his hat gracefully, and replied, with the merriest of smiles, "I suppose so. And I beg you will tell me the name of the other of us two cousins."

Effie's face was crimson, but her tongue was a faithful servant, after all, for it said, on her account and without instruction, "Effie Palmer; and my mother was Uncle Guy's own niece."

"I know all about it, then. I've found out where you live, but I've had no time to call. Cousin Dora promised to come and introduce me; but now I shall not need her." He had stepped right out as he spoke, and, before Effie's mind was at all in a settled state, he was swinging along at her side as if he had

been brought up in the Quaintic Valley and had known her all his life.

She hated him vigorously for the lordly ease and unconcern with which he did it; and she thought in her rebellious and covetous and wicked little heart, "He thinks he has a mortgage on us; but he hasn't any on me."

Little did Guy Stockbyrn yet know of the mysteries of his grand-uncle's money-lending, but he was saying to himself, "It's perfectly refreshing. She evidently wants to get rid of me. I'll go all the way home with her. It's a change; and I needed one."

She could but ask him in when they got there, and she introduced him to her mother, and he was polite and deferential to such a degree that Mrs. Palmer asked him to stay to supper. It was after supper that the good lady's heart broke over its barriers and forced her to speak of the mortgage. "I suppose we shall soon know what you wish done about it," she said, with all the firmness of her mental constitution recalled in the tones of her voice.

Guy was looking at Effie just then, and inquiring of himself what he had said or done to send so much sudden resentment into her eyes, and he answered her mother half-dreamily, "Mortgage? Is that so? No, I don't think you will. I'm a good deal more interested in the growing crops just now. That is,—I beg your pardon,—unless you want the money. Certainly, if you do, I'll see that it's paid you at once."

Effie laughed outright in spite of herself: "Why, we owe you the money, not you us."

"Ah! oh! That's it? I beg your pardon again. I almost wish my good grand-uncle had not loaned out so much money. I'd like to find somebody I can feel at home with. Mrs. Palmer, will you do me a great favor, you and Cousin Effie?"

"We should be very glad to, Cousin Guy," said Mrs. Palmer.

She noticed a queer cloud upon his face, and he spoke almost sharply in reply: "Don't speak of that matter again until I speak to you. I beg your pardon,

Mrs. Palmer, but I was thinking of my own mother. There's a kind of resemblance between you. She will come on after a while, to take care of me,—she and my sisters."

"Sisters? Oh, yes," said Effie: "you mentioned them at the table; but Dora Pannering—" She stopped just at the wrong word, and should have stopped sooner or said more, and yet her very tongue knew it had no business to mention the beautiful young-lady friend that so resembled Dora.

"She?" laughed Guy. "She is neither my sister nor my mother. She is not even so near a cousin as you are, and not half so near as your mother is.—Now, Mrs. Palmer, is it a bargain? May I come and go without feeling that I am looked upon as a Shylock? If I can't, I'll tell you what, I won't speak to you at all, nor to Effie either."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Palmer, with a smile of relief.

But Effie's eyes were looking very straight into Guy's when her unwise tongue took some words it found lying round loose in her mind, and told him, "I don't want you to speak to me, anyhow. I'm only a school-teacher."

Effie's remarks were often as much of a surprise to herself as to anybody else; but Guy responded, "Ashamed of it, are you? Then I'm ashamed of you. I wish I knew enough to teach school. I don't even know how to run a farm. All I know is what they teach at college and in a law-office."

"It's only a common district-school, and anybody can teach one."

"No, Effie, I think not. I'm quite sure I could not. Well, I won't speak to you if you wish me not to.—Mrs. Palmer, may I come and see you, and bring my mother over, and the girls, when they get here?"

"I shall be glad to see you or them at any time. Effie—"

"Then I'll go now; but I'll tell you what Aunt Martha Peters said to me yesterday. Said she, 'Cousin Guy, you've seen a lot of them, but you haven't seen Effie Palmer and her mother. They're jest wuth all them

Pannerings and Celestia Hummer and the Sanderton-village crowd put together.' Aunt Martha is a woman of remarkably sound mind."

He escaped from the house nicely, under cover of the crushing effects of that broadside, and in half an hour more he was in Lawyer Bentley's parlor, deep in the mysteries of a pile of papers.

"They're in perfect order," said the lawyer. "He was a man of method."

"I should say so," remarked Guy. "There's really little for me to do but to let things move right along. You will attend to the professional work."

"Of course. I had almost overlooked one thing. Here are the keys of your grand-uncle's private box at the house. I took charge of them, but I did not feel that I had a right to open it. You had better, when you can find time, go through such papers as are there, and see if there is anything you desire to turn over to me."

"I'll do it this very night. Then everything will be in tip-top running condition. I think I will have my mother and sisters on here by the middle of June."

"Do it; do it," exclaimed the old lawyer. "You're kind o' unprotected just now."

"I don't know about that. You forget Aunt Martha Peters."

"That's so; but she isn't enough. You won't be really safe till you're married. There are girls enough in the Quaintic Valley."

"I am almost beginning to think so. All of 'em cousins of mine, too. A man mustn't think of marrying into his own family."

#### IV.

GUY STOCKBYRN did not use the keys of his grand-uncle's box that night, but he wrote a long letter to his mother. It was days and days before he made any use of them whatever, and in the course of those days he twice took tea at Mrs. Palmer's, and on each occasion he managed to increase the distance between himself and Effie, and she did her best to make it clear to him that she

was in no wise included in the mortgage.

He looked in at the school one day after that, and he would have seen her at work, but it was so near three o'clock that all he heard was Leonora Hathaway's reading of a brief "prose selection." He seemed interested in the style of that elocution, as well he might have been; but it was impudence on his part to remain after school was dismissed. Three small boys, who would otherwise have been "kept in," were permitted to go home; and thus Effie had to walk all the way to her own gate with the man she hated, and she hated him more and more all the way, for from every foot of the road along the hill-side they had a splendid view of the great Stockbyrn farm, spreading out across the valley and into the very village of Sanderton. She knew that the man at her side had even inherited a mortgage upon the Eagle Hotel, in Sanderton, and that, except for his name, he had no more Stockbyrn in him than she had. He was rich now, and she and her mother were poor, and there was no kind of justice in it. He did not offer to go in when they reached the gate, and Effie did not ask him. He did not, because he had something on his mind, and it made him walk briskly homeward. He was hardly "shaken down" into actual farm-management as yet, and he had made an arrangement with Aunt Martha which left her as much of a queen-regent as ever. She had a capital supper ready for him earlier than he could have got one at Mrs. Palmer's, and then he went to his room.

"That box,—I've neglected it. I'll go through it now."

It was under the bed, and he pulled it out, and the key was turned quickly in the old-fashioned lock.

"No money in it, of course. He was too prudent a man for that. Heaps of papers, though." The lid went back as he said that. "I'll run these through hastily. Then I'll sort 'em."

He was a trained hand in the business of going over and through such a mass as that, and the papers shot from his



fingers upon the table at his side in rapid succession.

"Of value, some of them. Can't leave them here. Halloo! what's this? I declare! Here's a find with a vengeance!"

It was curious that so self-possessed a man as Guy Stockbyrn should find anything to excite him in a sheet of foolscap paper in a long envelope in an old box. He was excited, nevertheless, and at the end of the reading he laid the paper on the table, drew a long whistle, and remarked, "I can't say I'm sorry. She's by all odds the nicest person I've met since I came here. I'm not sorry on my own account,—not one bit,—and I'm glad for her. But what shall I do about it? It has taught me something, however,—something I did not know. I'll see Bentley in the morning, and make him swear to keep the secret, and I'll go over there about the time she gets home from school."

He put the papers into the box again, all but that particular one, and then he discovered that it was country bedtime. He went to bed; but it is a serious question if a man can be asleep, no matter how dark the room is, when he is all the while rolling over and talking to himself. Once or twice he mentioned the name of "Addie," whether he were waking or dreaming, and yet he did not know that Miss Wilkinson had called that day at his mother's house, and that just before she went away she had asked Agnes, "By the way, have you heard from your brother? Does he like his new possessions?"

"Yes, indeed; he writes the longest, best letters in the world. Only I'm alarmed about him."

"Alarmed about him?"

"Decidedly. He says the whole Quiantic Valley is full of young ladies. One of them, Dora her name is,—Dora Panning,—I must tell you,—he says she could almost sit for a picture of you."

"Of me?" and Addie's face was all one crimson flush in an instant.

"He says so. Of course he thinks she is beautiful. He says all the young

ladies there are quite pretty, except some that are not. That's just like Guy. He's the best brother in the wide world."

Addie's call was a short one, of the strictly social kind, and there was nothing in such news to lead her to prolong it, but, for some reason, she made no more calls that day, and on her return home she went right into the parlor and stood for a moment under the chandelier.

"Letters? From Guy? I gave him back all he ever wrote me. He was standing on that very spot. It hurt him. I know it hurt him. He did not dream how it hurt me; neither did I. I wish I knew Agnes better. She is a sweet girl. She is much more like him than Laura is. I'm glad he is rich, anyhow."

Guy Stockbyrn got to sleep at last, and he was up betimes in the morning, and at the dingy little office of Lawyer Bentley, in Sanderton village, half an hour before its owner came to unlock it. In three minutes more the door of it was again locked on the inside, and Guy and his counsel were securely closeted from all intrusion. They evidently had business of importance which did not call for any outside help in the doing.

The whole forenoon seemed no more than enough for that business, although the door was unlocked after a while, that Mr. Bentley's other business might not be altogether neglected. Then Guy went home to dinner, and after that he and Aunt Martha Peters had a long private talk in the west parlor, with the door shut. There was no woman in the Quiantic Valley better qualified than Aunt Martha to give a young man sound advice. She knew everybody, too, and she knew nearly all they had ever done of good or evil, only she was never in any hurry to tell of it. She might tell Guy, though, for he was a stranger in the valley and had no other protector. She was just coming out of the room when she said to him, "I'd jest do it, if I was you; there ain't anybody in the way, and it'll keep the property together."

Guy laughed and walked out of the house, and nobody saw any more of him until between three and four o'clock,

and then Effie Palmer saw him striding up the road, just as she drew near her own gate. She quickened her pace and reached it before he did, and she did not even look round, but when she put her hand on the knob of the door and was turning it, his heavy step was on the porch behind her.

"Good-evening, Effie."

"Good-evening, Mr. Stockbyrn." She had been aching to call him by that name for some time, and it had hardly seemed civil, but she had been looking across the farm all the way home, and the growing crops were looking fine, and so were the herds of cattle and the flocks of sheep, and she had a picture of the old Stockbyrn mansion in her eye when she uttered the family name.

"You won't ask me in, eh? Then I'll come in without asking."

Effie's tongue said nothing, and he answered the remark in her eyes: "No, Effie, it isn't your house: it's your mother's. I've come to see her. Please tell her I've come to speak to her about that mortgage. I have some business with you, too."

She had from the first admitted that he was the finest-looking man she had ever seen, and he was now looking down into her face with so kindly, genial a smile that she would have melted a little if it had not been for the mention of the mortgage. Even as it was,—and the fact gave her a strange, half-tired, uneasy feeling,—she could not look straight back again, and all she could say was, "Business with me? I will call mother at once. Walk in and take a seat, Mr. Stockbyrn."

He did so, while Effie passed wearily on into the kitchen. She had never in all her life felt just as she did at that moment,—so vaguely hungry for all that was unattainable, and so sick at heart because it was so. As soon as her mother could set her cap to rights, she was shaking hands with Guy, and was fast recovering from the tremor with which she had received his message by Effie. Still, her voice sounded very earnest indeed when she said to him, "Now, Cousin Guy, what is it?"

"I think I may as well make a short story of it, and then Effie may drive me out of the house as soon as she sees fit."

"I don't want to drive you out of the house, I'm sure."

"Yes, you do, Effie; and now you will hate me worse than ever. The fact is, Mrs. Palmer, I have found a new will, made by my grand-uncle at a later date than the one in the hands of Mr. Bentley. It sets the old will aside. It provides for Aunt Martha precisely as did the first will, but it makes a few small changes after that. He leaves to you the mortgage on your farm and a few keepsakes. To Effie he leaves—"

"To me?" exclaimed Effie, suddenly springing from her chair and staring into the unmistakably pleased and happy face of her handsome cousin.

"Yes, my dear; to you he leaves enough of the village property, and of other matters, to make up, as well as Mr. Bentley and I can figure it, about a third of the entire estate, which is nearly twice as large as anybody supposed it to be. Now, Effie, hate me if you can. Mrs. Palmer, I congratulate you heartily."

"Thank the Lord!" burst from the lips of the good lady, as she took both the hands Guy held out to her; but Effie was pressing close to her side, as if she were striving for a better look at her cousin's face.

"Guy Stockbyrn, do you mean to say you are really delighted to find a third of all your property leaving you and coming to us?"

"That isn't the way to put it, Effie. It's not mine,—it's yours; and I am delighted to be the means of putting it in your possession. I am still the sole executor, you know, and you've got to have business conferences with me, and look at my accounts, and watch closely, so that you'll be sure I'm not cheating you."

"Guy,—Cousin Guy,—I'm ashamed of myself. I've treated you dreadfully. Will you please forgive me? I could not understand you, somehow; I was blinded: covetousness,—prejudice—"

At that moment a sudden uproar in the kitchen drew from Mrs. Palmer the

exclamation, "Dear me! that kettle's b'iled over!" and away she darted to save the kitchen fire, leaving Guy and Effie face to face. His was doing well enough, but for a shade of deep seriousness that was stealing over it, but there was a perilous amount of flush and glow upon her impulsive, eager, penitent visage, as it looked up so pleadingly to his.

"Effie, I'm glad the kettle did its duty. Don't say another word. Just let me say one, may I?"

"I suppose so. Of course you may. Only I feel so wicked and bad."

"Well, then, what I wish to say is this: I never saw any one in all my life to whom I could so gladly turn over a third of all I had, and then another third, and then another third, and then wish there were something else to give her."

"Cousin Guy! What do you mean, Guy Stockbyrn?"

Her hands were struggling vainly to get away from his, but her deep-gray eyes were not flinching, although all the color had left her face.

"I cannot tell you all my story now. I only say how glad I am. Do you not believe me?"

"I believe you. Yes, I do believe you; but I am not worthy of it. It would be stealing. I have had such dreadful thoughts and feelings, and I envied Dora and that other girl. Oh, Guy, I did not mean to say that. I did not know it myself."

Her own tongue had told her the secret, nevertheless; and, what was equally important, it had told it to Guy Stockbyrn, and he was the boldest of bold young men,—for, when Mrs. Palmer returned from the kitchen, there was Effie, sobbing as if her heart would break, with Guy's arm around her.

"Sakes alive! Cousin Guy!"

"She's not at all hurt, mother," said Guy soothingly. "I think it's only another change in the settlement. She has consented to take the whole property, with me as a mortgage. That's all."

"Oh, Effie!"

"Mother, don't. I can't say a word."

It really was not necessary; and when Guy went home that evening it was a little late, for he had remained to tea, and time was afterward consumed in saying all that could, would, or should be said.

Hiram Peters went by the house, and he would surely have called if he had not seen Guy's head at the parlor window. "Guess they've got to pony up on that there morgidge," he said to himself. "He's crowdin' down on 'em pretty soon, seems to me. The old man wouldn't 'a' done it."

Aunt Martha had retired before Guy returned home, and in the morning he was a little reserved about the nature of what she called the "new settlement;" but she firmly repeated the advice she had already given him. Then he went up-stairs to write a letter to his mother which insured her very speedy arrival, bringing the girls with her.

That was a welcome arrival for Guy, for he felt more and more unprotected as soon as the news of the new will had a chance to spread through the Quiantic Valley. The moment his mother entered the house, he and Aunt Martha Peters took possession of her, but Agnes first drew Guy to the window and whispered to him, "Is it so, Guy? Where does she live?"

"In the little farm-house over there on the hill. She must be home by this time. She teaches school."

"Laura, come right along with me."

So, while Guy and Aunt Martha and his mother had their conference, quite a sudden surprise came to Effie Palmer and her mother. The gate opened to let in two well-dressed young ladies, and the front door had been left wide open by Effie, and there in the entry-way she met them, and her mother was just behind her.

"Is this Effie Palmer?"

Effie was trembling from head to foot; but she said "Yes" bravely.

"We are Guy Stockbyrn's sisters,—Aggie and Laura. He's the noblest man in the world. You don't know what a man he is."

"Yes, I do. Indeed I do." Poor

Effie could hardly say it, and indeed it was her tongue did it for her; but it brought the arms of Agnes around her neck on one side, and those of Laura around her waist on the other, and Mrs. Palmer was compelled to step forward and interfere. She kissed all three of them before anything more of any coherent consequence could be said by either of the four. They went right into the parlor; and that was where

Guy and his mother and Aunt Martha Peters found them about twenty minutes later.

Old grand-uncle Guy Stockbyrn had done a wonderfully wise thing when he made that second will, and, after all, he had kept the property together. That was what the entire population of the Quiantic Valley and all the people up and down the coast said about it.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

### THE MILKY WAY.

EVENING has come, and across the skies,  
 Out through the darkness that quivering dies,  
 Beautiful, broad, and white,  
 Fashioned of many a silver ray  
 Stolen out of the ruins of day,  
 Grows the pale bridge of the Milky Way,  
 Built by the architect Night.

Dim with shadows and bright with stars  
 Hung like gold lights on invisible bars,  
 Stirred by the wind's low breath,  
 Rising on cloud-shapen pillars of gray,  
 Perfect it stands, like a tangible way  
 Binding To-morrow with Yesterday,  
 Reaching from Life to Death.

Dark show the heavens on either side,  
 Soft flows the blue in a waveless tide  
 Under the silver arch.  
 Never a footstep is heard below,  
 Echoing earthward, as, measured and slow,  
 Over the bridge the still hours go,  
 Bound on their trackless march.

Is it a pathway leading to heaven  
 Over earth's sin-clouds, rent and riven  
 With its supernal light,  
 Crossed by the souls of those who have flown  
 Stilly away from our arms, and alone  
 Up to the beautiful great white throne  
 Pass in the hush of night?

Is it the road that our wild dreams walk,  
 Far beyond reach of our waking talk,  
 Out to the vague and grand,

Far beyond Fancy's broadest range,  
 Out to the world of marvel and change,  
 Out to the mystic, unreal, and strange,  
 Out to the Wonderland?

Is it the way that the angels take  
 When they come down by night to wake  
 Over the slumbering earth?  
 Is it the way the faint stars go back  
 When the young Day drives them off from his track  
 Into the distant, mysterious black  
 Where their bright souls had birth?

What may it be? Who may certainly say?  
 Over the shadowy Milky Way  
 No human foot hath trod.  
 Ages have passed, but, unsullied and white,  
 Still it stands, like a fair rainbow of night,  
 Held as a promise above our dark sight,  
 Guiding our thoughts to God.  
 G. D. L.

### INVADING THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

INCOMPARABLY the most interesting edifice for religious purposes in China—perhaps in all Asia—is the Temple of Heaven, in Peking. The first question which Europeans of all sorts in the Orient ask those who have just come from China is, "Did you go to Peking?" and the second is, "Did you see the Temple of Heaven?" Most Europeans in the Flowery Kingdom show much more anxiety to enter this Temple than heaven itself. Though it has always been next to impossible for a *Fanqui*—a foreign devil, as they call all white-faced strangers in China—to obtain a permit to visit this most sacred enclosure, yet until lately the keepers of the various gates and doors were open to the same sort of argument that is so universally effectual in Europe. But some time ago a German—so the French say—a Frenchman, so the Germans say—either broke something or carried off

something from the Temple, and the officials were immediately commanded, on pain of losing not their places only, but their heads as well, absolutely to refuse admittance to all the *Fanqui*. The imperial permission was, with great difficulty, secured for General Grant and his party; but since that time no Europeans, it is said, have been able to obtain this favor. Even our minister, President Angell, of Michigan University, of whom all Americans in China were justly proud, could not secure admission, though he was more anxious to see this temple than anything else in China.

When I first mentioned the subject to some of my friends, they said, "You might as well try to get into the Imperial Palace;" and that always made the boldest gasp for breath. But one can't expect to go often to China, especially to Peking, even in these migratory days,



and the thought of being harrowed all one's life by the question, "Did you see the Temple of Heaven?" and by the distressful consciousness of having missed the one object in China best worth seeing, was little less than maddening. I determined to get in. My friends, lay and missionary, laughed, and said, "It is impossible." Finally, the gentleman whose delightful hospitality I was so fortunate as to enjoy, an official in the Chinese customs-service, seeing that the disappointment was preying upon my mind and gradually undermining a naturally vigorous constitution, rose to the occasion, and said, "We will go to-morrow morning at five o'clock." I asked no questions as to the ways and means. I slept peacefully, pillowed on hope, and exactly at the hour we were in our saddles, riding through the clouds of black dust that rise perpetually out of the unpaved, unwatered streets of the Chinese capital. Keeping to the left of the Imperial and Tartar cities,—Peking is really three cities in one,—we rode almost unnoticed, except by the little boys, through the Chinese city. Now and then an almond-eyed, high-cheeked urchin, with long finger-nails, and a pig-tail hanging down his back, and high wooden shoes, kicking up the dust, would point his finger at us, and shout, "Red-haired devils,"—all the *Fanqui* are supposed to have red hair,—or would refer to our ancestors in terms more vigorous than complimentary, as I could infer from the expression on my friend's face.

Passing beyond the walls of the city, we saw immediately before us the sacred walled park, nearly a mile square, in whose centre we knew was the object of our desire. Riding some distance along the wall, we dismounted, and left our horses with the Chinese *syce*, or groom, with orders to wait for us two hours, and then walked, or rather strolled, toward the gate, which was standing nearly half open.

A year before, some friends of ours had found the guard asleep, and walked in; but he was wide awake enough now, and, as he saw us coming, he immediately

closed and locked his gate. We said "Good-morning" to him, in Chinese, in our pleasantest manner. As their expression always is, we asked him "if he had eaten his rice?" at which he growled, I thought possibly in disapproval of my pronunciation; but it was not wholly that, for when my friend, who spoke like a veritable mandarin, tried to begin a friendly chat with him, his growls only became deeper and more continuous; and when we brought forward our climacteric argument—a roll of Chinese paper money—he gave us to understand, as Balaam did the prophets of Balak, that not for a houseful would he yield. We were prepared even for this. We had been told that farther on the wall was broken, and the sand so heaped against it that we might easily step over, and, once inside and out of the sight of those outside, the guards would be only too glad to take our money, and possibly, if there happened to be a religious fanatic among them, our lives too. With this to encourage us, we walked on, and found the sand-heap just as we had been told. We stepped on it, jumped over, and were in the sacred park. We had, of course, been seen, and a guard came running after us, evidently in great excitement. He gesticulated frantically. He hurled short sentences at us, that, to my untrained ear, sounded more like the shrieks of the last unbroken string of a banjo or a guitar than articulate language. "He says," so my friend explained, "that if we go on he will certainly lose his place, and perhaps his head." I had no desire to make Chinese widows and orphans, and was just turning back with the sickening sense of failure, when my friend added, "And he says we ought to give him at least two tao [about sixteen cents] for running such a risk." This scarcely seemed unreasonable, so we handed over the amount of life-insurance he desired, and went on.

Another wall was before us, at least twenty feet high, and, as far as we could see in every direction, in tantalizingly good repair. There was no help for it.

We walked between the long rows of graceful cypress-trees to the gate, where half a dozen stout Chinamen were lounging, and watching us as a man might look at some curious animal which had just succeeded in getting caught. "*Chuliao-fan?*" ("Have you eaten your rice?"), we said; to which they gave such a decided affirmative as seemed to imply that if we tried to get through their gate—locked as they saw us approaching—we would find out that they had not only eaten but digested it. We sat down on the low table from which they had made their breakfast, and my friend began to talk about every imaginable subject except the Temple of Heaven. Suddenly they all started up and said, "*The Laoyi! the Laoyi!*" and, looking down the cypress rows, we saw a man coming, who looked as if he might be a *Laoyi*, or official. He walked forward some distance, took a look at us from behind a tree, and then went away. We felt this had ruined our last chance, and when we broached the subject, carefully connecting it with pecuniary inducements, the guards unanimously assured us that we were right. *Fanqui* as we were, nothing would make them happier than to let us in, but they did not dare. My friend was hopeless. I tried, hypocritically, not to look discouraged, but it was of no use.

The fates had decided against us. We turned a corner of the wall to conceal our grief; we stood weeping under a tree, when, looking up through our tears, we saw that the branches overhung the wall, and in a moment I had reached the end of the largest branch and had dropped upon the top of the wall. Two or three of the guards heard the noise, and came out to look, and thought it rather a good joke; and I began to take the same view of it, as I saw that the ground beneath was hard and stony and that it would be a jump of at least eighteen feet. My friend, who was now in the tree, drew up a long pole that was leaning against it, and pushed it out to me; I dropped it on the other side, against the wall; it was three feet too short, and not even a monkey could

have got on it from where I stood, for the top of the wall was a projecting roof, under which the top of the pole could not even be seen.

My friend said he would go to another guard-house, some hundred yards away, and try to buy a rope: so I clambered along the wall in the same direction on my hands and knees, the tiles being so arranged that it was impossible to walk. After skinning my hands and perspiring immoderately, for it was now nearly nine o'clock, and the sun was very hot, and the guards were laughing, and I felt like a fool, I came to an angle where two walls met; here there was a depression, and the ground beneath looked softer. I called to my friend, and told him, in an excited way, of this eureka, but we had used up so much time that he was obliged to return to his office, and I must make my choice, either to give it up and accompany him, or to push on alone into mysteries that I knew not of. I decided for the latter, gave directions as to what the American minister was to do if I did not return, took a last look, I thought it might be, at the sun, wondered if possibly my friends in America might not read the next morning among the foreign telegrams something like this from Peking,—"An American traveller, in attempting yesterday to break into the Temple of Heaven, was badly injured in leaping from the wall, and, while thus disabled, was found and cut to pieces by the guards, whom he had attempted to outwit. The general opinion, here, of all Europeans who have themselves failed in similar attempts, is that it served him right,"—and jumped. I knew that I was flying at the regulation speed for falling bodies, but the earth seemed to be receding: I thought I should never get there; but I did, and all at once, and decidedly shaken up, but still in good condition, and able to shout back over the wall to my friend's twice-repeated inquiry "How are you?" a hasty "All right!" All right for the moment I certainly was, but how long might I reasonably expect to remain so? A *Fanqui* alone in the most sacred place in China, knowing only a few sentences

of the language, and those not well adapted to explaining a situation so peculiar as that in which I found myself, — what might not happen? There was no time to think. Getting my bearings from an invaluable chart of this park, made some years ago by Dr. Hopper of Canton, I pushed on through high grass and briars. I could see, among the trees, three tall red shafts, like those before the Cathedral of St. Mark's in Venice. Passing between these, the Temple of Heaven was immediately before me. There were some workmen there, but they said nothing, and I walked on and up the broad steps of the Altar of Heaven.

Out of China it has no counterpart on earth. Built in three terraces, the first two hundred and ten feet in diameter, the second one hundred and fifty, and the third or topmost about ninety, each terrace paved with marble tiles laid in concentric circles, and each surrounded by a balustrade of pure white marble carved so well as to remind one of Athens, it fills to the full one's conception of a pagan altar. From the top of this altar I looked away to the north upon two domes of the most exquisite blue, a few hundred yards from where I stood, and from each other. The nearer and smaller of these is called "The Temple of the Imperial Expanse." Here in gilded cases are kept the tablets to Heaven and to the imperial ancestors, which are placed on the Altar of Heaven at the time of the annual sacrifice. The one beyond, much the larger and more imposing, with its triple azure dome, is sometimes spoken of as the Temple of Heaven, though the Chinese themselves call it "the Hall of Prayer for a propitious year." In shape and color it is to the Chinese a fac-simile of heaven. The circular interior is occupied by permanent shrines highly ornamented, on which the sacred tablets are placed at the time of annual prayer for a propitious year. Scattered around the park, in almost every direction, I saw small brick buildings used as stables for sacrificial animals or as depositories for sacred utensils.

Early on the morning of the 21st of December silken tents are erected on the Altar to Heaven for the sacred tablets. Offerings of silk and grain and wine and fruits and fish are placed before the Tablet to Heaven, and before each of the eight tablets to the imperial ancestors. In the middle of the terrace is the imperial tent of yellow. On the evening of December 20 the Emperor comes from his palace in a chair of state, or a royal chariot, attended by a retinue of some two thousand of his nobles and officers and guards and musicians. He burns incense in the smaller of the two domed temples, and worships before the tablets. He then makes a tour of inspection, and returns to spend the night in a handsome building near the gate, called the "Hall of Fasting." Two hours before sunrise the next morning he is awakened, and, dressed in magnificent sacrificial robes, he goes to the Altar of Heaven, where his imperial relatives and civil and military officers have already taken their places on the highest terrace. On each of the other terraces, and all around the altar, in order of rank, are the lower officials, all with faces turned toward the north. The emperor stands before the Tablet of Heaven. There is a peal of music, and a whole burnt-offering is placed on the sacrificial furnaces. I sat there alone and tried to imagine the scene, — the smoke ascending from the sacrifice, the fragrance of incense, the glare of the fires, the vast multitude of reverent worshippers, the emperor of four hundred and fifty millions of souls officiating as their high-priest, the light of the early morning softening the gleam of the torches and lanterns. The sun rising out of the Yellow Sea has looked down through the ages in its daily journey on few more imposing religious ceremonies. Is it idolatry? or is it, as Prof. Legge of Oxford thinks, but the groping of these souls, still in the twilight, after the true God? On this Altar of Heaven, opened to the sky, this English professor took off his shoes from his feet: it was to him holy ground. It is the one place in China associated with religious rites

where it is possible for a Christian to believe that through these apparently idolatrous forms heart-felt aspirations are rising to the God of heaven and earth.

My day-dreams were rudely broken by the appearance of a guard, whom I recognized as our unbribeable friend of the gate. There was fire in his eyes, and he came forward making gestures that even on the under side of the world were unmistakable indications that my presence was not desired. But I was all puffed up with success. I was not to be intimidated. I had not yet stood under the triple dome of blue, and, pointing calmly toward it with one hand, and reaching out some paper tao—which were immediately appropriated—with the other, I walked on, followed by my guard. At the gate of the azure-domed temple a young man was standing, who said, after some consultation with my fierce-visaged guard, "Forty tao,"—three dollars and twenty cents. I had been told in Shanghai that it would be better to pay fifty dollars than not to see the Temple of Heaven, but I had already seen the most sacred part of it for thirty-two cents; and, now that I was inside, a sum that seemed reasonable outside the wall appeared exorbitant. I said, "Four tao," and walked away. They let me go. I was determined to get in, and, somewhat subdued, I went back and offered eight. They came down to thirty. I went up to sixteen, and we compromised on twenty. The heavy wooden gate swung on its hinges, and I entered a paved court-yard, in whose centre rises the exquisite triple dome on its triple marble terrace. Though I had made them independent for life, they would not open the doors to the circular interior, making signs that they had not the keys, but showed me a ledge by the window from which I could look in and see the gilded shrines on which the tablets are placed at the annual service,—the only objects of special interest in this temple. I had seen all I came to see. I was ready to go home. I walked toward the gate in the wall from which I had jumped, followed still by my

lynx-eyed Cerberus. It was locked. I knocked. A man looked through a hole at the side, and said, "Twenty tao." I began to see how it might cost fifty dollars to visit the Temple of Heaven. I had reason to feel an intense dislike to this particular guard, whose yellow face was bloated with triumph and his pocket with tao, so I laughed them to scorn and walked quickly toward another gate, where I thought the rates might be lower. It was half a mile away. I walked rapidly; the long grass was full of briers, the sun was intensely hot, but, worst of all, my Cerberus was on my track, with another Cerberus as assistant. I quickened my pace, reached the gate: it was locked and barred on the inside,—had not been opened for years. The game was up. I threw myself on the grass, in the shade of the wall, to rest. My Cerberus came up and looked at me as a boy might look at a snake he had wounded, and laughed. They sat down too, waited, and then we all walked back again through the briers and the heat, they thinking of tao, and I of old Roman triumphs in which the conquered walked in shame and chains behind the chariot of the conquerors, and of Montezuma in the clutches of the Spaniards, and—I could not help it—of Jefferson Davis in his petticoats.

But the hot sun and the long walk had its effect on my captors as well: something of their courage had oozed out. They only said now, "Ten tao," and when I handed out five the gate was opened. I crossed the green turf of the outermost park, vaulted upon the wall by the sand-heap where we had entered in the morning, and I was free. I called a Chinese cart that was passing,—the most perfect instrument of torture ever used for the transportation of humanity,—and, sitting on the shaft, with my legs hanging down in front of the wheel, hot and dusty and tired as I was, and hooted at by more than one youthful despiser of the *Fanqui*, I entered the city, feeling like a victor returning in triumph from the wars.

CHARLES WOOD.

## ROUND ABOUT THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

ABOUT ten minutes after the westward-bound train has rolled out of the city of Lynchburg, and the passenger has had ample time to make those usual remarks which the singular situation of that venerable tobacco-mart invariably calls forth, and is still lost in wonder that such a busy centre of industry should exercise no civilizing influence on the desert of briery fields that, rent by red gullies and washed bare by rains, invades its very suburbs, and when his next neighbor has invoked for his benefit the memory of the historic patriot who gave his name to the town and a word to the English language, and has called his attention to the world-wide popularity of Mr. Carroll's famous "Lone Jack," he will probably become aware, more especially if it is the summer tourist season, of a certain flutter in the car, such as indicates that something of unusual interest is in sight,—a sudden lull on the part of the loudly communicative half-dozen so familiar to the travelling public, a rising murmur from the hitherto silent, a nudging and shaking of drowsy individuals by their friends, and a lifting or wiping of window-panes,—as the local passengers in their several neighborhoods call attention in tones of pardonable pride to where, upon the western horizon, the great twin Peaks of Otter rise into the sky. The most insensible of mortals would hardly complain of being disturbed for the contemplation of such a view as at this bend of the road bursts upon the sight.

The county of Bedford is described in State geographies and in local books of reference as "large, wealthy, populous, and fertile;" and if a closer acquaintance suggests that these phrases apply only in a comparative sense, no one would wish to quibble with that harmless Southern optimism which has proved such a source of consolation to a struggling people, or to deny that the superla-

tive itself is all too weak to express the rapture with which the eye, tired of the scrub-oak ridges of Middle Virginia, ranges over those twenty miles of hill and dale, of red fallow and green pasture and waving woodland, which, with naturally gorgeous coloring intensified by the warm light of declining day, lie sleeping in the mellow sunlight beneath the great blue walls of mountains that toss their clear-cut peaks against the still bluer sky. The most conspicuous, the grandest, and the most isolated not only of this special group of mountains but perhaps of the whole Blue Ridge chain, are the Peaks of Otter.

There are probably no mountain-summits in the South whose names are so often in men's mouths. Eighty or ninety miles away in Eastern Virginia some hill will be pointed out to the visitor, from which on clear days "the Peaks"—two blue specks upon the horizon—can be faintly seen; while a hundred miles westward, where your carriage stops upon the crest of one of those mountain-waves which the Alleghanies roll toward the Ohio, the driver will not rest satisfied till from among the chaotic sea of peaks upon which the bewildered eye rests he has succeeded in marking for his patrons the dim outline of those which, as a good Virginian, whether black or white, have always been his peculiar pride.

Higher mountains there are in plenty upon both ranges,—Hunchbacks, Hogbacks, Devil's Punch-Bowls, and what not. Some of their near neighbors exceed them by some hundreds of feet, though their still pathless sides remain untrudged save by the cattle-grazier and the mountaineer, and their very names are often a matter of uncertainty to those who have spent their whole lives beneath their shadows. Mr. King, in his "Southern States," published ten years ago, stopped especially to pay tribute to what he calls the "mighty twins;" while



since then a gradually returning prosperity, and of late years some local enterprise, have concentrated a wider outside interest than ever upon these giddy pinnacles.

The little town of Liberty, with some justice, considers the Peaks of Otter to be its especial property, and seems itself, though in reality some half-dozen miles distant, to nestle at their very base. The thriving county seat of Bedford, moreover, not only prides itself upon the possession of the blue heights that seem from its windows to tower above it, but also lays claim to being the prettiest village in the State: it would therefore be the height of audacity to pass it by without a word.

The neat and shady *dépôt*, thronged in summer-time by goers and comers with their friends, being the first stopping-place of any importance southwest of Lynchburg, will be familiar to all travellers on the Norfolk and Western Railroad. The place itself, for an inland Virginia town without water-power, it will I think be conceded has done well in nearly doubling its population within the last decade, and boasts now of comprising within its corporate limits two thousand five hundred souls. That this increase has been in a great measure due to the attention paid by its citizens to the sale and manufacture of the fragrant weed, may detract somewhat from its value in the eyes of those interested in the development of the New South, even had not its greater neighbor Lynchburg, with its railroad and water facilities for absorption, concentration, and manufacturing, seemed under the present industrial condition of Virginia to forbid any further advance of importance in a smaller and less favored town. All this, however, in no way hinders the good people of Liberty from emphasizing the immense superiority of their surroundings in the eyes both of the tourist and the agricultural critic.

This attractiveness, it must be confessed, is scarcely due to the village itself; for the two or three main streets, though by no means of that depressing

description which characterizes the average Virginia village, are at the best unremarkable; while the negro quarters, though not more sightly than elsewhere, are for the most part scattered over a remote suburb. It is rather the residential part of the village, cut off from the business quarter by the railroad, that the pleasing impression generally produced on strangers is due. Pleasant homesteads of the olden days are there, well ordered and well kept, half hidden by evergreens or by venerable oaks that throw deep shadows upon the velvet turf. Cheerful-looking villas of more modern date, easy in their surroundings of orchards and paddocks necessary to the rural instincts of even the mercantile Virginian, stretch out along the country roads that lead toward the Blue Ridge. The dilapidation in the works of both God and man that disfigures so many Southern villages is here conspicuously absent, as is also the almost painful bandbox newness characteristic of so many in the North.

As we leave its outskirts, and pursue the red road leading toward the famous peaks, which seem to monopolize the whole western sky, it is easy for any one familiar with Virginia to see that the character of the surrounding country has also a great deal to do with the natural attractiveness of the centre to which it is tributary. The landscape is here not marred by great unfenced poverty-stricken wastes of hen's-grass or steep hill-sides washed into red sores and riven by hideous gullies. Dilapidated homesteads which the surrounding acres can scarcely keep upon their legs, much less adorn, do not here scar the face of nature and destroy half the pleasure of a summer morning's ride. On the contrary, the gently undulating fields, not merely by the roadside, but stretching far away to the right and left, are covered with crops heavy enough at any rate for the peace of mind of the amateur. Wheat and oats and grass, with pastures covered by a class of cattle that testify to their excellence, clothe the earth from woodland to woodland, while upon the low grounds by the streams the rich green growth of

young corn could hardly be sneered at by the denizen of the Ohio Valley. There is here no oppressive sense, as in many sections of the State, of man retiring from his dominion of the soil before an overwhelming army of briars and weeds and vines and bushes, invading the land that seems almost to be theirs by right, and of which over thousands of acres they were prematurely dispossessed. In these happier valleys every acre speaks of the constant visit of the mower or the reaper or the tooth of cattle and sheep. The homesteads which crown these hills are no weather-beaten skeletons tottering to decay, but solid brick mansions in the very prime of life, their white porticos and tin roofs shining through groves of maples and aspens, of mulberries and mimosas.

As we approach the mountains, the road winds its red way through original forests of oak and chestnut, that wave above our heads their large leaves green with the freshness of early summer and as yet unsoiled by the dust of summer travel, until we emerge at the brink of a steep descent into a wide valley, upon whose farther side the Peaks of Otter and the Blue Ridge rise abruptly into the sky.

I know of no other instance where an altitude of only four thousand feet impresses its height so forcibly upon the beholder as in this approach to the Blue Ridge. The very flatness of the fertile valley that spreads itself along their base, and into which we have to descend, seems to heighten the grandeur of the massive walls and ragged peaks which beyond it rear themselves heavenward. Beneath, wide meadows stretch to the right and left, broken here and there by the deep green of rustling corn-fields, while from all directions, their wayward courses marked by fringes of sycamores and willows, comes the soft music of mountain-streams, that, joining here their several waters, form the little river from which the Peaks of Otter take their name.

In spite of the level character of the valley, as we cross it the road becomes

rough and rocky, and has here and there to struggle for its very existence with lawless torrents that have no respect for the feeble opposition of county authorities. "Pretty bad road," the unaccustomed stranger will probably remark to a passing countryman, as his carriage jumps from boulder to boulder. "Mighty good to travel on in winter, though," will be the prompt defence of the native; and, indeed, to any one who has had a year's experience of Virginia roads this apparently irrelevant reply will have a good deal of significance. The roads by which Lynchburg is entered are probably unmatched for vileness in the neighborhood of any city in the United States of the same importance. Nature, not man, has given Liberty during eight months of the year far better highways. The road we have till now been in fancy traversing is, according to local standards, an exceptionally good one from April to December, and indeed is very passable; but in most parts of Piedmont Virginia even in summer, and in all parts throughout the winter, it would be hard to estimate the enormous expense consequent on time and labor lost, and the wear and tear of animals and vehicles which is entailed upon a country not well able to bear it. There is nothing like custom, however; and, to show that custom can in some instances actually produce a preference for personal suffering and loss of money and time, I give the following conversation I once heard at a Virginia cross-road store:

"Bob," said a farmer temporarily irritated into action by the collapse of his wagon with a load of tobacco into a two-foot mud-hole, "why in thunder can't we have roads such as them across the mountains?" (alluding to some of the limestone roads in the Valley of Virginia.)

"Well, Dick, I don't know as I'm much in favor of them sort er roads, anyhow. It seems to me they must be awful hard on horses; for I tell you when there's *nothin'* to make a man pull up his horse he's mighty apt to ruin him by overdrivin'."

Though, as before stated, the two mountains that loom before us are not the highest points of the great range to

which they belong, it is easy to see why the lower of the two "Peaks of Otter" and the more southerly—though for some undistinguishable reason coupled always with its higher but less striking neighbor—should far surpass them all in fame. At this point the Blue Ridge, crossing the James River and running southwest for twenty miles between the counties of Bedford and Botetourt, attains its greatest continuous elevation, till, at what is apparently its extreme southern limit, it falls suddenly two thousand feet, and then, as if making one tremendous expiring effort, throws up into the sky a solitary cone-shaped peak, that, from its isolated grandeur and from the sheer abruptness with which it drops from the rugged rocks that seem almost poised upon its summit, four thousand feet above, to the fields and orchards beneath, makes an impression that is not easily forgotten, and that years of familiarity never efface.

The road that carries us slowly upward to the gap between the peaks, winding through chestnut woods and kalmia thickets, has been wondrously improved since the days when Hunter dragged his artillery over it on the way to Lynchburg. Clearings and "dead-enings" open the way here and there for glimpses of the country we have left behind us. Rude stone walls encircle fields where lean men and leaner mules struggle amid the stumps and rocks. The log cabin of the mountaineer in different stages of prosperity obtrudes its belongings into the road, and the cool spring-house invites the thirsty to halt and drink.

High above our heads, seeming indeed at times to hang almost perpendicularly above us, the rugged summit which is our goal darkens against the clear blue summer sky, now on our right, now on our left, or again in front of us, according as the tortuous road is turned from its direct course by the natural obstacles of the ascent. A few more cabins, a few more unsightly "deadenings," a spring by the roadside of renowned excellence and of such strength that the gravelly bottom of its basin boils and

churns unceasingly, and we roll out upon level fields, where, amid immense orchards of pippins, a farm-house (which has lately passed into Northern hands) marks the spot where in olden days an hotel echoed to the careless mirth of a generation that is now gray-haired or dead. A pile of bricks and an ancient lamp upon a post in the farmer's yard is all that is left to tell the tale of old-time jubilees; and the unromantic swine now roots beneath the shade-trees the leaves of which rustled of yore above light-hearted youths whose bones have crumbled upon bloody battle-fields. The farm-house till recently has been the usual resting-place for visitors. Now, however, the mountain is the property of a gentleman in Liberty, who has improved the winding path that leads from the gap up to the summit, and has placed upon the latter a house that affords excellent temporary accommodation in the matter of shelter and refreshment to the many who wish to spend the night there for the purpose of seeing the sun rise.

The terminus of the carriage-road leaves but a half-hour's walk before us, and, though this zigzags up the back of the mountain, the dense but gradually shrivelling forests that wall us in allow but little of those foretastes of what is to come, that in most mountain-ascents detract somewhat from the splendor of the panorama that is to unfold itself when the summit is gained. The thick foliage, indeed, allows only an occasional peep at masses of mountains to the west and north, and closes in the path till the traveller, emerging from their shade and following for a short space a winding track through solid walls of lichen-covered rock that as effectually block his view, arrives at the door of a solid three-roomed house of stone and wood. Here between him and the blue sky lie piled on one another great boulders of the size of hay-stacks, to whose giddy summit ladders and plank walks guide his steps.

It is not often that a view famous for its surpassing grandeur and the immensity of its range is allowed by nature to reserve its glories in their entirety till

the traveller actually steps without preparation on to her loftiest platform, and to burst thus suddenly upon his sight. When the first shock is over, when our dazzled eyes have ceased to blink and the vast sweep of earth beneath us has ceased to swim and begun to assume a definite shape and coloring, we seem to be standing on the very extremity of that range which to the northward rolls peak after peak into dim obscurity,—to be poised upon the verge of a hideous precipice with which it abruptly terminates, as it were, its southern course, and from whose awful brink we are looking down upon the whole of Eastern Virginia simmering at our feet. Far beneath us the summer winds chase one another over vast seas of woodland, whose myriad leaves whiten beneath their breath and break the awful silence with their unceasing moan. In the cloudless vault of blue above us the buzzard hangs on outspread wings, as if in dreamy contemplation of earth's grovelling hordes. To the left, and behind us, a chaos of mountains, terminating only in the dim outline of the Alleghanies; to the east, in front of us, the fair plains of Old Virginia, unbroken by any interposing barrier, their foreground twinkling with a hundred gleaming roofs and spires and glowing with rich woodland and red fallow, fade into the blue of illimitable distance.

How clearly this mighty backbone severs the State into two divisions, not merely in a geographical sense, but socially and historically! The part that it necessarily played in old colonial days as the western barrier of Anglo-Saxon civilization for half a century, and as a rampart against the Indian, is most forcibly apparent to any one standing upon its summit. To the west is a broken rugged country, pierced by wide valleys, where a thrifty race, of Scotch-Irish and Dutch descent for the most part, cultivate the soil in a manner more akin to their neighbors of Pennsylvania, and graze large herds of cattle upon the well-grassed upland. Splendid barns filled to bursting overlook in many cases dwellings of the most humble description, and

speak of traditions and habits that have about them little of the Southron.

Eastward, the soft expanse that stretches to the rising sun tells the tale of another life, more easy, more generous, more thriftless, and still smarting from the curse of negro slavery that had but little place among the western mountains. In front of us the large county of Bedford spreads out its eight hundred square miles of wood and field, fallow and homestead, mapped out so distinctly that the experienced eye can take in every point—nay, almost every house—of interest. Far upon its northern boundary we can see the gorge where the seething waters of the James burst through the mountain-barrier on which we stand, and can trace the dark shadowy line that, at this distance, marks its course to where the roofs of Lynchburg glisten on the hill-tops, thirty miles away. To the north, and beyond the valley of the James, lies the adjoining Piedmont county of Amherst, while on the far horizon beyond its northern limits the blue mountains of Nelson rear their rounded heads against the sky. Turning eastward again, and following the line of the river beyond Lynchburg, upon the extreme verge of sight the historic soil of Appomattox spreads its faint and shadowy outline and mingles in the sunny haze with the still remoter forests that wave over the rich mineral beds of Buckingham. Travelling southward on a line parallel with the Blue Ridge, and at a range where individual objects become merged into the hazier blue of distance, the heavy clays of Bedford and Piedmont change into the lighter soils of Campbell County and Middle Virginia. To the southeast, a solitary group of mountains, rising out of the plain, look down, some thirty miles away, upon the valley of the Roanoke River, where it washes the boundaries of Pittsylvania, the largest county in Virginia, and waters the greatest tobacco-region in the State.

To the southwest, we look over the counties of Franklin and Roanoke, and see where the Blue Ridge, though to all seeming broken off abruptly where we are standing, rises into the sky once

more as it draws near its junction with the Alleghanies in the wild plateau of Floyd.

Turning about, and facing west and northwest, amid a sea of mountains that stretch across the counties of Botetourt, Rockbridge, Craig, Alleghany, and Bath to the distant Alleghanies, we can here and there in the foreground catch sight of the flashing waters of the Upper James, along whose valleys the scream of the locomotive has but lately superseded the music of the boatman's horn. The little town of Buchanan lies beneath us, not a dozen miles away,—like many other Virginia villages, more venerable than progressive. Local cynics say that it has been "booming" for sixty years, but received a terrible set-back in the freshet of 1877, which washed away fifteen houses and the increase of half a century. Yet Buchanan still booms on, joyous and confident in its three hundred inhabitants, oblivious of the fact that a great canal, and now a railroad, with yet another road in course of construction, have not yet attracted that capital and enterprise for which many a Southern hamlet pines its sleepy life away.

Still farther off, embowered among woods and green meadows and washed by the clear waters of North River, lies the scholastic town of Lexington, where sleep the greatest of the Confederate dead, and whose academic groves, hitherto accessible only upon wheels or horseback, have of late become accustomed to the constant presence of railroad-men and engineers, who are to bring this charming sequestered spot upon the highway between Philadelphia and the South. Right beneath us, too, lies the "Natural Bridge," familiar, on paper, to every school-boy in America. This also has been taken in hand by Northern capitalists, and its primitive conveniences converted into a property worth a million or so of dollars, or in process of being so. There are many portions of the country, of similar extent to that on which we are looking down, more full perhaps of interest, of historic associations, of wealth and population,

but we may fairly question whether there is any easily accessible height of four thousand feet which at one glance commands such a splendid panorama coupled with so much that is of interest in the past, present, and future of the nation's life. A singularly typical and interesting portion of the South lies like a map before us. We do not lay chief stress on colonial landmarks, for this country was an Ultima Thule to the old aristocracy of Middle Virginia and the Eastern Shore, and sparsely settled in those times by hardy yeomen. Large tracts were indeed held by Eastern planters, who, as the annals of more than one fireside relate, found such "quarter places" a useful Botany Bay for unruly younger sons. Jefferson, however, had his second residence of "Poplar Forest" within easy sight of us, on the borders of Bedford and Campbell; and there are many old people living yet who can describe minutely the dress and appearance of the veteran statesman and farmer, as, when boys and girls at school, they used to watch him with awe as he ambled along the country roads. A large watering-establishment raises its garish head among the distant woods, where a decayed village marks the site of a pre-Revolutionary block-house, that, with a court-house and a large settlement of Scotch merchants, once formed the centre of the whole wide district that now pays tribute to Lynchburg. A stone chimney and a heap of rubbish in this same village of New London remains an uncared-for monument of a once rude building where the great Patrick Henry used to sway the rustic juries like reeds before the breath of his powerful eloquence. When I add that Tarleton scampered through its streets, and that Colonel Lynch, of questionable but wide notoriety, had his habitat somewhere in the near neighborhood, I believe all claims to historical importance will have been urged,—if we except the tide of war that in modern times swept rapidly across the scene in the shape of General Hunter's raid on Lynchburg.

On the other hand, if this group of counties which lie within sight of the



Peaks of Otter and acknowledge Lynchburg as their centre cannot boast the memories either social or historical that attach to the now less hopeful regions stretching toward the Atlantic, no portion of Virginia, taken as a whole, possessed prior to the war more generally diffused prosperity of a solid kind. If there were not such a number of pretentious mansions as adorned the hills of Albemarle, Orange, Loudoun, or Fauquier,—if the style of living was, as a rule, of a simpler kind,—on the other hand, substantial homesteads stood as thick as in any portion of the South, with farmers well to do both in land and in stock, who, in the crucial test of war, rendered service of every description to the cause they fought for that was surpassed by no similar area in the Confederacy and equalled perhaps by few.

To an outsider who has watched with the interest of something more than a spectator the whole progress of rural industries under the new *régime*, the whole slow process of adaptation to new conditions, a retrospect of the last decade with a view only to Piedmont Virginia is full of interest. Thousands of pages have of late been written on the "New South" by theorists, by cursory visitors, by political economists, all of whom seem to confine themselves to the cotton-belt and to be firmly imbued with the idea that whatever future good is to accrue to the South must take its rise in the cotton-fields of those lower States, whose owners perhaps continue in a state of financial embarrassment that is unequalled in any other line of agriculture, even in the South. When I speak of Piedmont Virginia as a typical section, I am perhaps hardly correct: it is typical only so far as it offers a greater variety of industry than almost any other portion of the South; and this very fact has possibly something to do with the somewhat shiftless and unadaptable manner in which her farmers for the most part have gone to work to retrieve their lost fortunes.

To begin with,—when the State had fairly settled down again after the war, great bids were made for English immigration. The laborer would not come,

of course, with the negro in the way. The tenant farmer with capital was not at that time in an emigrating mood; but the younger son, the retired army-officer, the gentleman (socially speaking), of all descriptions, good and bad, arrived in considerable numbers, though hardly enough to give sensible aid to the State. Lands were held absurdly high, as many Northern men know to their cost. This was partly due to the inflation of the currency, partly to that Southern optimism that was not then so well understood, and partly, no doubt, to the old values, that were more deeply influenced by their connection with slave-property than either the immigrant or the ex-slave-owner himself was at the time actually aware of. An unhealthy state of hope prevailed, based on the prospective success of systems which time has shown, as common sense might have shown long ago, could not bring back prosperity.

The extent of bricks and mortar upon every farm tempted not only Northerners and Englishmen but even native buyers themselves sometimes to give a double value for land whose profits could not keep body and soul together and the plaster upon the wall at the same time. English naval captains, fresh from the artificial prices and the social prestige of British soil, commuted their half-pay and bought hundreds of acres of worthless land in Middle Virginia that had only been cleared to keep the fast-increasing households of wealthy patriarchs, who extracted their riches from other sources, out of mischief. Bitter recriminations arose. Northerners and Englishmen, assisted by the local land-agents that swarmed like bees, vied with one another in buying up the worthless lands of the State, with the only possible result,—ruin to themselves, if they had no other means, and disaster to the reputation of the country in other lands. With the panic of 1873, however, down came everything, and land, amid the honest protestations of settlers who could not be induced to look beyond the narrow boundaries of their State and to forget that outsiders attached no extra value to their lands because they were

located in the bosom of the "Mother of Presidents," dropped shortly after to about half its former value, and went on steadily falling till about 1877, at which time, and since, settlers have had no genuine cause for complaint, and judicious buyers have had themselves only to blame if they have not made bargains which, all things considered, could hardly be equalled upon the continent from a purely residential aspect. It must be remembered that the owners of lands, and indeed many others too, had anticipated, when things should have righted themselves after the war, a steady advance of real estate under the influence of immigration and improved farming. I have by me a book that was written by an Englishman in the interests of "The Gentleman Emigrant" at that period; and in discussing Virginia, among other fields to which that tide was then and still is in the habit of setting, writing, too, with entirely disinterested motives, the author remarks "that it is morally impossible that Virginia lands, now held at the *low price of from twenty-five to forty dollars per acre, can long be purchased at that figure,*" and would-be emigrants are urged to invest, that they may profit by the speedy rise in real estate looked for by a large majority interested in the South as inevitable. Amid all this inflation of values and overestimation I well remember being almost shocked by hearing a Northern gentleman of intelligence and sagacity, who had resided for some years in the South, declare that Virginia could not enter the lists as a bidder for successful emigration till her lands had dropped to half the value at which her sanguine sons were then offering them, and offering them, too, at what they deemed a sacrifice.

A considerable sprinkling, however, of agricultural immigrants from the North came in those early days, and their almost universal failure must not be attributed solely to the shrinkage in real estate or to the want of harmony that in those times of soreness existed between them and their new neighbors. It is a remarkable and strange phe-

nomenon that the representatives whom the shrewdest and most practical race of people upon earth sent to settle as farmers in the South after the war (I speak of Virginia more particularly because violence and persecution were unknown), in their selection of lands and their mode of managing them surpassed in folly even the English army-officers and Oxford graduates, whose past lives hardly fitted them for a successful career even upon the richest of lands. From this habit of regarding the Southerners as beneath contempt in all practical matters, local advice and experience were totally unheeded; the New-Englander, proud of the business prestige of his race, indulged his passion for fresh conquests over nature with a freedom, in this case, that too often cost him dear, and with a confidence in his own powers that for once was misplaced. His preference for ostensibly cheap lands was the greatest but not the only cause of his failure. A blind determination to apply Northern remedies to soils and conditions which were totally strange to him, coupled with the depreciation of the former fancy values of real estate, aided in the frequent ruin which overtook him.

All these evils, however, have long ceased to be. "Hard pan" was reached four or five years ago. Land-owners tumbled from their high horse, and now bitterly regret that they did not give away to working emigrants the surplus lands they held at twenty or thirty dollars per acre in 1870. A surer foundation for that future prosperity which its dormant wealth and advantageous position insure of necessity for Piedmont Virginia has been arrived at through the ordeal of descent, though the impecuniosity which has more or less accompanied it has been of a trying nature.

In this portion of the South the earlier years of the last decade, with their inflated values and high prices, did much to retard the reformation in agriculture which was so much needed. For some years the old style of farming on a large scale with hired labor, from many temporary causes which space does not admit of our enumerating, yielded fair

returns. False hopes arose in the breasts of farmers that old times were coming back again, with the difference only of free labor. Speaking of some twelve or thirteen years ago, just before the writer's experience of the country commenced, a friend used to say, "My neighbors, with the sustained high prices of tobacco, thought that they were getting rich again, and this county became once more as gay with parties and merry-making generally as at any time before the war."

Immense areas for several years were sown in wheat, and fair crops made on the most indifferent lands by the aid of commercial fertilizers, which, by constant repetition and unfollowed by clover, left great wastes in certain localities burnt up and exhausted. The competition of the Western prairies had not then set at rest forever, as it since has, the question of profits in raising large crops of wheat for market on poor Eastern lands. I use the word "poor" relatively. For the soils of Piedmont Virginia, originally good, and in some cases retaining their goodness by careful culture, are necessarily for the most part in poor heart: the only wonder is that any soil exists that, after a century of senseless ill treatment, can produce what it now does.

With grief unspeakable, dire fate has wrung from the farmers of the Piedmont counties of Virginia the tardy admission that the cultivation of shipping-tobacco on old lands is a broken reed to lean on. Nature has endowed whole counties of poor lands in Middle and Southern Virginia, as in North Carolina, with a capacity for producing a bright leaf by the aid of fertilizers, of a quality that fortunately places beyond the reach of competition the close-living laboring farmers that for the most part produce it, while their timbered lands and unfailing low-grounds will help them out. But the heavy tobacco raised on the richer soils has, from various causes, ceased to pay, and can in future be but an adjunct to more varied industry.

It is a great wrench for the average Virginia farmer to uproot the hereditary traditions of ages and to be compelled to

start life afresh in one of the many branches that lie open to him, but in none of which he is quite at home. In handling the crop with which his race have been associated for two centuries he is a master-workman. His fences may remain uncleared, his stock neglected, his fodder may rot in the fields, his wheat sprout in the shock, but when the crop in which his soul delights requires attention, whether in the plant-bed, in the field, or in the house, no more stirring and skilful operator exists than he. One or two of the Piedmont counties have already abandoned its culture: the hill-sides and mountain-slopes of Albemarle and Orange, wherever suitable, are rapidly being converted into vineyards and orchards, and the tobacco-barn scarcely raises its unsightly head upon the landscape.

Lands are at their lowest in Piedmont Virginia, and living is easy, and there is little danger of starvation, even to farmers exhausted with fruitless attempts to continue in old-time ruts while the gradual change which is overspreading the land takes place. Those that are starting life afresh with a little money repudiate, as a rule, the old "scuffling" business, and turn their attention exclusively to grass and stock, apples, peaches, and grapes, to which branches of industry their country is so admirably adapted, and in which great success has been already achieved by the wise and prudent who looked farther ahead than their neighbors.

The limestone lands of the Valley of Virginia have always been a thriving stock-country. West Virginia, too, when traversed by the railroads now in contemplation, will bring into the markets her unsurpassed timber- and grass-lands.

Piedmont Virginia is blessed with a population the most stationary of any of the branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Emigration westward is so insignificant, when compared with that from the Eastern States, that even in the hard times, which people have reason to hope are over, it has been scarcely perceptible. I have no hesitation in saying that the Vir-

ginian of the plainer orders is far more wedded to his native soil than the Englishman, the Irishman, or the Northerner. With the great wheat-fields of the Northwest there is no intercourse, and the country-people know little or nothing of them. Missouri is the great Western refuge for emigrating Virginians, and Missouri, not being particularly healthy or specially progressive, as a general thing has acted beneficially in creating a certain dread of the West, which, for the sake of the old State, let us hope may long continue.

It does not require a sage, however, to predict that agriculture is going to play a secondary part in the future history of Virginia. The farmer of fifty years hence will exist only to feed the miner and the manufacturer, who are begin-

ning already to make their presence sensibly and beneficially felt in many quarters. The cities are rapidly gaining in wealth, and their merchants are already beginning in many cases to restore and beautify the drooping homesteads of their fathers as country homes for their wives and children in the heats of summer. The capital that comes from the North is no longer in the shape of enthusiastic regenerators of agriculture, but in the bulkier form of combined millions seeking those hidden treasures that Divine Providence would seem almost to have reserved intact against the day when they should be needed to restore the depredations which two centuries of slavery had made upon earth's long-suffering surface.

A. GRANVILLE BRADLEY.

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### INTERCHANGE.

"We cannot live except thus mutually  
We alternate, aware or unaware,  
The reflex act of life."

"SWEET child of the snow-drift, so tenderly simple,  
So tearfully sunny, so modestly gay,  
Whose frown in a moment gives place to a dimple,  
Whose smiles and whose tears meet in magical way,  
Why bringest thou blossoms my gateway to garland,  
Why spreadest a verdurous sheen at my feet,  
Why makest the meadows a marvellous star-land,  
My coming with undisguised rapture to greet?"

"O Juno-like Summer, yet couched on thy roses,  
Whose sweet-scented crimson awaits thee to fold,  
I come from the bloom that the apple discloses  
To fetch thee from Winter thy heirloom of gold.  
He made me the cradle in which I lay covered,—  
Thy soft southern breath blew the cover away;  
Behind me, before me, love ever has hovered,  
And I love's reciprocal law but obey."

MARY B. DODGE.

## SONGS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY.

IT has been asserted that there would be no difficulty in putting together the history of England in its boldest outlines from the songs inspired by the great crises through which the nation has passed. At a very early period there were rude, strong rhymes, which must have been very distasteful to the ruler, as the bitter outcries of the wronged and oppressed; and history occasionally narrates instances of public retaliation. Thus, Henry I.—within a century after the Conquest—terribly punished Luke de Barré "because," said the king to Charles, Earl of Flanders, who interceded for the poet, "he has made me the subject of his satire and held me up to the derision of my enemies in his verses." For this offence the wretched man was condemned to lose his eyesight, and in a paroxysm of agony he burst from the officers and dashed his brains out against a wall.

The history of Roy, the satirist of Cardinal Wolsey, is another instance of the cruelty with which such poets were punished. Again, in 1596, one De-loney was pilloried and imprisoned for ridiculing Queen Elizabeth "in one of his abominable ballets." And Elizabeth, who found herself face to face with the new vigor of the printing-press, had a special statute enacted against such offenders, punishing with the pillory and the loss of their ears "those who wrote sclanderous writings, Rimes, Ballets intending to move and stir Sedition, Discorde, Disentioun, and Rebellon." It was under this law the Puritans suffered. As late even as July, 1763, the *St. James's Chronicle* says, "Yesterday two women were sent to Bridewell, by Lord Bute's order, for singing political ballads before his lordship's door in South Audley Street."

The civil commotions of John's reign, and the peculiar attitude of both Church and commons at that period, found in song a power which we can hardly over-

estimate. In one of the publications of the Camden Society, Mr. Wright has preserved some of these terribly outspoken verses,—noticeably two, the "Song on the Bishops" and the "Song on the Times." Up to Henry III.'s reign all these ballads are written in Latin, showing that they came from the scholarly element, and that even at that day there were bold reformers in the refectories of the monasteries,—men who were the precursors of Erasmus and Rabelais, already laughing at monks and learning to hate Rome. And in this connection it is interesting to remember how many political satirists have been in holy orders,—Mapes, Rabelais, Bishop Still, Swift, Sterne, Sydney Smith, etc.

The grumble against fashions, taxes, and hard times seems to have been a part of English national life. "For ever the fourth penny goes to the king," is the complaining burden of a song in the time of Edward II. English had then become a common vehicle for such songs, and they were circulated by dropping them on the roadside; for it was a perilous task to attack the great, and writers of "scorching sirventes" doubtless remembered the fate of Luke de Barré. Often they were too dangerous to be put on paper: then they took the epigrammatic form, passed from mouth to mouth, and often went on for centuries. Thus, Shakespeare has made us familiar with the rhyme on Richard III.'s government,—

"The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog  
Shall rule all England under the hog."

Humble as these allusions were in a literary point of view, they were potential in a political one: if pointed with truth they never failed, and many a king has been more disgusted with a satirical ballad than with a lost battle.

Ritson says the earliest printed ballad is a political one, made upon the hated



Thomas Cromwell in 1540. How popular this style of song was is proved from the fact that Fairholt has collected a book of songs all levelled at George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and they give us the most vivid picture of the popular life of that time, and of a popular hate directed steadily at one person until it culminated in his murder.

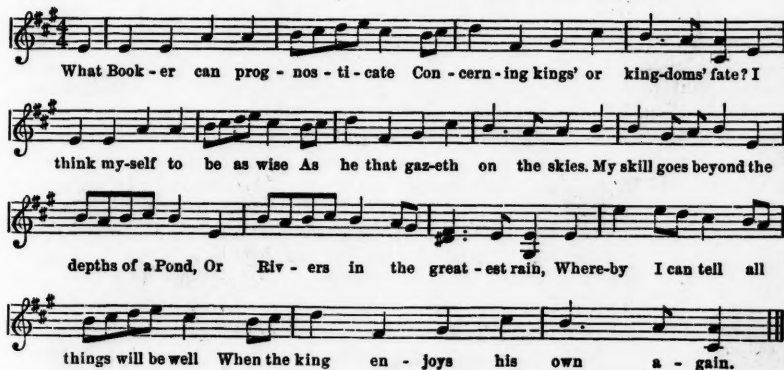
But these were but preludes to the songs of the Civil War. Then commenced a series of political ballads which for personality and power still remain unrivalled. It was a war fought out with pen as well as sword. At the beginning of the struggle, Archbishop Laud was tormented with verses. They were sung at him through the streets, and they pursued him from his palace to the Tower, and until the axe removed him from further offence. Cleveland was the first to draw pen for the king. He is forgotten now, but he was famous enough in his day; and some of his epigrammatic couplets blister like drops of sealing-wax. No Scot has yet forgotten two lines in his satire on that race,—

"Had Cain been a Scot, God would have changed  
his doom,  
Not forced him to wander, but confined him at  
home."

Through the royalist songs we know the personal peculiarities of the public men of those days as thoroughly as we know, through the caricatures of *Punch*, those of Russell, Disraeli, and Gladstone. Cromwell, with his fire-red face and large nose, Colonel Hewson's one eye, and Colonel Pride's vulgarity, are all before us in their habit as they lived.

The most famous song of this period was, undisputably, Martin Parker's "When the king shall enjoy his own again." It was written when the fortunes of Charles were on the wane, and it served, as it was intended, to buoy up the hopes of his supporters. All through the Commonwealth it was the rallying-hymn of the Cavaliers and the watchword of the king's party; and Walter Scott, in putting its closing lines continually into the mouth of his Cavalier Wildrake, exaggerated no historic truth. Much of its success was doubtless due to the fine air to which it was sung, of which the following is an exact copy. The words have evidently in mind the faith placed on astrological predictions, and "Booker," "Pond," "Rivers," were the astrologers and almanac-makers of the period.

"WHEN THE KING SHALL ENJOY HIS OWN AGAIN."



What Book-er can prog-nos-ti-cate Con-cern-ing kings' or king-doms' fate? I

think my-self to be as wise As he that gaz-eth on the skies. My skill goes beyond the

depths of a Pond, Or Riv-ers in the great-est rain, Where-by I can tell all

things will be well When the king en-joys his own a-gain.

It was revived in the time of the Pretender, acquiring new power from its traditional associations and success, and it never went out of use with the English Jacobins until the last hopes of the

Stuarts expired. Nor did its triumphs cease here, for it was endlessly altered in the interests of the house of Hanover.

The Puritans, however, had the best of the ballad-warfare, and, independently

of quality, the royalist songsters were beaten by numbers. It is true that Butler, author of "*Hudibras*," was a host in himself: his verses did much to render the Puritans hateful and ridiculous; he raised against the party an extinguishable laughter, and did more than any other single man to turn the current of popular feeling against them. Coarseness enough there was on both sides, but it is impossible not to be struck by the force and earnestness and strong convictions impressed on the worst Puritan doggerel; while the Cavalier ballads are at the height of their inspiration when laughing at the ruffs and cloaks of their adversaries, or when anticipating the roystering time "when the king shall enjoy his own again."

Charles II. appreciated wit, even when it was levelled at himself, yet he was not averse to retaliation; and it is amusing to find Evelyn telling us, *apropos* of his intended history of the Dutch war, that "his majesty told him to make it a *little keen*, for that the Hollanders had very unhandsomely abused him in their pictures and ballads." His English subjects, after the first enthusiasm of his reception, treated him no better. He was rallied and quizzed in ballads, and fairly peppered with epigrams, while Andrew Marvell, that "stout old Roman," directed against him some of his sharpest verses. The following is chosen not because it is by any means the best, but because its length admits of transcription. It is a supposed dialogue between the horse at Wool-church and the horse at Charing Cross:

*Wool-church.* To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the throne,

And the king's wicked life—say, God there is none.

*Charing Cross.* That he should be called Defender of the Faith,  
Who believes not a word that the word of God saith.

*Wool-church.* That the duke should turn traitor, and that church deny  
For which his own father a martyr did die.

*Charing Cross.* Though he changed his religion,  
I hope he's so civil

Not to think his own father has gone to the —.

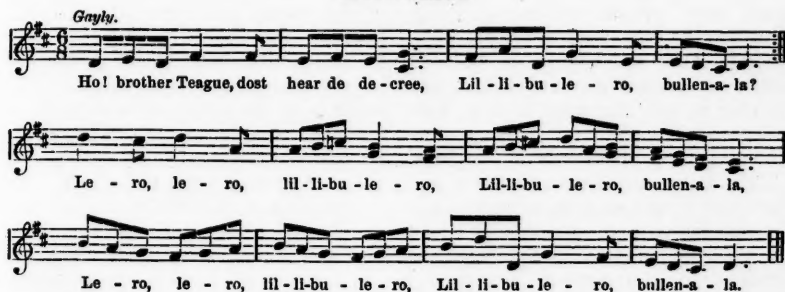
In the ballads of Charles II.'s time it is easy to trace confidence sinking to fear, and fear to despair, as the old

Cavaliers found themselves neglected for the most worthless characters. Then the satire which had been so unsparingly dealt out to his foes was turned against the king and court. What life was at that court, let the pages of Evelyn and Pepys tell us as decently as they can, for the ballad-makers detail it too unblushingly to deserve the general eye. Yet they prepared the way for James's dethronement and the success of William of Orange.

It was against James and his popish friends that *Lillibulero*, the most famous of all English political ballads, was levelled,—a slight, silly thing, but it whistled James out of three kingdoms. About the time it appeared, according to a letter in that important historical collection the Southwell Manuscripts (now dispersed), "an Irish song was much sung by the lower orders of people, in which there was a great repetition of the words '*lere, lere, bulere*,'—religion, religion, your religion,"—and *Lillibulero* is doubtless a parody. "*Lilli bulero bullen alah*" are said to have been words of distinction used among the Irish papists in the massacre of Protestants in 1641. They are, according to Mr. David Murphy, a fine Irish scholar, an English imitation of Irish words equivalent to, "A foreign soldier: strike him down." But, however the apparently silly title and the really silly words originated, the song had more effect in England than the *Philippics* of Demosthenes in Greece, or the speeches of Cicero in the Roman Senate. It became a great political agent. Bishop Burnet says, "It made an impression on the army that cannot be imagined by them that saw it not. The whole forces, and at last the whole people, in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And never had so slight a thing so great an effect." It was as fatal to the Stuarts as the wail of the banshee to the O'Haras or the O'Neills. The author of the words was undoubtedly Lord Wharton, and it is said his younger brother, in the disguise of a player, sang them before James,—a story not very probable. The gay, beautiful air to

which it owed its power is one of Henry Purcell's masterpieces. It has a strange haunting power, and lingers long on the ear:

## LILLIBULERO.



After James's expulsion, "Lillibulero" kept its hold on the popular heart, and it became the musical watchword of the Orange camp, as "When the king shall enjoy his own again" was of the Jacobite camp. Sterne has in some degree extended its fame to our own times by making "my uncle Toby" whistle it in and out of season.

Another famous song of James II.'s reign was the one made on Trelawney, one of the seven bishops who were committed to the Tower in 1688 for their defence of the Protestant faith. Trelawney was of a very ancient and beloved Cornish family, and the giant peasants and miners of that county espoused his cause with a fervor which Macaulay vividly describes. "All over the country," says the historian, "the peasants chanted a ballad, of which the burden is still remembered:

And shall Trelawney die? and shall Trelawney die?

The twenty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why."

The poem itself has not been preserved; but one with the same refrain obtained such currency in Cornwall in the first half of the present century that it was supposed to be the original, and was published as such by the Percy Society in 1846. It was, however, the composition of Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, the eccentric vicar of Morwenstow, in whose life, by S. Baring-Gould, a version is printed differing in

some particulars from that which is here given:

A good sword and a trusty hand,  
A merry heart and true:  
King James's men shall understand  
What Cornish men can do.

Out spake the captain brave and bold,—  
A merry wight was he,—  
Though London Tower were Michael's hold,  
We'll set Trelawney free.

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,  
The Severn is no stay,  
And side by side, and hand by hand,  
And who shall bid us nay?

And when we come to London wall,—  
A pleasant sight to view,—  
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all!  
Here are better men than you.

Trelawney he's in keep, in hold,  
Trelawney he may die,  
But twenty thousand Cornish men  
Will know the reason why!

At this time also sprang into existence those Jacobite songs of Scotland, which are so exquisite that the Stuarts may be pardoned some of their faults for having inspired them. They filled many a legion for James and his descendants, and kept their cause alive in Scotland when it was dead in every other land. Even yet they stir the heart like a trumpet, and make us tenderly forget the sins of the family in its misfortunes. Chief among them all is that magical gathering-song, "Bonnie Dundee." The magnetism of both words and music it is impossible to overrate, and it has an added charm in the splendid and almost impossible loyalty of that heroic Dundee

with whom it is associated. Nor has it yet lost its power over any gathering of unprejudiced Scotchmen, as those who have heard Mr. Wilson sing it in public must have noticed, while the Whig families hate it as "ane o' the deil's ain sangs." Only a few years ago a noted writer asked the Duke of Argyle's piper to play it, and the man replied, with haughty indignation, "It is nane o' the Campbells' way to gie praise to the deil."

About the same time Ireland also furnished a song of historic interest and political importance,—the famous ballad of "Boyne Water." Although the battle of the Boyne was little more than a skirmish, it was really one of the most important fights in English history. Sixty thousand men met there to contest the crown of England, headed by the claimants in person,—James II. and William of Orange. As a battle, it is only James's panic that makes it memorable. William won an easy victory, "and a mighty creditable thing it was surely to that same King William, and something to boast of," said an Irish gentleman, commenting on the victory,— "a mighty creditable thing indeed, to turn out against a man's own father-in-law and to beat him." It is still the favorite Orange song of Ireland, and an Irish Roman Catholic resents almost as a personal insult an allusion to "the crossing of the water," which words, in some form or other, are the burden of the song.

The "Shan Van Vocht," though less generally known, has had a far deeper and wider significance and influence. The Shan Van Vocht—the Crippled Old Woman—is an allegorical figure of Ireland, very dear to the peasant heart, and Mr. Croker says the singing of this song has caused more than one military court of inquiry. The last verse indicates why it is so treasonably objective :

And will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
Will Ireland then be free?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht,  
Yes, Ireland shall be free,  
From the centre to the sea:  
Then hurrah for liberty!  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

"Rouse, Hibernians," was the famous rallying-song of the United Irishmen in the rebellion of 1798. "The Croppy Boy," "Priest Dear," "The Wearing of the Green," and many others, have a fatal attraction and a dread significance. Indeed, the political songs of Ireland have a peculiarly fiery eloquence. It seems as if her wrongs were too great to be stated soberly, and were most naturally poured forth in song. It may be noted that those written about the time of the French Revolution contain frequent allusions to the bloody "*Ça ira*."

The quarrel between High Church and Low Church in Queen Anne's reign, and the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, furnished the ballad-writers of that day with their principal subjects. The interest taken by the populace in this fiery preacher is very remarkable. His extreme bigotry, ignorance, vulgarity and impudence were probably the secret, for the enthusiasm for the doctor increased in intensity the lower it sank in society; and Hogarth has amusingly hinted at his popular supporters in one scene of his "Harlot's Progress," where the woman has decorated her dirty garret with cheap prints of Captain Macheath and Dr. Sacheverell.

Dryden represents the political poetry of his age. His satires are like a brand in the pillory. The most finished pen-portraits of Burnet and Macaulay are faint when compared with the bold outlines and vivid colors of Dryden's poetical pictures of Shaftesbury, Bates, Buckingham, Seymour, and Monmouth. And they swayed popular feeling and affected the government in a degree which makes us wonder again with Bishop Burnet at the great effects of such slight causes.

With the advent of George II., political caricatures began to assist political ballads, and under George III. they became an influence deprecated and dreaded by the government. Bute, North, Fox, and Pitt were compelled to admit their power. Their weight was then with the Whigs, and the Tory ministry winced so keenly under the force of illustrated political ballads that, in the autumn of 1797, George

Canning and a band of young Tory writers started the *Anti-Jacobin Review*. Canning's famous ballad of "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder" has still a wonderful charm. The knife-grinder, with his "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir," is as widely known as our nursery-rhymes. We criticise him, we pick him to pieces, as children do their toys, to get at the charm; we say, "You are not so wonderful, after all;" and yet we read it and read it with an untiring delight. His honest reality, and his natural preference for beer to a talk on philanthropy and liberty, did more at that time to prevent England from sympathizing with the French Revolutionists than any parliamentary argument or elaborated reasoning.

Coming toward our own time, we must certainly award to the Corn-Law Rhymes of Ebenezer Elliott a political influence beyond calculation. Such ballads as "The Creed of the Canny," "O Lord, How Long?" "Drone vs. Worker," and "How Different!" are combustibles,—burning words that tyrants quake to hear. Gerald Massey's Chartist songs have cost England something, and have certainly set the people a step forward which will never be retaken. The opening line of that fierce lyric, "Our fathers are praying for pauper pay,"—

Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongue,—

indicates their power and general tenor.

In our own day the song-writer is both a political and a social reformer. We need only consider the influence of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and how the great strikes that shake England to her centre are constantly inaugurated and kept alive by the ballads circulated through the mills.

The universality of political ballads is as remarkable as their influence. All nations, under every form of government, have developed them; but we have only space to notice the most remarkable ones of the French and German peoples. The French are a singing nation. They sang through the civil war of the Ar-

magnacs, during the League, the Fronde, and the Regency, and it was to the sound of songs that the monarchy fell to pieces at the close of the eighteenth century; but it is only the songs of the latter period that have a general interest.

The supreme tragedy of the Revolution was inaugurated with a song. On October 1, 1789, the royal family were present at a great banquet given by the guards at the Versailles theatre. As they left it, a famous aria from Grétry's opera of "Richard Cœur-de-Lion" was sung, and its words being applied to Louis XVI. wound up the enthusiasm of the guests to such a pitch of frenzy that when the report of it reached Paris it caused the immediate march of the Poissardes, with Maillard at their head, and all the deplorable scenes which followed.

The famous—or rather infamous—"Carillon National" was the favorite air of Marie Antoinette. It was adapted to the Revolutionary song of "Ça ira," and the hapless queen was destined to hear it sung as a cry of rage and hatred against herself. It pursued her from Versailles to her cell in the Conciergerie, startled her on her way to trial, and was probably the last sound she heard as she lay bound under the guillotine. The poetry is poor, but it has an inexpressibly insolent, triumphant tone, and it contains Scripture adaptations shocking to our ears. Dedit, the writer of the most popular version, sang it himself at the Café des Arts on Sunday, July 18, 1790. Then Deputy Gourdin, in a passion of excitement, sprang into the orchestra and cried out, "Brothers in arms, and brave citizens! M. Dedit has just been crowned by your applause. I move that he be declared the patriot author and national poet." The proposal was ratified by thunders of applause. The following is perhaps the least objectionable verse:

Nos ennemis confus en restent là,  
Et nous allons chanter *Alléluia*!  
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.  
En chantant une chansonnette  
Avec plaisir on dira,  
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.



Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète,  
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.  
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira,  
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!

As matters became worse, the atrocious "Carmagnole" threw the "Carillon" partly into the shade. It made its appearance when Louis XVI. was consigned to the Temple. The air is very exciting, and became a favorite military quickstep. It was sung between the acts at the theatres, and still more frequently by the infuriated mob around the guillotine. The following lines will indicate its character:

Fuyez, fuyez! il en est temps!  
La guillotine vous attend.  
Nous vous raccoireirons,  
Vos têtes tomberont.  
Dansons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son! vive le son!  
Dansons la carmagnole,  
Vive le son du canon!

The "Carmagnole" was subsequent to the "Marseillaise," which may be regarded as the chief political song of France. There have been many tales and much misconception about this famous song, but the facts are the following. In 1792, Louis XVI. declared war against Austria, and there was a necessity for more men to defend Strasburg. The mayor of the city asked an officer of engineers stationed at Strasburg, Rouget de Lisle, to write a song which would help to arouse the patriotism of the people. The young man, that same night, composed both the words and the music of the "Marseillaise," the inspiration being one, for sometimes the words were in advance of the music, and sometimes the music was in advance of the words. Rouget de Lisle little dreamed of the fierce passions and the terrible deeds which his song would evoke. He considered it a loyal and patriotic anthem, and the day after its composition it was rehearsed by the king's soldiers and produced an astounding effect. The mayor had asked for six hundred men, and nine hundred immediately offered themselves.

Of Rouget de Lisle's loyalty there is no doubt. He was deprived of his rank for refusing to take the oath after the 10th of August; and during the Reign

of Terror, when his song was on every lip, he was in prison, and would have gone to the guillotine with it in his ears, but happily, before his turn came, the 9th Thermidor set him, with many others, free. Neither did he call it the "Marseillaise." It had done bloody work before the passionate men of Marseilles entered Paris singing it. During the Empire, Rouget de Lisle was on half-pay; and in 1830, when seventy years old, he was pensioned by Louis Philippe.

The "Chant du Départ" appeared in 1794. It was written by Joseph Chénier, brother to the unfortunate poet and martyr André Chénier, who perished on the scaffold. Both the words and the electrifying music by Méhul were improvised amid the confusion of a crowded *salon*. It was welcomed with a frenzy not conceivable by this age and country; and in every insurrection or revolution France has since experienced, this song, with the "Marseillaise," is the first to spring to a Frenchman's lips. It is really a wonderful composition,—one in which mothers, wives, old men, boys, and young girls all have a voice. It is too long to quote entire, but the opening verse and the one allotted to the boys may speak for its spirit and character:

Great Victory sings as she points us the way;  
Our steps Freedom guideth aright;  
From the North to the South the war-trumpet's  
bray  
Hath sounded the signal of fight.

*Chorus of Soldiers.*

Now tremble, ye foemen of France,—  
Kings, whom pride and whom carnage un-  
nerve,—  
As the sovereign people advance,  
Down, down to the death you deserve!

*The Boys.*

Of Barra, of Viala we envy the lot,—  
Triumphant they fought and they bled.  
The craven, a century old, liveth not; .  
The patriot never is dead.  
We are boys, but a boy may be brave;  
Lead us on to resist tyranny.  
Let child be the name of the slave,  
Let man be the name of the free.

*Chorus of Soldiers.*

Now tremble, ye foemen of France,—etc.

The finest German political songs had their birth when Thiers began, in 1841, to stir up France to war with Germany. Then it was that Arndt's wonderful

"War-Song" mustered the people of the Fatherland as one man. It is a cry of defiance and vengeance that has never been equalled. It opens with a passionate declaration that France has provoked and forced on them the alternative of the battle-field :

They choose it. Then, patience of Germany, break.

From the Belt to the Rhine beat the drum.  
The debt they have owed us so long—we will take.  
Up, Frenchmen! Bestir you! We come.

To the clashing of swords and the tilting of lances

We'll lead you the wildest and bloodiest dances,  
And shout, "To the Rhine! Cross the river!  
Advance!

All Germany, on—into France!"

My own Fatherland, my brave Germany,—on!

We'll sing them a terrible strain  
Of what ages ago their vile policy won,—  
Of Strasburg, and Metz, and Lorraine.  
They shall hand it all back to the uttermost mite,

Since for life or for death they compel us to fight:

So shout, "To the Rhine! Cross the river!  
Advance!

All Germany, on—into France!"

About the same time appeared the famous "Rhine Song" of Niklas Becker. It was not in any sense as grand a song as Arndt's, but it happily and rhythmically expressed the fixed determination of the German heart to keep the Rhine against the power of France, and its effect was miraculous. It was set to music by seventy different composers; and its success provoked DeMusset to reply in some scornful verses, beginning,—

We have had it already, your German Rhine;

We have held it in our sway.

Can the singing so loud of a trifling rhyme

Wipe the proud, deep marks away

Which our horse-hoofs trod in your gore-wet clay?

In her late struggle Germany had little need for fresh songs: every feeling that culminated in it had been surging and boiling in the German heart for three-fourths of a century. Indeed, the most popular song, the one which stirred the masses to a pitch of frenzy, the watch-word of the whole war of 1870, was that wonderful "Watch on the Rhine," written as far back as 1847 by Max Schneckenburger, a busy, energetic merchant. He died years before his song attained its world-wide fame. But in 1870 a poor

but clever musician set it to a grand melody, and all Germany instantly adopted it as its war-song. The composer was raised from poverty to comfort and honor, and from one end of the land to the other every voice was singing,—

The Rhine is safe while German hand  
Can draw and wield the battle-brand,  
While strength to point a gun remains,  
Or life-blood runs in German veins.

Dear Fatherland, untroubled be:

Thy Rhine-Watch stands true, firm, and free.

The wind-tossed banners proudly fly;

While runs the river sound the cry,

"We all will guard with heart and hand

The German Rhine for German land."

Dear Fatherland, untroubled be:

Thy Rhine-Watch stands true, firm, and free.

However, the last war was by no means poor in singers: M. Moltke, Wilhelm Herz, Ferdinand Freiligrath, and others, contributed songs whose influence at that time was of incalculable political importance, and which have become part and parcel of that rich inheritance of song that so nobly interprets the intense love of freedom and unaffected simplicity of the German character.

America, with a national life of little more than one century, has produced more than one song of potential and wide-spread influence. Like "Lillibulero," "Yankee Doodle" is weighted with words of the silliest character, but it has been a conquering inspiration in three wars. The troublous years between 1860 and 1865 brought forth "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," and many others whose power can hardly be over-estimated. And time will give to many more of our songs a preciousness they do not now possess. The historian of 2000 will from them gather the popular feeling of our day, and our descendants will read them as we read those of Cromwell's Protectorate. They will reflect on the extravagance of our party politics, the lies we told of each other, our furious personalities, our social troubles and mistakes. And, like us also, they will remember how all traces of these fights pass away like the snow which supplied last year's snow-balls, leaving the nation, after all, as great-hearted and as whole-hearted as ever.

AMELIA E. BARR.

## MRS. WITHERELL'S MISTAKE.

"CHARLES C. HUMPHREY, M.D., Philadelphia."

That was the entry on the hotel-register. Mrs. Witherell scanned it critically through her eye-glass while the busy clerk's attention was diverted as he sorted out the mail. "A good bold hand," she muttered. "The 'M.D.' of course is to let us know he is open to a chance fee. Humphrey,—Humphrey,—there used to be Humphreys in Germantown, —a Judge Humphrey: or was it Houghton?—What! only one letter for me? Thanks.—Come, Sam."

But Sam was already half-way to the beach with his sand-shovel, whither his grandmother followed him, and, having engaged him in the engrossing task of digging a hole through to China, she seated herself upon a neighboring log of drift-wood to read her letter.

"Humphrey,—Humphrey,—I'm sure I've run across people of that name somewhere who were worth while. At any rate, I like his looks, and— But we will wait," she concluded, languidly tearing open the envelope and reading as follows:

"MY DEAR MRS. WITHERELL,—I arrived home quite safely, and, having just finished a letter to Emily, take the opportunity to say a word to you to express again my gratitude for your offering so kindly to take charge of her. She was getting so much good from the sea-air that I hated the thought of bringing her back to the city, and thus your offer to look after her was most timely and welcome. If she can only be kept for a while free from all excitement or fatigue, I am in hopes that she will regain her health.

"I find matters here not so bad as I feared (Emily will explain), and therefore hope very soon to return and relieve you of responsibility.

"Very truly and gratefully yours,  
"ELIZABETH BELDEN."

This letter will serve to explain the sudden interest inspired by a strange young physician in a matron of fifty. Mrs. Witherell had unexpectedly become a chaperon. What it does not explain is how Mrs. Belden ever came to intrust her daughter to Mrs. Witherell's care; for, when it is added that these two ladies had only known each other a matter of three weeks, every feminine critic will infallibly pronounce it a rash and ill-advised proceeding. Yet, as will presently appear, Mrs. Belden had acted with at least ordinary prudence.

Mrs. Belden and Mrs. Witherell had, it is true, met as strangers at the hotel table, but already their acquaintance had ripened almost to intimacy,—and for the best of all reasons: their whole previous lives had been preparatory to this acquaintance; they had simply obeyed the universal instinct by which kind detects kind the world over, and every mother's son straightway recognizes and patronizes his inferior, recognizes and toadies his superior, and recognizes and propitiates his equal.

Mrs. Belden and Mrs. Witherell had directly recognized in each other such an equality in fortune and position and such a similarity in tastes and habits as are compatible with good fellowship. In three weeks of the indolent, kill-time life at the sea-shore hotel they had found opportunity to compare notes on past experiences, to discover many points of sympathy and interest, and various common acquaintances; and thus it was with entire confidence, when she was suddenly called home by illness in her family, that Mrs. Belden intrusted her daughter to the charge of her new acquaintance.

And indeed Mrs. Witherell seemed in every way to deserve the confidence. A widow of middle age, with dignified person, excellent manners, and matured judgment, she promised to make an ideal chaperon. It is enough to say

here that in the main she fulfilled this promise. She justified Mrs. Belden's choice to all intents and purposes. Her intents and purposes were certainly unimpeachable. If, notwithstanding all this, she sought for impossible ends and achieved a farcical result, it was due to no lack of foresight and intelligence on her part, but simply to a pre-existing entanglement of circumstances of which she was unconscious.

Under the indolent, amiable languor which absence of care had engendered, Mrs. Witherell was in reality an energetic, ambitious woman, with talents for leadership and a thirst for action. She had managed her own affairs for some years. She had successfully married off her own two daughters, and she had the natural longing of an able person to exercise latent and unrecognized powers. Nothing, therefore, could have been more opportune to her need than this unexpected demand for her services. She undertook the charge with alacrity, and characteristically felt herself inspired not only with a harmless negative sense of responsibility, but with a positive and even mischievous desire to turn to some profitable account the unusual grace and beauty of her charge.

It was, therefore, with a grateful little thrill of interest that, on coming down to tea one evening, she found a comely young man seated opposite them at the table.

Mrs. Witherell was far too experienced to betray this interest, or even exhibit any consciousness of the stranger's presence. But an observing woman sees a great deal without looking, and Mrs. Witherell apparently saw enough after two days' circumspect observation to warrant her on the third morning in bowing across the table and exchanging salutations. Indeed, it would have been difficult any longer gracefully to ignore the stranger, for the enterprising Sam, having just become aware of his presence, proceeded at once to scrape an acquaintance without scruple or formality. "You been fishing yet?" he asked suddenly, as he critically studied the newcomer.

"Not yet," returned the stranger guardedly.

"Don't you like fishing?"

"Sometimes."

"You can catch splendid cunners over on the point."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Bill Davis caught a five-pounder."

Interrupted here for a moment by a whispered admonition from his grandmother, he presently continued, "If you'll hire a boat and take me out, I'll show you the place. I've spent all my pocket-money, and grandma won't give me any more, or I'd hire the boat."

At this point, Mrs. Witherell, by dint of vigorous and authoritative interference, succeeded in repressing further conversation; but at dinner it was renewed with alarming freedom and candor. The ladies had scarcely taken their seats when they were electrified by the triumphant announcement from Sam, as he beamed knowingly on their new neighbor, "We've found out your name."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," continued the terrible infant before his astounded grandparent could recover her breath. "It's Dr. Humphrey. Grandma hunted it up on the book."

There was a moment of general paralysis. The young doctor, with demure face but dancing eyes, flashed a look across at Emily. She blushed, and looked hysterically down at her plate. Neither actually smiled, and it proved a triumph of breeding. Mrs. Witherell, however deeply mortified, was too much a woman of the world to yield to discomfiture on so small an occasion. On the contrary, she adroitly turned it to good purpose by establishing at once an *entente cordiale* which might otherwise have been the toilful labor of weeks. "Why, yes, Dr. Humphrey," she interposed, with an easy and half-laughing explanation, "I do know your name; and, since I am so unceremoniously forced to it, let me explain that I have an idle habit of looking over the new arrivals when I go to the office to get our

mail, and thus learned your name among the others. I was so indiscreet as to mention my discovery before too attentive an audience, and have been punished, as you see. Pray let me apologize for the liberty I took; and, that I may retain no unfair advantage of you, allow me further to introduce myself as Mrs. Witherell."

It will be noted that Emily was not included in this introduction. It was only after an interval of two or three days, during which she assiduously cultivated the doctor's acquaintance herself, that Mrs. Witherell at length took an opportunity of quietly making the two known to each other. Then she performed the ceremony of introduction with a suddenly-remembering, half-apologetic air, as if making amends for an oversight. The receipt of a letter from a friend in Philadelphia, containing the following sentence, may have had something to do with her action:

"To be sure we know Dr. Charles Humphrey very well. He is a great favorite in society here, and in every way a fine fellow. As to his 'circumstances,' I only know generally that he is said to have had remarkable success in his profession, that he has already become an authority in his specialty of nervous diseases, and acquired an unusually large practice for so young a man; besides all which, he is the only son of wealthy parents."

This endorsement of her own favorable impressions certainly justified Mrs. Witherell in furthering an acquaintance which seemed in every way desirable. Dr. Humphrey, however, although plainly not insensible to the beauty of his young neighbor, betrayed nevertheless a lack of enthusiasm in following up the acquaintance which disappointed the chaperon. It was in vain that the latter resorted cautiously and tentatively to various familiar feminine tactics: the doctor, while amiably responsive to ordinary conversational overtures, remained urbanely distant to any nearer approaches.

But Mrs. Witherell was not a novice. It is quite unlikely that she expected di-

rect and easy success. At any rate, she showed herself undismayed by obstacles. Accordingly, she rubbed up her eye-glass, settled back in her easy-chair, and busied herself with a little closer study of the two young people before her.

The first fruit of this study was gathered from a little conversation she had one morning with Emily, as they were sitting on the piazza: Dr. Humphrey had just left them.

"The doctor is decidedly a handsome man," said Mrs. Witherell, studying his retreating figure: "he has a distinguished face and an excellent carriage, which is of prime importance in a man."

"Ye-es," said Emily, looking up, as if just making the discovery:

"He has, moreover, what very few handsome men do have," continued Mrs. Witherell, taking some fancy-work from her pocket and adjusting the needles; "and that is an expression of force and vigor. He looks like one born to success; and, indeed, I am told he has already taken a high stand in his profession."

"Indeed! How splendid! Where did you learn that beautiful stitch, Mrs. Witherell?"

"Oh, 'tis as old as the hills, my dear," returned the latter, holding out her work for inspection and regarding searchingly the fair, unconscious face that bent over it. Evidently not satisfied with her inspection, however, she presently returned to the charge: "Don't you like to hear the doctor talk, Emily?"

"Oh, yes, ever so much. I think he is the nicest person down here,—except you and me, of course."

"He is always entertaining," pursued Mrs. Witherell, intent on her point, and watchful of the effect of her words.

"Yes, indeed; he seems to know no end of things, and he tells such charming stories. That makes me think of our story: do let us finish it this afternoon! I will go and get the book."

Mrs. Witherell dropped her eye-glass as her companion withdrew, and fixed her eyes with a reflective squint upon the far-off horizon. The discovery she



had just made added very much to her perplexity. The mutual and unmistakable indifference of these young people to each other was unnatural.

Emily soon returned with the book and began to read. Occupied with her puzzle, Mrs. Witherell gave little heed. Her keen eyes were fixed in absorbed attention upon the reader. Presently her face brightened; her meditation had evidently not been in vain. The slight figure and delicate face before her may have furnished the suggestion.

"Emily," she cried emphatically, "it is all wrong!"

"Why so?" asked the astonished reader. "It may be, but we cannot tell yet."

"Oh, I do not mean the book, my dear; I don't care anything about that. I mean you!"

"I!"

"Yes; it's all a mistake your sitting mewed up in the house here the whole time reading novels and writing interminable letters. You're not getting a bit better. You're losing ground. You ought to be out of doors, knocking about."

"But," pleaded Emily, with the positive air of an invalid, "I cannot. It tires me almost to death to walk; I should never sleep a wink if I did."

"But you do not sleep now."

"Oh, yes, I do,—a great deal,—fully half the night, usually."

"But that is not enough; and I think it can be helped. I have a mind to consult Dr. Humphrey about it."

"No! no indeed! you must not do that! I wouldn't have him for a physician on any account."

"Why not, my dear? He has made nervous disorders a special study."

"Oh, he is too young, and I know he couldn't do anything for me. Our doctor says nothing can be done, but that in time I shall outgrow it all."

Mrs. Witherell withheld the answer that rose to her lips, and said merely, "I devoutly hope you will, my dear."

A less resolved and energetic woman might here have quietly relinquished an undertaking which already bristled with difficulties and in which she had

so little personal concern. To Mrs. Witherell an obstacle was only an irritant which straightway aroused the latent energy necessary for its overthrow, and we have reason to believe that it was precisely here that she became for the first time deeply interested in her purpose. Happily, there is no occasion to speculate upon what she might have done, for chance came to her aid. An accident occurred which, in a moment, seemed to clear the way.

One afternoon, as she was sitting with Emily upon the piazza, a tumultuous throng of men and boys suddenly turned a neighboring corner and approached the hotel. They seemed to be much excited, and were crowded about a central object of interest. As they came nearer, this proved to be the lifeless body of a man.

"Drowned!" cried one of the crowd in answer to the query of a by-stander.

Mrs. Witherell turned quickly to shield Emily from the shocking sight. It was too late. She had already seen and recognized in the livid face and dripping figure one of their fellow-boarders. Uttering a cry of horror, she instantly swooned. Mrs. Witherell promptly applied the necessary restoratives, and presently had her carried upstairs. She soon returned to consciousness, but the shock she had received threatened serious results. Toward evening Mrs. Witherell became alarmed, and, Dr. Humphrey being the only physician in the house, she had no alternative but to summon him. He had just left the bedside of the drowned man, whom, after several hours of exhausting labor, he had succeeded in resuscitating. He entered the room pale and quiet, looked at his patient indifferently, learned the cause of her illness, and prescribed a simple opiate. In the excitement attendant upon snatching a man back from the clutches of death, the swooning-fit of a pretty girl appeared not to take much hold on his interest.

The next morning all was changed. The drowning man had become a commonplace convalescent. Emily had developed into an invalid. She had not slept. She was plainly unable to sit up.

The doctor called, and, after a few words, sat down and regarded his patient attentively. For the first time a look of interest began to dawn on his face,—a look that was not lost on Mrs. Witherell.

For half an hour he remained engaged in an easy, rambling, and apparently indifferent conversation. The conversation was really a masked battery of questions. When he withdrew, Mrs. Witherell made some pretext to follow into the hall, where she directly began to give him an account of her charge. The doctor checked her by saying impatiently, "I know it; I know it all, ma'am; she has given me the whole case."

"She—when?" asked the astonished chaperon.

"Just now."

"Here? this morning?"

"Certainly."

"Why, you have been talking about books."

"Books! pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the doctor, in a little outburst of irritation: "that was only the twaddle I employed to draw out from her how she had been wasting her life and ruining her health studying foreign languages and science and such rubbish, working at her cursed worsted, and practising upon her infernal piano."

Mrs. Witherell seemed not at all shocked at the doctor's strong language, nor, indeed, sensible of the sudden change in his tone from the social deference of yesterday to the professional authority of to-day.

"She has further let it appear," continued the doctor, "that she cannot ride, swim, row, walk, or do anything that a human being ought to do,—that she is, in short, simply another victim of the American conservatory system. The fashionable phrase—you may have heard it—is nervous prostration."

"True, true; I entirely agree with you," replied Mrs. Witherell in a low tone, and with a glance at the half-open door behind her. "I should say to you that I am only accidentally in charge of her for the time being, and have known her but a very short time. However, I have already seen enough to

assure me that you are quite right. In fact, she came down here upon advice to try the sea-air, having tried nearly everything else. I wished to consult you, but she was unwilling. I have no authority, you understand, to interfere; but she is a lovely girl. I grow more and more interested in her every day. It is such a crying pity. What do you think? can anything be done for her? You see, she is very young yet, and that must be to her advantage. What would you advise?"

"A little common sense."

"Why, we all, of course, flatter ourselves that we have an abundance of that. But she has got beyond that, I fear, some time ago. What we need now is a little extraordinary and professional sense."

"But you say she is here under advice."

"Not directly; that is, they have a family physician, I suppose: I really do not know. At any rate, what she needs now is special treatment. In the absence of her mother I shall take the responsibility to—in short, I wish you to undertake the charge of her."

The doctor paused a moment and looked at the floor, saying at length, as he turned to go, "As you please: you must be the judge of your own authority."

It will be unnecessary to give the *rationale* of Dr. Humphrey's system. It will be enough to mark results. Mrs. Witherell sat by, with busy eyes and busy thoughts but idle tongue, and watched the charm work. Her proximate concern was, of course, for Emily's health, but it was so merged in the larger if more remote anxiety for the success of other hopes that it may be doubted if she could nicely distinguish them. Her identification of the two questions may have been rather hasty, but it found some color of reason in the fact that the former indifference between the two members of her *dramatis personæ* had suddenly given place to an unmistakable interest. If Mrs. Witherell was not yet quite clear as to the nature of that interest, she was con-

tent to wait. Meantime, she saw her caged bird gradually become a wildling, —saw her by turns wooed from her bed, her room, the house, the piazza, to take an active part in out-door life, one day spending hours in basking in the sun on the warm sands, making elaborate castles, battlements, and towers under the superintendence of her ingenious physician, on another tramping the beach gathering sea-weeds; now roaming the woods again, then taking long drives over the breezy hills, and at length actually gathering vigor to mount a horse and depend upon her own backbone.

Two weeks passed thus, and Mrs. Belden had not returned. Meantime, she received cheering but conservative reports of her daughter's improvement. Mrs. Witherell, indeed, though in excellent spirits, was wise enough not to discount her triumph so far in advance. In this comfortable frame of mind she sat one evening in the parlor at an open window, while Emily and her watchful medical adviser paced up and down upon the moon-lighted piazza.

Presently they took a seat within ear-shot of the window. It is a question open to discussion whether Mrs. Witherell was now called upon to withdraw from an interview at which she was, in a certain sense, an involuntary party, and in which she was so vitally interested. Undoubtedly there are those whose delicacy would have compelled them to such a course. Mrs. Witherell was evidently not of the number. She retained her position, and listened with breathless interest to the following dialogue:

"Oh, we had such a lovely drive this morning that I cannot help dwelling upon it. I believe you make everything interesting, doctor!"

"Tut, tut! I must not let you put so complimentary a construction upon what is simply the natural and healthful interest you are beginning to take in the outside world."

"Oh, no; I am sure it is not that: it is because you see so many things that I should never notice, and explain everything so beautifully. Do, doctor, look at that tiny boat 'way 'way yonder crossing

the moon's wake! What a fairy atom! How unreal! Why, it reminds me of a dream I had the other night."

"Do you dream often?"

"Not very; but this was such a vivid dream that—only it was too absurd to tell."

"Not at all; absurdity is the true consistency of dreams: let me hear it and judge."

"You will laugh at me."

"I assure you I shall not."

"Well, then, I dreamt that you and I were in a little boat on the broad open ocean, and that you were talking and telling all sorts of interesting things, and teaching me the use of the oars, and that I was getting stronger and better every moment, when suddenly we struck upon a hidden rock, and the boat split right in two, and you were in one half and I was in the other, yet somehow we did not sink, but suddenly a person appeared by your side in your half, and a person appeared by my side in my half, and we separated and went different ways, and so floated out of sight, and never saw each other again."

The doctor mused a minute before speaking, and then said, in a low voice just audible to Mrs. Witherell's anxious ears, "That is a strange dream indeed: we must take care that it never comes true."

There was a pause of several moments, caused, perhaps, by the impression of the dream, when the doctor suddenly asked, "Would you like to go rowing?"

"Very much, but I fear I should be scared; and yet, I don't know,—you will laugh at me, of course,—but I am getting to feel as though nothing could happen when you are with me."

"And you may be sure there shall not," returned the doctor, adding presently, in modification, "That is a very good feeling to encourage."

"And could you teach me to row?"

"I could teach you anything."

"But, you see, I am not a very apt pupil," returned Emily laughingly, as she held up her watch in the moonlight, "for you have been teaching me ever so long that I must go to bed at nine

o'clock, and here it is half-past ten. What will Mrs. Witherell say?"

What Mrs. Witherell said may be readily guessed. She took the hint, and came directly out with a matronly scolding. What she thought is not so clear. Following her inclinations, she may have put too positive an interpretation on the foregoing conversation. What she did is of some significance, and will, of course, give the most reliable clue to her thoughts. She began from that evening to grow unaccountably indolent. She excused herself on one pretext or another from all outside exercise. If it was a row or sail, she dreaded nausea. If a drive, she had a headache. If a walk, she must hunt up the errant Sam. None the less, however, she contrived to take the greatest possible interest in all these expeditions, and listened with eager ears to Emily's glowing accounts. Thus two more weeks elapsed, in the course of which Mrs. Witherell was left alone a great deal.

A letter at length arrived, heralding Mrs. Belden's speedy return. Mrs. Witherell appeared a little uneasy at the announcement: "Your mamma will find a great change in you, my dear."

"Yes; she will be amazed."

"I only hope she will approve what we have done. I felt very doubtful about the propriety of calling in Dr. Humphrey, but you certainly needed attention, and there was nobody else."

"It was a most fortunate thing you did. Only think what a wretched creature I was, and see what I am. Oh, mamma will be eternally grateful to you."

"I sincerely trust she may, my dear; but things look very different retrospectively. I regard it, however, as providential that Dr. Humphrey chanced to be here."

"Oh, it was, indeed. He is a most wonderful doctor. He takes such an interest in his patients."

"Extraordinary," assented Mrs. Witherell dryly.

"And he is so encouraging."

"And devoted."

"A doctor with only one patient can

afford to be devoted," replied Emily, with a slight flush, as she glanced suspiciously at her chaperon's demure face. "He has certainly been very attentive to me, but he had nothing else to do, and then he is so enthusiastic about his system that I think he really wanted to see what it could do."

"His system is rather novel, but it seems to have been efficacious," said Mrs. Witherell, with unmoved face.

"It has done wonders for me," exclaimed Emily emphatically.

"It has, indeed," assented Mrs. Witherell, with a convulsive movement about the corners of her mouth.

The following afternoon Mrs. Belden arrived, accompanied by several friends. Her delight at her daughter's improved looks was unbounded, and her acknowledgments to Mrs. Witherell were correspondingly hearty. The latter listened with evident embarrassment, and sought an early opportunity to draw the fond mother away for a private conference. "I am glad to see," she began, in a confidential tone, "that you notice the change in Emily."

"Change! why, I hardly recognized her. It is miraculous."

"It is indeed remarkable," continued Mrs. Witherell, encouraged by this enthusiasm, "and I am delighted that you recognize it; but I had qualms enough at the outset, I assure you, about taking the responsibility of calling in a strange physician, and I have not yet shaken off my misgivings as to how you would regard it."

"Do not say another word, my dear friend! You have done me a service I shall never forget. I cannot tell you half my thanks."

"Oh, there is no question of thanks. It was a great pleasure to me to do anything I could, if only I have acted for the best. All I can say is that I have used my best judgment,—that I did precisely what I should have done in the case of my own daughter. And now all I want is your approval."

"And you have it; you have it," interposed Mrs. Belden, with emphasis;

"not only my approval, but my gratitude."

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed Mrs. Witherell, raising a warning forefinger and fixing an anxious eye upon her listener: "there is another phase to the case."

"Another phase?" echoed Mrs. Belden, with a languid expression of curiosity.

"Yes, but I trust—I am sure, not an unpleasant one. I think it only right, however, to give you a hint of what you will soon infallibly discover for yourself, in order that I may explain—"

"It is something about Emily?"

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Witherell, looking round to assure herself that there was nobody within ear-shot. "You must know that Dr. Humphrey is quite a young man."

"So Emily has written me."

"But a very extraordinary young man,—a man of superior mind and the most distinguished talents for his profession."

"So it would appear."

"Moreover," continued Mrs. Witherell, with a watchful glance upon her auditor, "he has, I am told, already acquired a large practice, which is all the more creditable as he is the son of wealthy parents."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Belden, seemingly not much interested.

"Besides all which," pursued Mrs. Witherell, slightly piqued at this indifference, "Dr. Humphrey is, as you will see, a man of fine personal appearance."

"Ah, that is of great advantage to a young doctor," remarked Mrs. Belden, suppressing a yawn.

"It is," rejoined Mrs. Witherell, with a fleeting touch of malice; "and I suspect it has not been entirely without its influence here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," returned Mrs. Witherell bluntly, "that your daughter and Dr. Humphrey have been thrown a great deal together the past few weeks—"

"Well?"

"And that they have become seriously interested in each other."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Belden, with a sudden flush of indignation.

"And that, furthermore," continued Mrs. Witherell, leaning forward and sinking her voice to a whisper, "I have reason to think they are actually engaged."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Belden angrily. "You must be crazy! You do not know— Let me inform you, Mrs. Witherell, that my daughter—"

At this moment the door was suddenly thrown open, and Emily rushed into the room in search of her mother.

"Sh! Say nothing of this to her, I beg of you. I will talk with you further," whispered Mrs. Witherell hastily as she withdrew.

It was Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Belden had come on the last train, which, as usual, brought a large influx of visitors from the city. Mrs. Witherell found the piazza thronged when she went out. Immediately she bethought herself of Sam, whom, after a little search, she descried on the beach, walking with Dr. Humphrey. She put on her hat and went after him. Preoccupied with the interview that had just taken place, she did not notice till they were close upon her that it was not Sam, but a strange boy of about the same age, whom the doctor was leading by the hand.

"Heigho, doctor!" she exclaimed, drawing a long breath, "you have brought me on a foolish errand. I thought it was Sam you had, and came down to get him."

"No," with a fond look at the youngster by his side, "this is not Sam: this is Master Charles Humphrey."

"Eh!" gasped Mrs. Witherell, interpreting the look rather than the words, "you—you are married?"

"Ay, to be sure! You did not take me for a bachelor, I hope? Let me present my wife," exclaimed the doctor gayly, turning to a lady close behind him.

Mrs. Witherell flushed crimson, and stared at Mrs. Humphrey for a moment utterly dumfounded; then, bowing coldly, she muttered a few incoherent



words, and walked off abruptly toward the hotel.

As she approached the house, Emily came hurrying toward her, leaning upon the arm of a strange young man. "Oh, Mrs. Witherell," she cried breathlessly, "what a funny, funny mistake you have made about Dr. Humphrey and me!—mamma has just told me. How strange you didn't know that the doctor was married! He told me a great

deal about his wife and his little boy, and I—I have told him about— But let me present Mr. Atherton. Do you not recognize him? Don't you remember his picture in my room? Have you not noticed how many letters I have received, and how many I have written? I thought mamma had told you,—how very funny!—*why, Mr. Atherton and I are engaged!*"

EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

### PUBLIC TOPICS.

#### England in Egypt.

THERE seems to be no good reason to apprehend a European war—the only point connected with the situation in which America has any direct interest—as the result of the present imbroglio. England is not shaking her fist in the face of the other powers, and, whatever their opinions may be as to her proceedings, they have shown no disposition to interfere with them. The case would have been different if France or Italy had adopted a like independent course of action. No continental government could take a step of this kind without the consent of the others, except at its very great peril. But England is not a continental power nor a military power. Hers are not among the bayonets which Bismarck sees constantly pointed at the heart of Germany. She has no policy and no interests threatening to the equilibrium, or running directly counter to such schemes of aggrandizement or self-defence as other nations may cherish, except, possibly, those of Russia. In their disputes and arrangements with each other her voice is little regarded, and as she is not for them an object of fear, neither is she an object of jealousy. Journalists may attack her, the popular

feeling may be everywhere adverse to her, but governments are well aware that they need neither hope for her support nor dread her hostility. They know, and have probably received her assurance, that she has no design to annex Egypt or hold it as a conquest,—a design which has indeed been broached by a portion of the London press, but which could never be seriously entertained without wrecking the government and breaking up the party that supports it. France having chosen to make herself a nullity, what the other powers, under the guidance of Bismarck, will apparently continue to do, is to watch closely, maintain a discreet reserve, keep up a semblance of diplomatic activity, and preserve that intangible and somewhat illusive entity, "the European concert."

It is difficult to discover the precise grounds on which the English government justifies its course, or the exact aim which it can be supposed to have in view. It has indignantly denied that it is acting in the interests of the Egyptian bondholders, and, consciously at least, Mr. Gladstone would not have been concerned in any such policy. The necessity for protecting the Suez Canal cannot be alleged as a cause, since it has arisen simply as a result, of the naval

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operations. The point insisted upon by Liberal adherents of the government is the menacing attitude of the Egyptians, which rendered the destruction of the forts an act of self-defence on the part of the English fleet. But the presence of the fleet was itself a menace, one openly intended and avowed, and requiring therefore to be explained by some preceding act or state of things. When we ask for information on this point, we are told that England and France had jointly pledged themselves to uphold the Khedive, whether against his nominal sovereign or his disaffected subjects; that the mutinous attitude of Arabi Bey formed a case for intervention; that the two powers acted jointly in treating it as such, and sending their fleets to Alexandria; and that if France receded from the position thus assumed, this did not relieve England from her obligations. To the further question from what motive these obligations were originally incurred the answer is that the interests of England as the ruler of India, the greatest of commercial nations, and the first of naval powers, demand the maintenance of internal peace and a settled government in Egypt,—which simply brings us round to the safety of the canal as the primary and sufficient cause for action.

One cannot but suspect that this is one of those cases so frequent in modern English history in which a line of policy has been entered upon without sufficient forethought and pursued in a spirit of obstinacy and pride. One reason why England is especially prone to such adventures is that sending out a fleet can be so much more easily and quickly done than sending out an army, and is in itself a mere demonstration, not an actual beginning of hostilities. Territory is not invaded, negotiations are not suspended; a weak state under an argument of this kind may be expected to succumb at once. The end is not always thus attained; and even when it is attained—as, indeed, after any of England's exploits—there generally follows a revulsion of feeling at home, with a putting on of sackcloth and a strewing

of penitential ashes,—a kind of performance for which Mr. Gladstone has an exceptionable aptitude, and which in the present instance he may be expected to go through at the fitting season with peculiar unction.

## PLACE AUX DAMES.

### Visitors.

"GIVEN to hospitality" is likely to become in the near future as unusual a virtue as it apparently was in apostolic times. Most of us can count on the fingers of one hand the people we know who like to have their houses overflowing with guests. Indeed, most of them seem generally in the same humor about staying company as the old lady who once a year invited certain of her relations to pass a fortnight with her through a "sense of duty," but declared that after every meal she always said (bowing her head), "*Thank God*," and counted how many more remained to be told off. "The spare room," which used to be considered as essential in setting up house-keeping as the parlor itself, is becoming a rare provision, lingering in roomy country houses, but in cities comparatively unknown. One reason for this change is, no doubt, the increased expense of living, and another is the more precise methods of modern housekeeping, which are upset and at the mercy of chance when outsiders are coming and going. Still another and perhaps more potent cause is that we are not as tolerant nor as good-natured as people were in old-fashioned days. We recognize the fact that, if we open our houses freely, where we have one visitor who pleases us we must have a dozen whose intimacy we find importunate and tormenting. Few of us can fail to remember peculiar guests in our youth who had a sure *pied-à-terre* in our father's and mother's house: seedily-dressed clergymen; women with queer bonnets and considerably more shabby than genteel carpet-bags; ladies who were left by the train and wanted a place to stay all night; gentlemen in difficulties in search of remunerative

occupations; far-off cousins vaguely starting off for "a visit" and descending like an army of locusts; convalescents requiring a change of air. In those days it never seemed strange or unusual that these old friends, acquaintances, and kinspeople should have board and lodging for the asking, or without it, stay as long as they found it convenient, then depart with a "Well, when you come our way you must return our visit."

Nowadays we may thus be victimized once, but no more. The cousin who comes to stay a fortnight and do her shopping and find a maid-of-all-work,—who takes up our time going about to show her the way, and our reception-room receiving the swarming maids who answer her advertisement,—whose bundles come to the house marked C. O. D. in her absence and have to be paid for by ourselves,—this cousin, I say, never repeats her visit, as she would have done twice a year in the old times. We are nothing if not particular nowadays; we want our houses sacred to ourselves, and if the integrity of our life is broken in upon we prefer it should be a friend we give up our time to. But there is some danger lest, in guarding our pleasantness and our strangeness, we run the risk of refusing the entertainment of angels, who, coming unawares, remain and do us good. There is an inevitable widening of interest and sympathy when we have visitors: we open sunlight into places usually kept dim; there is an impulse given to the home life which is liable to become stagnant; and, above all, there is in the generous exercise of hospitality something which belongs to bountiful natures with "the larger heart, the kindlier hand," while without it the finest nobility of character is lost.

L. W.

#### ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

##### An Understanding.

[Scene, the shady balcony of the hotel at Marianao, Cuba. Time, nine o'clock on a hot March morning. Miss Peltonville and Arthur Chester tête-à-tête.]

*She.* Why did you follow us to Cuba?

*He.* I have already told you that I thought you were in Florida.

*She.* And so came to Marianao, where nobody comes at this time of year, to be perfectly safe from an encounter, I suppose.

*He.* Precisely.

*She.* I had a letter from Annie Cleaves yesterday, saying you had told her you were coming to Cuba to find me.

*He.* Oh, that is nothing: it isn't to be supposed that I told her the truth.

*She.* Is there then no dependence to be put on what you say?

*He.* None whatever; otherwise I should be continually hampered by the necessity of conforming my actions to my words; and you can see yourself how inconvenient that would be.

*She.* You would find it a novel experience, I've no doubt.

*He.* Ah! you give me an idea. I'll try it when all other novelties in life are exhausted.

*She.* Meanwhile, I wish to know why you came.

*He.* Well, because you amuse me.

*She.* Thank you for nothing!

*He.* Consequently I'm in love with you, as I did myself the honor to mention before you left New York.

*She.* So amusement is your idea of love?

*He.* Oh, only one of them; I assure you I've quantities of ideas upon the subject, all founded upon experience. I loved Lottie Greenwell because she made such a glorious champagne cup; indeed, for ten days I positively adored her, until one night she put in too much curaçoa and I realized how uncertain a foundation my passion had. Then there was Kate Turner: she writes so fascinating a letter that I lost my heart anew every time I saw her handwriting on the back of an envelope, although that feeling you'd call only a fancy, since nobody would think of marrying on a virtue that is sure to end with the wedding. A wife never writes to her husband about anything but the servants and the payment of her milliner's bills: so that wouldn't really count as a love-affair.

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*She.* You excel in nice metaphysical distinctions!

*He.* Then there's Miss French; I loved her because she snubbed me, Nora Delaney for her dancing, and Annie Cleaves for her music.

*She.* And now you love me as suited to the position of Court Jester to Your Royal Highness.

*He.* One must have some sort of a reason for being in love.

*She.* But one needn't be in love.

*He.* Oh, yes; for I always thought it very stupid to marry without having been in love a dozen times at least. A man is apt to lose his head otherwise.

*She.* So you advertise yourself as a marrying man, I am to understand?

*He.* Every bachelor is a marrying man. It is only a question of finding a convenient wife.

*She.* Like a convenient house, I suppose.

*He.* Exactly.

*She.* I wonder any woman ever consents to marry a man. You are such selfish creatures!

*He.* You are amazingly pretty when you toss your head in that way. It's worth coming from New York to see.

*She.* It is well you think so; otherwise you might consider your voyage a waste of time.

*He.* What! with the certainty of your consenting to marry me?

*She.* I like your assurance! Why should I marry you?

*He.* I supposed that with your sex the fact of my amazing attachment would be sufficient.

*She.* Your knowledge of our sex is, then, remarkably limited. I suppose that whether I happen to love you is of no particular consequence.

*He.* Oh, love is said to beget love.

*She.* But you love me, you say, because I amuse you. Now, you don't amuse me in the least; and, as I do not know just how to cultivate a passion simply on the rather doubtful ground of your affection, there really seems very little chance of reciprocity.

*He.* Do you know what a tremendously hot day it is?

*She.* I don't see the connection; and I'm sure I'm cool enough.

*He.* But you make it very hot for me! How picturesque that ragged fellow looks riding on top of his high saddle!

*She.* With a string of mules tied to his horse's tail. I'm fond of the mules, their bells are so musical.

*He.* And their bray!

*She.* And the muleteers sing such weird songs.

*He.* I should have expected you to be fond of the mules.

*She.* Why?

*He.* A fellow-feeling is said to have a softening effect, and the mule's strongest characteristic is—

*She.* Consistency!

*He.* And, as I was about to remark, we value others most for the virtues we do not ourselves possess.

*She.* You are sufficiently rude.

*He.* Honesty is generally thought rude.

*She.* Really, you begin to amuse me. Please go on; I'd like to try falling in love on the amusement plan: it must be very droll.

*He.* Oh, bother amusement! Like the young ladies in novels, I would be loved for myself alone.

*She.* I fear that would be more difficult than the other way. What have you ever done to make me admire you?

*He.* Perhaps nothing. Admiration presupposes the capability of appreciation.

*She.* Ah! What have you done, then, that is worthy admiration?

*He.* I have managed to find you at Marianao and bring about a *tête-à-tête* before I've been here fifteen hours.

*She.* Wonderful man! And of all that what comes?

*He.* That I ask you to marry me. That is certainly something.

*She.* Yes; it isn't much, but, as you say, it is certainly something.

*He.* You are always so flattering! And now when it is my deepest affections, and all that sort of touching thing, with which you are trifling!

*She.* You are a humbug!

*He.* Of course; so are you; so is everybody. Civilization is merely the apotheosis of humbug.

*She.* My friend, a striving after epigram is fast making you as bad as a confirmed punster.

*He.* Still, it is all true. I am a humbug in proposing to you; you, if you reject me—

*She.* I certainly do, most emphatically and finally!

*He.* You make me the happiest of men.

*She.* You make your system of humbug far too complicated for me to follow.

*He.* Why, this is genuine. The humbug was in asking you to marry me, when I wouldn't have had you say "yes" for the world.

*She.* I never suspected you of insanity, Mr. Chester. Am I to infer that the climate of Cuba, or the wines—

*He.* Oh, neither, I assure you. Besides, Cuba has no wines, as you ought to know. Now, see, I'll do you the rare honor of telling you the truth. Of course you are at liberty to believe it or not, as you please, but it happens to be as true as the Gospels, revised version. Some ten days since, I asked Annie Cleaves to marry me. It is a form of speech that comes very naturally to my lips, you know. She confessed to that very superfluous and old-fashioned sentiment called love, which wasn't good form, I'll admit; but, as I was at once the object of her attachment and rather badly gone in the same way about her, I managed to overlook it.

*She.* Very good of you, I'm sure. I hope Annie appreciated your generosity.

*He.* Very likely she didn't. Your sex seldom do appreciate masculine goodness. But Annie has a more old-fashioned and far worse vice than love. Why, the girl, in the midst of these enlightened nineteenth-century days, actually goes to all the nonsensical bother of keeping a conscience! It must be more trouble to attend to, Agnes, than her aunt Wheeler's seven pet poodles and three red-headed parrots.

*She.* Yes, I suppose you are right.

You don't speak from experience, though, do you?

*He.* Oh, no; I never had a conscience. As a boy, I preferred white mice; and now I have my horses, you know.

*She.* Well, go on with Annie.

*He.* Well, on my confessing how far I'd carried my flirtation with you—I can't for the life of me tell how I happened to speak of it; I am usually more discreet.

*She.* I should hope so.

*He.* Oh, I am, I assure you. But Annie actually seemed to think you had some sort of a claim on me. Fancy! Why, I've offered myself to dozens of girls with no more idea of marrying them than I have of becoming a howling dervish; and, more than that, I've habitually been accepted. But Annie didn't know those girls, and she did you; and she seems to think your "no" more binding than any other person's "yes." Perhaps she knows that a woman's negative—

*She.* Really, Arthur, that is so hackneyed that if you haven't the gallantry not to say it you should be ashamed to repeat anything so stale.

*He.* Perhaps you are right: I've known you to be, on very rare occasions. But to continue: Annie insisted that I should come and, as she said, "assure myself of your sentiments and my own." Did you ever hear anything more absurd? As if I didn't know all the time that you were dying for me, and as if I—despite my mad and overpowering passion for your lovely self, Miss Peltonville—couldn't tell as well in New York as in Cuba whether I wanted to marry her or not.

*She.* At least Annie may set her mind quite at rest as far as I am concerned. Though what would you have done if I had accepted you?

*He.* Oh, I was confident of my ability to put the question so you wouldn't.

*She.* I've a great mind now to say I'll have you.

*He.* Do; just to see how gracefully I'll manage to say, "No, you won't."

*She.* Well, I wish Annie joy of her bargain. She is worthy a better fate;



and what she can see in you I can't imagine.

*He.* These things are so strange; there is no accounting. Why, I've been perfectly puzzled,—do you know?—ever since I came last night, to tell what I found in you last winter.

*She.* I've no occasion to bother my head on such a question, for I never found anything in you.

*He.* But then, as I said, you amused me, and sometimes may so far amuse some one else that—

*She.* His amusement may even amount to astonishment, perhaps. For instance, that gentleman coming in at the gate with papa expects to marry me.

*He.* Fred Armstrong, by all that is unspeakable! Agnes Peltonville, I humble myself in the dust before you; and no humiliation could be greater than going down into Cuban dust. You are an angel. You've removed my last fear.

*She.* Yes? And how?

*He.* I always was jealous of Fred Armstrong: he was forever dangling about Annie.

*She.* Upon my word, Arthur, I begin almost to believe you are in love with her.

*He.* Almost as much as with Cuban tobacco.

*She.* But you'd die sooner than confess it in earnest. Come, let's go in to breakfast. I'm sure I wish you joy.  
[*Exeunt.*]

A. W. B.

#### The Juvenile Star Business.

THE Children's Opera Company have just gone, leaving grim and gory in my mind the corpse of a pretty little opera.

They mutilated the score and their tender voices. Bright and playful as they looked, and distinct as their romps in the wings were, between acts, the evening seemed a doleful one. And this company is eclipsed by another, headed by a midget who seems to have a finished actress's mind and spirit in her five-year-old body. She is the top blossom of that stalk which bears on lower branches the juvenile bloomers in private theatricals, school entertainments, and Sunday-school concerts.

The first infant artist the writer ever saw was brought by her guardians to advertise her concert at the school-house, on a day just before the war. She was eight or nine years old, and had a waxy face well freckled, and not an atom of the shyness with which we, her contemporaries, gazed on her. The bills heralded her as Little Mary the Musical Prodigy. At her concert she played on several instruments, and sung, among other things, a patriotic song, wearing gauze and spangles and waving the American flag. Whether she was shot out of a gun at Sumter, or melted away—blue eyes, rosy dress, and starry freckles—into the flag, I have never heard of Little Mary the Musical Prodigy from that day to this.

What eventually becomes of all the juvenile wonders nurtured behind footlights? Everybody disapproves of juvenile business,—and goes to see it. Into what sort of adult people do this manikin crowd act and sing and costume themselves? Of all the mystic comers and goers behind the theatrical sword of fire, these children are hardest to gauge.

M. C.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement." By the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The origin of the "Oxford movement" will be found, we imagine, on the last

analysis, to have been, not doctrinal or in any sense theological, but æsthetic. It is true that Newman tells us of himself, "My battle was with liberalism: by liberalism I meant the anti-dogmatic princi-

ple and its developments. . . . Dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion: I know no other religion; I cannot enter into the idea of any other sort of religion; religion, as a mere sentiment, is to me a dream and a mockery." But he is speaking here of sentiment unaccompanied by belief, a feeling without an object. All his revelations show that sentiment and imagination were primary agents in his own spiritual progress, and that a longing for something fresh, beautiful, and stimulating was what animated the group of which he became the centre. In 1839, when defending the Movement, he described it as "a reaction from the dry and superficial character of the religious teaching and the literature of the last generation, or century, and a result of the need which was felt both by the hearts and the intellects of the nation for a deeper philosophy;" and he cited, as evidences of a general current in the same direction, the influence of Scott, "who turned men's minds to the direction of the Middle Ages," of Coleridge, who "instilled a higher philosophy into inquiring minds," and of Southey and Wordsworth, "one of whom in the department of fantastic fiction, the other in that of philosophical meditation, have addressed themselves to the same high principles and feelings." Now, all these writers professed their devotion to the Church of England; but, with the partial exception of Coleridge, who, as Newman says, "indulged a liberty of speculation which no Christian can tolerate, and advocated conclusions which were often heathen rather than Christian," their attachment to the Church was much more sentimental than doctrinal. Of Hurrell Froude, who better than any other man represented the Movement in its inception, who influenced Newman much more than he was influenced by him, the latter writes, "He had no turn for theology as such. He had no appreciation of the writings of the Fathers, of the detail or development of doctrine, of the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, of the teaching of its Ecumenical Councils, or of the controversies out of which they arose. . . . He had a severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of Virginity. . . . He delighted in thinking of the Saints. . . . He was powerfully drawn to the Mediæval Church, but not to the Primitive. . . . He was a High Tory of the Cavalier stamp." After this description, which seems to embody the very ideal of a sentimental believer, it is curious

to find the profound student of ecclesiastical history and dogmas adding, "It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He made me look with admiration toward the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence." He acknowledges a similar, though smaller, indebtedness to Keble, who, he says, was "the true and primary author" of the Movement, and to whom it certainly owed much of its fascination for sentimental minds, while he makes no such acknowledgment in regard to Pusey, the hard-headed and deeply-learned theologian with whose name it was ultimately identified. In the interval, and during the most exciting period of its existence, Newman was the head and soul of it; and this, not by virtue of his intellectual eminence alone, but chiefly through his qualities as a born leader of men. It was through him that it became a movement, gained converts, spread alarm, fixed the attention of the world. It was perhaps for lack of a commanding personality at its head that the romantic school in Germany, despite the higher genius and wider culture of Tieck, Novalis, F. Schlegel, and others, had failed to produce a similar effect. Newman combined the fascinations that attract devoted followers with the boldness and activity that challenge opposition and compel the public to listen to discussion. His real instincts and aspirations were those of a reformer. He hated stagnation, he yearned for that stirring of the waters which freshens the feelings, exercises and invigorates the intellect, and brings new life. As a theologian he was constantly feeling his way, advancing from stage to stage, and, as we have seen, yielding to extraneous direction and impulses. The Evangelical views in which he had been bred melted so insensibly under the influences of Oriel that neither he nor Mr. Mozley can give us any clear account of the change. It is a significant remark of the latter writer that "in the 'Apologia' Newman returns a long way toward his earliest religious impressions, and shows himself more at home with the Evangelical party [than with the Anglican]. He relates the spiritual history of his soul, and records an impression, continually increasing till it becomes irresistible, that the Church of England is

an external affair, out of the sphere of the soul, and incapable of being taken into it, but condemned to be always outside." In other words, the real object of his aversion was deadness of feeling, mere formal belief,—“two-bottle Orthodoxy." He was in search of the spirit. A century earlier he would have found it in the Oxford movement of that day, conducted by Wesley; in the sixteenth century he would have found it in the Reformation, or in the counter-movement initiated by Loyola. In 1830 the only visible source of inspiration was the romantic and philosophical “reaction" he describes in the passage before cited. “Liberalism," which, as he remarks, was a very different thing then from what it is now, he abhorred, as “the badge of a theological school of a dry and repulsive character, not very dangerous in itself, though dangerous as opening the door to evils which it did not itself either anticipate or comprehend." Romanism, as represented by O'Connell and the Irish priesthood, was almost equally repulsive to him. But there was the vision which Laud had had, or was supposed to have had, of a primitive Catholicism, with pure traditions, a patristic theology sanctioned by early councils, ordinances and rites of divine origin and essential to a true ecclesiastical system, which had been unwisely rejected along with later incrustations and mere superstitions. This was the leaven with which the English Church was to be put in a state of fermentation. “Such additions would not remove it from its proper basis, but would merely strengthen and beautify it." Ultimately, however, it was seen that the system thus constructed lacked a foundation. Traditions, “developments," all the mystic dogmas and beautiful observances that had been successively welcomed as a means of infusing reverence and awe and reviving a moribund faith, would be idle dreams unless supported and perpetuated by an authority that still survived, and whose decisions must be accepted *in toto* with unquestioning submission. Mere logic would have reached the inevitable conclusion by a short cut. Newman preferred to come to it by a long *détour*, lingering at every turn, finding delight in distant glimpses, and making the journey through an oft-explored country one of discovery and enchanting surprises. The whole story, from the first ardent conception of “a work to be done in England" to the final act of self-surrender at the feet of “Father

Dominic, the Passionist," is one of the most picturesque episodes in the history of romanticism, and as told in the “Apologia," with captivating frankness and grace of style, made an impression which no reader even in these days would be willing to have wholly effaced.

In Mr. Mozley's volumes we are on a different plane. We have dropped behind the stately knight with his lofty visions and enthusiastic purposes, and are listening to the realistic details and racy comments of the squire. There is not much of the romantic spirit in Mr. Mozley, and theology is the subject of which beyond all others he professes himself ignorant. Yet his participation in the Movement is easily explained. He was a fellow of Oriel, elected through Newman's influence; his mind was susceptible, his nature trustful and loyal, and his instincts eminently social; he had the high spirits and bright audacity of youth; he had been bred in hostility to Liberalism and in a spirit of rampant partisanship. He was not only delighted to move, since a movement there was to be, but, having advanced at the word of command to a certain position, his clear, quick sight showed him the ultimate goal, and his direct and simple mind, not trained to subtleties, and indisposed to deliberation, apprehended no necessity for holding back. Accordingly, he wrote to Newman, whose brother-in-law he had become, announcing his intention to join the Church of Rome. The advice which he received in reply was to “think over it two years." This was to him equivalent to a command to wait for the time specified before a final decision; but it could not impose compliance with an injunction impossible to fulfil. “Two years," he remarks, “are not too long for a consideration affecting one's eternal happiness, and the present and future happiness of many; but I had always found it not easy to concentrate my attention on a serious matter for even ten minutes." It is doubtless an unintentional touch of satire when he adds, “I soon found myself not at home in a state of expectancy, in which I must not trust to that ordinary reason which had hitherto been my very fallible guide, but wait for an enlightened volition." His conclusion was that no man should leave the religion in which he has been brought up without a special “call," and that no such call had come to him. He had even to confess to himself that the agitation in which he had taken a prominent part was one for which

he had no natural fitness, and that, instead of advancing in the direction of a living, positive faith, he had merely been making an excursus in the region of fancy and speculation. Thenceforth he settled down to practical life as a country rector and as a leading writer for the *Times*.

But in parting with his illusions he retained his sympathies unimpaired, and after the lapse of years he is able to write of his old associates in a tone that is not the less warm and appreciative that it is playful and *déagé* instead of being solemn and controversial. What he set himself to do was to depict men rather than to relate events, presenting them in the aspects displayed in a close and habitual intercourse. We have, therefore, as the result, not a continuous narrative, but a series of sketches, which, however, are not so disconnected or loosely put together as to lack the unity essential to a sustained interest. The common purpose and general agreement in spirit are kept in sight, though it is the personal characteristics of the actors, not their combined efforts, that are chiefly brought before us. For the most part these sketches are very slight and unelaborated. Their merit lies not in vividness of presentment, but in suggestive touches,—the indication of some peculiar trait, an illustrative anecdote, an allusion or an epithet that implies more than is directly expressed. The touches are seldom caustic, they are oftentender and even reverent; but humor may be said to form the ground-tone of the whole, giving a more or less perceptible tinge to every description, subduing the higher tints, and bringing all into harmony. The impression being produced by cumulative effects, it is difficult to justify it by citations; but here is a compact specimen which may be quoted entire:

"Oakley [one of Newman's foremost supporters] was a rather brilliant essayist, a poet, and a musician. He was very impressive and impulsive. Years before the movement, a clever but cynical Oriel friend described him as so impressed by worship and devotion that if he should come upon a temple filled with a multitude prostrate before an idol, he would throw himself down amongst them. Nobody cared less for himself, or took less care of himself. He spent his life eventually serving a poor congregation, chiefly Irish, in the not very attractive region of Islington. He might be seen limping about the streets of London,—for he was very lame,—a misshapen fabric

of bare bones, upon which hung some very shabby canonicals. Yet his eye was bright, and his voice, though sorrowful, was kind, and he was always glad to greet an old friend. He could sometimes be induced to dine quietly at Lambeth and talk over old days with the Primate. There was always something aristocratic even in the wreck."

Of Ward (who died the other day), the intimate friend of Oakley, but his "opposite in most personal respects," we are told that "he represented the intellectual force, the irrefragable logic, the absolute self-confidence, and the headlong impetuosity of the Rugby school. Whatever he said or did was right. As a philosopher and a logician it was hard to deal with him. He had been instantaneously converted to Newman by a single line in an introduction to one of his works, to the effect that Protestantism could never have corrupted into Popery. . . . Ward, I must add, was a great musical critic, knew all the operas, and was an admirable buffo singer."

Music, it is noticeable, seems to have been the art most in favor at Oxford before the Movement had got under way and revived the interest in Church architecture. Hurrell Froude, who had a special admiration of St. Peter's and other works of the Italian style, and Mr. Mozley himself, with a not less passionate love and better knowledge of Gothic art, took the lead in this new direction. Newman, whose fine accomplishments as a musician are well known, remained true to his first love. In early days, during Blanco White's residence at Oxford, the two were accustomed to play with other amateur performers in trios or quartets. "Both were violinists, but with very different instruments. Blanco White's was a very small instrument, whatever its technical name. Poor gentleman! Night after night any one walking in the silence of Merton Lane might hear his continual attempts to surmount some little difficulty, returning to it again and again, like Philomel to her vain regrets. . . . Most interesting was it to contrast Blanco White's excited and indeed agitated countenance with Newman's sphinx-like immobility as the latter drew long, rich notes with a steady hand."

Newman is, of course, always seriously as well as affectionately treated, though one cannot read without a smile of his turning an old closet over a stairway into an oratory and praying so loud as to be distinctly audible to any one going up or

down. Perhaps the most thoroughly genial sketch is that of Henry Wilberforce; and there is a highly-amusing contrast drawn between him and his more famous brother Samuel, bishop successively of Oxford and Winchester. The description of the manner in which the latter was accustomed to make his way through a crowded public meeting and get himself called to the platform leaves no doubt on the origin of the *sobriquet* of "Soapy Sam." Of his power of preserving a dignified demeanor under trying circumstances Mr. Mozley gives the following proof: "Crossing the Channel together in a wretched French screw-steamer, we had to wait the tide off Calais. The vessel rolled incessantly like a log, and we were told we must expect two hours of it. The bishop secured his hat with a string, and then leant against the bulwark, fixing his eyes on the horizon,—his recipe for sea-sickness. The sailors did not like to see a bishop commanding the waves, so they watched him with intense interest, hoping to see him succumb with the majority of his fellow-passengers. He kept his own to the last, and landed as if nothing was the matter."

Such extracts, which might be multiplied to an indefinite extent, will serve to give an idea of the general character of the book, the lively matter in which it abounds, and the easy colloquial style, that never offends the taste, in which it is written. Even when most discursive or bare of incident, it holds our interest, like the talk of a veteran of rich experiences, shrewd perceptions, and spirits that have lost their exuberance but not their healthy glow and animation. The old-fashioned provincial Toryism in which the author was bred shows itself only in its most agreeable forms,—as, for instance, in his hearty sympathy with the agricultural laborers. To the strong impressions made in early life we must also attribute his firm faith in the efficacy of "charms" in driving away warts,—an article of belief subscribed to with a confidence which much exceeds that of his utterances on theological points. Indeed, his long defence, toward the close of the book, of the distinctive doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church will be likely to suggest the notion to some readers that in the matter of religious belief he has remained permanently fixed at the point where he stood when Newman commanded him to "wait," and that instead of waiting he should have gone on and made open pro-

fession of his conformity to the old faith. But we take it to be the truer view that the point which he reached was not that of conviction, but of comprehensive and sympathetic insight, followed by the perception that the logical coherence of a creed is less important than its suitability to human needs under given circumstances. It will be seen that, to derive from these "Reminiscences" the full measure of enjoyment they are capable of giving, they must be read with a free and open mind, interested in all that pertains to humanity, and receptive of whatever throws light upon its workings.

"Gray." (English Men of Letters Series.) By Edmund W. Gosse. New York: Harper & Brothers.

GRAY is the author of one poem which is as widely known as any of the songs of Burns, and of a few others which, if they cannot be called popular, are ranked among the lyrical gems of the language and studded with phrases that have become familiar household words. Yet, while Burns's life is almost as well known as his poetry and his personality is a subject of unfading interest, it is only the professed student of literature who has even what we may call a speaking acquaintance with Gray, or who finds any attractiveness in his figure. The causes of this difference are obvious; but, though there was little in Gray's career or character to excite the curiosity or the sympathies of the many who can duly appreciate the "Elegy," the comparatively few readers who have sought a closer intimacy with the author have no reason to regret their pains. If strong passion and wayward impulses do not disclose themselves, the union of a pensive spirit with a lively intellect, of multifarious learning with an exquisite sense of the beautiful in nature as well as in art, of shy reserve and secluded habits with a deep capacity for friendship, of a sensitive pride with tender and generous instincts, forms a character neither unworthy of study nor devoid of charm. It was, in fact, a character that, in spite of its incommunicativeness, endeared itself singularly to all who had close opportunities of observing it. "Dearer friends," writes Mr. Gosse, "better and more devoted companions through a slow and unexhilarating career, no man famous in literature has possessed." The secret of this fascination lay, no doubt, in the fact that Gray, while shutting up his own



nature from prying eyes, was never self-absorbed. He felt the same warm interest in those who were admitted to share his society as in his favorite authors, his affection for them was constant, his keen discernment showed itself in a quick appreciation of what was best in them, and his intercourse with them was stimulating and helpful. His attitude toward them may be compared to that of Goethe in a larger and more famous circle, and, like the greater poet, he was especially susceptible to the charm of youthful vivacity and a temperament the reverse of his own. His attachment to Bonstetten toward the close of his life was marked by an almost romantic ardor, and, like his early friendship with West, proves the sensibility which lay deep in his nature and which struggled rather to hide itself than to find an outlet.

Mr. Gosse has worked up his material so skilfully and agreeably that the result should commend itself to many readers besides those for whom it will revive old memories and impressions. He brings out with especial clearness the points on which Gray was in advance of his contemporaries, such as his appreciation of mountain-scenery, and his right to be considered in this and other respects as the predecessor of Wordsworth and of Shelley. On the question as to the cause of the poet's scanty productiveness, he offers substantially the same explanation as Mr. Arnold,—the lack of a genial atmosphere in an age when the imaginative faculty lay torpid. But, while this is no doubt to be taken into the account, the primary cause, as one is constrained to perceive, was Gray's own lack of a powerful and exuberant poetic faculty. He had no spring-floods of feeling, no ardor, no sense of an overmastering impulse. He did not lisp in numbers nor struggle with an imperfectly developed gift of expression. His inspirations were infrequent, but they were carefully and fastidiously wrought out, and the intervals were tranquil. All the indications point not to a genius that was forbidden to thrive and to bear fruit after its kind, but to one that recognized its own limitations and spontaneously conformed to them.

#### Books Received.

A Fair Philosopher. By Henri Daugé. (Kaaterskill Series.) New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

Pantaletta: A Romance of Sheheland. New York: American News Company.

"Rejected Testimony" of Mr. Jacob R. Shipherd. New York City.

Thaddeus Stevens: Commoner. By E. B. Candler. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Atlas. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.

At the Eleventh Hour. By Annie Edwardes. (Trans-Atlantic Novels.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman. Philadelphia: Rees Welsh & Co.

Lady Beauty. By Alan Muir. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Life of a Love in Songs and Sonnets. By N. M. Sedarté. New York.

The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860. By Charles Duke Yonge, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Villa Bohemia. By Marie Le Baron. New York: Kochendoerfer & Urie.

Gypsies; or, Why we went Gypsying in the Sierras. By Dio Lewis, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

Orient Sunbeams; or, From the Porte to the Pyramids, by Way of Palestine. By Samuel S. Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Young Nimrods Around the World. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. By Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona. By William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Shakespeare's Timon of Athens. By William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Naval War of 1812. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Present Religious Crisis. By Augustus Blauvelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Victor Hugo and his Time. By Alfred Barbou. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Plain Speaking. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers.

Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York. By Abram C. Dayton. New York: Geo. W. Harlan & Co.

The Sabbath Question. By L. W. Bacon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Arctic Sunbeams. By S. S. Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.